

June 17, 1959

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The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE
9c



**Hand-knits for
winter holidays**

How lovely you look tomorrow...



depends on how well you clean your face tonight...

and cleansing means more
than just soap and water!

Tonight see
and feel how
POND'S
COLD CREAM

cleanses completely
whisks out dirt and make-up

Did you know?

Modern make-up is designed to stay on. You can't wash it off with water — you can't clean it off with soap.

What do you do?

You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream — that's one sure way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind — and everyday dirt, too.

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Pond's Cold Cream works down between upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves pore openings really clean — refreshed.



Tubes 2/9, jars 4/11 and 7/11.



Quick, refreshing — each night it takes only 3 minutes for a luxurious deep-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a glorious fresh-clean feeling for your skin — keeps you at your loveliest for the fashions you'll wear tomorrow.

Hat by courtesy of Noisette of South Yarra.

ANOTHER POND'S BEAUTY AID *Now! bring youth-giving moisture to your skin —*

with moisturized lanolin in
POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM

Every day, every year — your skin loses some of its precious oils, and some of the inner moisture of youthful skin.

Even from the age of 19 the first signs show — in tiny lines, crow's feet, flaky patches.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream restores the balance of oils in your skin. It provides rich lubricating lanolin and reviving, young-making moisture.

Tonight, see for yourself how Pond's Dry Skin Cream eases away tense frown lines... relaxes tautness... sinks deep, helps soften and firm your skin.

Beauty products of Chesebrough-Pond's



Tubes 2/11, or jars 5/3 and 8/11.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 17, 1959

Vol. 1, No. 2

Our cover

● Attractive Sydney mannequin Anne Felton, photographed at the wheel of the liner Mariposa, in a long-line sweater with a huge roll collar. Directions for making the sweater are on page 34 of our Winter Cruise Knitteds section. Our cover by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

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The Weekly Round

● Lauren Bacall, an actress who loves having babies (story, pages 8, 9), was a photographic model when she was eight.

IN an exclusive interview with Betty Best, of our London staff, Miss Bacall said: "I come from a broken home. My mother worked to send me to school.

"If you think posing was fun for a kid, let me tell you I hated it then and I hate it now.

"I just can't keep still long enough to make it bearable — for me or the photographer.

"While I was in my teens I knew that all I wanted was to act. People have said Bogey (her husband, Humphrey Bogart, who died two years ago) made me an actress. That is quite wrong.

"I was working on it for years before I met him. He just helped me to be a better actress.

"Oddly enough, I never thought of pictures. I always thought I'd be a stage actress. Still want to be — if I get the chance to be any good.

"For that's what I always tell my children. I don't care what anyone does as long as they do it well."

MR. WILLIAM McPHERSON ALLEN, president of the huge Boeing Aircraft Company, which builds "Penthouses in the Sky" (story, page 11), is modest about his success.

NEXT WEEK

● An eight-page pull-out supplement in our next issue tells how to feed, train, and protect the health of dogs and cats. Called "All About Your Dogs and Cats," it is illustrated with superb color pictures of dog and cat champions.

He told George McGann, of our New York staff, that he barely made the grades needed to graduate from Menta State University.

He decided to become a lawyer and went to Harvard, where he worked hard for the first time in his life.

"I had come to the rather shocking conclusion that there were a lot of people brighter than I was," he said, "so I decided to work all the harder to make up for it."

WHEN staff members and models boarded the liner Mariposa in Sydney to photograph the winter-cruise knitteds in this issue they found that Matson Line hospitality does not come to a standstill when a ship is in port.

They were welcomed by Captain R. Russell, and Chief Steward Mr. Don Scheley served hot cookies and American coffee.

A pleasing discovery was a framed illustration from The Australian Women's Weekly in the Tour Director's office.

It was Ron Berg's color photograph of the Blue Mountains cable Skyway, published last year.

Ron also tells us that a Sydney couple saw his Skyway photograph decorating a London cafe.

WHO'LL DANCE WITH ALEXANDRA?

Now that pretty Princess Alexandra's visit to Australia is just a couple of months away, the talk of the social sets in Canberra, Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria revolves around speculation about which lucky young men will be her dancing partners.

THE choice of partners from the ranks of eligibles in all these places where the Princess will be entertained is posing a right-royal problem for her official hosts and hostesses.

As the Princess is nearly 5ft. 11in., her partners MUST be somewhere around the 6ft. mark so that she will not feel self-conscious on the dance floor.

Preferably they must be good dancers, good-looking, and under 30—so that they talk the same-generation language.

And last, but by no means least, they must be Government House eligibles.

In Victoria top-favorite dancing partners for Alexandra are David Yerncken and Robin Ritchie, who get all marks on all counts.

The sophisticated David, who runs a successful motel at Bairnsdale, is son of the late Arthur Yerncken . . . one of Australia's leading career diplomats of his day and British Minister to Madrid, Spain, where he was killed in an air crash.

His mother is Lady Pilditch, who since her second marriage has made her home in England. At present Lady Pilditch, who is sister-in-law

running of the family property, "Minta," Beaconsfield.

Two other country types who should be well in the running are Kenneth Mackenzie . . . not such a good dancer, but right in all other respects . . . and Neil Lawrance.

Kenneth is son of the late Commander H. P. Mackenzie, and of Mrs. Mackenzie, of "Trawalla House," Beaufort—the property he runs—while Neil is son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lawrance, of "Banool," Cavendish, where he helps his father.

Debonair Malcolm Brodie, of the Melbourne accountancy world, will doubtless be well in the picture, too.

And not far behind him in the Princess dancing-partner stakes is



• Jonathan Breadmore

Jonathan Breadmore, who works with one of Australia's largest business firms.

Well over 6ft., Malcolm, son of leading medico Dr. Robert Brodie and Mrs. Brodie, of Toorak, is good-looking and a good conversationalist, while Jonathan, as fair as Malcolm is dark, equals him in height and manner.

He is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Reg Breadmore, and of Mrs. Bill Hargrave, of Heathmont, and stands high in Vice-Regal circles. His late father and his mother are old friends of the Governor-Gen-



• Robin Byrne

eral, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim, with whom Jonathan has several times stayed during Sir William's term of office in Australia.

Three city young-men-about-town who enter the lists are Tom Luxton, Norman Gengoult Smith, and golfer Tom Crow.

Dark-haired Tom is son of Mr. Tom Luxton, of South Yarra, and of Mrs. Betty Fowler, of Paris, and a grandson of a former Lord Mayor of Melbourne, the late Sir Harold Luxton.

Continued overleaf



A GRACEFUL DANCER, Princess Alexandra is pictured here with Marquess Townshend at a recent ball in London. But which young men will be her partners in Australia? That's the question which is causing great speculation in the cities she'll visit here. Color picture by Maurice Wilmott.



• Capt. David Hurford Jones

of Mr. E. D. Mackinnon, M.P., is visiting her mother, Mrs. George Blackwood, of "Langi Willi," Skipton.

Tall, dark, and good-looking Robin Ritchie is not long back from Cambridge, where he got his rowing blue.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ritchie, he is working on their property, "Blackwood," Penshurst.

Fair-haired Marshall Baillieu is another from the land who looks a mighty eligible for the honor of guiding the Princess round the dance floor.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Bailieu, he helps his father with the



• Norman Gengoult Smith

Continued
from page 3:

WHO'LL DANCE WITH ALEXANDRA?



• Robin Ritchie



• David Yencken



• Ted Groom



• Tim Pixley



• Jon Persse



• Tony Pixley

Norman, as fair as Tom is dark, is the tall, good-looking son of another former Lord Mayor of Melbourne, Sir Harold Gengoult Smith, and Lady Gengoult Smith, of South Yarra, and grandson of Sir Norman and Dame Mabel Brookes.

Golfer Tom, member of Royal Melbourne and Kingston Heath Golf Clubs, started his sporting career as a left-hand fast bowler for Collingwood Cricket Club, and then switched to golf, in which field he's won a Victorian Close and a Victorian Amateur Championship.

He is now golf champion Peter Thomson's advance manager, and as such is abroad at the moment — but he's



• Mike Osborne

due back in Melbourne before the Princess arrives.

Then there are three more young men who must be given a top chance — even if they don't quite reach the desired height mark.

They are Robin Byrne, son-in-law of Victoria's Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks, and Captain David Hurford Jones, of the Gloucestershire Regiment, and Lieut. Robin Nelson, R.N.—the two Vice-Regal A.D.C.s.

Youthful barrister Richard Searby — he is only 27 — is immensely eligible, for he's tall, a good-looker, and a good dancer.

The younger son of Melbourne surgeon Henry Searby and Mrs. Searby, of South Yarra, Richard did his Greats Course at Corpus Christi, Oxford, and was admitted to the Inner Temple. He is now Sir Owen Dixon's associate.

Clever architect Guildford Bell is a distinct possibility as

a partner, although in his mid-forties.

Tall, fair, and a bachelor, he is in demand at Melbourne dances. Guildford is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. ("Frick") Bell, of Queensland, and nephew of the Misses Una, Dolly, and Aileen Bell, of Coochin Coochin, Boonah,



• Brian Cobcroft

Queensland, with whom the Queen Mother stayed during her Australian tour last year.

In Queensland, handsome Ted Groom is almost certain to be one of Alexandra's dancing partners.

Ted, who is 24 and is engaged to Brenda Free, is the son of Brisbane's Lord Mayor, Alderman T. R. Groom.

Apart from Ted, Brisbane's younger social set has evolved its own "short list" of likely partners for the Princess — young men whom they consider would be acceptable in any setting.

Included on this list are Michael and Jon Persse, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Persse, of "Esk Dale West," Esk.

Michael is 6ft. 2in. tall, 26 years old, and fair-haired. A Master of Arts and teacher at Geelong Grammar, he spent five years at Oxford University and one year at Cambridge.

His brother Jonathan is 24, fair-haired, and 6ft. tall. He is a B.A. and is currently studying for his Master's Degree in Queensland.

Also favored as Royal dance



• Gordon Douglass

partners are Tony and Tim Pixley, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Pixley, of Indooroopilly. They're "rising 23 years of age," fair-haired and good-looking, and are both good dancers.

Six-foot-one Tony is a junior executive in the firm of Norman S. Pixley and Son (manufacturers' agents), and six-footer Tim is a fourth-year medical student at Queensland University.

Dark-haired James Mansfield, 22, is another popular nomination. He is the son of Sir Alan and Lady Mansfield. Sir Alan is the Chief Justice of Queensland.

There are also several bachelors in the Services — Navy, Army, and Air Force—who are considered eligible to dance with the Princess.

In New South Wales the three Osborne boys lead the field of young eligibles who may dance with Alexandra — either in Sydney or in Canberra.

Twins Pat and Mike and younger brother Brian are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Osborne, and are usually on Government House guest lists.

The Osbornes' home at "Curraudooley," Bungendore, one of the show properties of the district, has a wing that's been jokingly called the "Prince of Wales" suite ever since the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) stayed



• Pat Osborne

there during his Australian tour in 1920.

The boys help their father run the property.

Another "possible" Royal dance partner from the Bungendore district is tall, fair-haired Bill Davy, who runs "Turalla."

Bill is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Ashleigh Davy, of Woolahra.

During a trip overseas a few years ago, his sister and her mother stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

A handsome country boy who dances well and could well be chosen is sun-tanned Brian Cobcroft, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree.

Educated at Shore, one of Sydney's leading boys' schools, he's the 24-year-old son of grazier Gavin Cobcroft and of Mrs. Ted Body, of Trangie.

Tall, lean Sam Hordern, jun., is one of the most popular members of Sydney's younger

set, though he's not often in town. He's happiest at Bowral, helping to run the Horderns property, "Retford Park."

Sam, who is 22, is becoming the image of his father, R.A.S. President Sam Hordern, who is one of the best-liked members of Sydney's social set.

Another popular nomination is fair-haired Charles Lloyd Jones, younger son of Lady Lloyd Jones and of the late Sir Charles Lloyd Jones. Their home, "Rosemont," Wool-



• Charles Lloyd Jones

lahra, has for years been the scene of some of Sydney's most elegant parties.

With his married brother, David, Charles stands to inherit the far-reaching David Jones' empire.

A nomination from Sydney's North Shore is dark-haired Tony Pratten.

He's the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pratten, of Pymble, and he's learning the family's printing business.

Then there's dark-haired David Parker, of Vaucluse, a well-built six-footer, who is now at Sydney University.

He is the son of Mr. T. J. Parker (of the Huddart Parker Shipping Line) and Mrs. Parker.

Sophisticated, fair-haired Gordon Douglass, of Point Piper, is one of the slightly older eligibles.

Gordon is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Douglass, of Vaucluse.

For the Royal Ball in stately King's Hall at Parliament House, Canberra, Alexandra's partners seem certain to include university students, diplomatic cadets, and young service officers.



• Tony Pratten

Venetian Blind Contest winners

A YOUNG mother of eight children has won the "Holiday in Venice" competition, conducted in our advertising columns by the Venetian Blinds Manufacturers' Federation of Australia.

She is Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, of 20 Collet St., Shepparton, Victoria, and she will leave for Venice with her husband, Mr. Brian Fitzgerald, by the Lloyd Triestino liner Neptunia in August.

The Fitzgeralds and their eight children—aged between nine years and eight months—live in a comfortable brick-veneer home which they built three years ago when Mr. Fitzgerald, a G.P.O. divisional engineer, was transferred from Melbourne.

This will be the first trip overseas for Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Fitzgerald has used venetian blinds throughout her home, and it was her special use of them in coping with her large family that won the holiday in Venice.

Her sons sleep in one big room, and during the day their beds fold up into a wall of cupboards to leave a spacious play area.

Instead of doors or curtains to cover up the stowed-away beds, Mrs. Fitzgerald uses venetian blinds.

1st PRIZE—Holiday in Venice for two, luxury travel by Lloyd Triestino, plus spending money: Mrs. Mary P. Fitzgerald, 20 Collet Street, Shepparton, Vic.

2nd PRIZE—Holiday for two at Surfers' Paradise, fly by Ansett-ANA: Mrs. Lorraine Whitten, "The Beach House," 27 Morella Road, Whale Beach, N.S.W.

3rd PRIZE—Color Photography Outfit by Hanimec: Mrs. K. F. Meegan, 25 Brigalow Avenue, Kensington Gardens, S.A.

Ten progress prizes of £10 each were announced in earlier issues.

Twenty consolation prizes of £5 each:

Miss G. Aberle, 21 Kingston Street, Shenton Park, W.A.; Mrs. M. Balog, 34 Wallaroy Road, Double Bay, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. A. Bowen, 4 Sunnyside Street, Mayfield, N.S.W.; Mrs. N. A. Campbell, 15 Warrigal Street, Blackheath, N.S.W.; Mrs. E. Carlton, Wialki, W.A.; Mrs. G. Davidson, 8 Blenman Avenue, Punchbowl, N.S.W.; Mrs. L. J. Harris, "Five Winds," 25 Seaview Avenue, Burnie, Tas.; Mrs. D. M. Lombard, 18 Cleve Street, McKinnin, Vic.; Mrs. J. Marshall, 95 Bradford Street, Mount Lawley, W.A.; Mrs. G. Marsden, 38 The Parapet, Castlecrag, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. McKellar, 17a Lovel Street, Katoomba, N.S.W.; Mrs. S. J. McLaren, 80 Chapel Road, Moorabbin S.20, Vic.; Mrs. P. Miles, 111 Anzac Parade, Kensington, N.S.W.; Mrs. T. Montgomery, 24 Casey Street, Tamara, Vic.; Mr. J. R. Neave, 89 Waratah Street, Kirrawee, N.S.W.; Patricia Pinnock, "Doverley," 6 Chris Bang Crescent, Vaucluse, N.S.W.; Mr. R. M. Rushford, 1 Treluk Street, Carey Park, Bunbury, W.A.; Mrs. P. H. Walker, 175 Main Eltham Road, Lower Plenty, Vic.; Mrs. R. P. Weston, Kosciuszko Road, Jindabyne, N.S.W.; Mrs. R. Wilkins, "Cleeve," Milroy Place, Kensington, N.S.W.



• Mr. and Mrs. Brian Fitzgerald

"Doors would have been a nuisance when the beds were down and curtains would get dirty and torn," she told the Window Decoration Bureau.

"The venetian blinds are perfect. They draw up out of the way when the beds are lowered at night and completely hide the beds by day."

Photographs of winning entries in the Venetian Blind Contest will appear in the July 8 issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Earl and his pug kept nurses busy

● Sister Hilda Stephens-Seaver, an English nurse who settled in Sydney recently, has hovered round some famous bedsides in the past ten years. Her patients have included the late Aga Khan, and a thrice-married English earl who insisted on fresh ham sandwiches for his snarling little pug dog.



● Sister Hilda Seaver shows the silver filigree buckle presented by Florence Nightingale to her great-aunt Annis Rogers, also a nurse.

By MARY COLES,
staff reporter



● The Begum Aga Khan in her garden at Villa Yakymour, on the French Riviera, where Miss Seaver nursed the late Aga Khan. The Begum planned the lay-out of the garden.

THE dog-loving ninth Earl of Darnley was a patient at Sunnybank Hospital, Cannes, where Miss Seaver nursed for six months.

The hospital was founded by playboy King Edward VII so that English members of the French Riviera's international set could be assured of what Miss Seaver calls "good, stiff, starched British medical attention" should they become ill while holidaying.

"Lord Darnley's valet came to the hospital ahead of the patients and completely changed round the furniture of the rooms to suit their taste," Miss Seaver said.

"He also informed us that Lord Darnley was 6ft. 4in.

tall, and would require a special bed.

"We did the best we could by extending the foot of an ordinary bed, covering it with two mattresses, and using four sheets and a double issue of blankets.

"But the big problem was trying to get near the bed after Lord Darnley had been installed.

Lapped claret

"He was kept under close guard by Cicero, a snappy, ill-tempered little pug who wouldn't let anyone near his master for quite a time.

"Cicero refused to eat anything except freshly made ham sandwiches, but he loved vintage wine—and so did Lord Darnley, who was on a strict fruit-juice diet.

"The valet smuggled in

enough wine for both of them.

"Then Lord Darnley complained that the hospital was starving him to death, and his obedient valet also smuggled in the delicacies he craved.

"Whenever Cicero passed out in a heavy stupor, or awakened more irritable than usual, we knew that both he and his master had been lapping up smuggled claret."

Miss Seaver said large numbers of patients entered Sunnybank with liver complaints caused by the Riviera's impure water supply rather than by alcohol on the party merry-go-round.

"And the Riviera's famous Mediterranean climate is far from healthy when a biting east wind called the mistral is blowing," she said.

"There's a legend in France that the mistral has such a

shattering effect on nerves that a man who commits murder when it is blowing can be acquitted.

"Once it starts the mistral keeps up for exactly three days, three weeks, or three months."

The maintenance of the high-prestige Sunnydale nursing home is still a pet project of the international set. The hospital's annual ball is attended by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the Rainiers of Monaco, and other notables.

Docker's cheque

At the ball she attended Miss Seaver saw Sir Bernard Docker grandly press a cheque for £1000 into the hand of the matron, as a "little something" to cover the cost of his tickets.

Though this sort of "show" rather, shocked Sunnybank's staff, the idiosyncrasies of aristocratic patients and patrons rarely raised an eyebrow, Miss Seaver said.

The late Aga Khan presented Miss Seaver with a pearl-encrusted gold bangle after she had nursed him for several days during an attack of gout at his Villa Yakymour, near Cannes.

"I remember the bathrooms at the Villa had gold-plated taps, and in the entrance hall there was a massive marble Buddha, blazing with magnificent jewels, including diamonds the size of a finger-nail," Miss Seaver said.

Beautiful wife

"Yet the Aga Khan and his beautiful French wife lived surprisingly simply. He was a wonderful man who did an enormous amount of good.

"Later his Ambassador to Tanganyika, whom I also nursed, told me millions of Ismaili Moslems would have willingly given their lives just to have touched the Aga Khan. The Ambassador marvelled at my luck in having nursed him."

On her uniform Miss Seaver wears a silver filigree belt buckle handed down from the

founder of modern nursing, Florence Nightingale.

The buckle was issued by Florence Nightingale to Miss Seaver's great-aunt, the late Miss Annis Rogers, who was a nurse at Guy's Hospital, London.

Miss Seaver's mother, a World War I Army nurse, wore it, too.

In England Miss Seaver spent several years as an assistant to a Harley St. woman doctor who treats cancer by directing high-frequency waves on the pituitary gland in the skull.

"The treatment has not been officially approved by the B.M.A., but the doctor has had some success in arresting cancer and ending pain," she said.

"The doctor believes that because the pituitary controls normal bodily growth it must also be responsible for abnormal growth, including cancer."

"Not done"

Miss Seaver, who trained at St. Stephen's Hospital, Chelsea, says she has seen many changes in nurse-patient relationships in English hospitals.

"Once it was 'not done' for nurses to reveal even their names to patients. Idly talk-

ing to them was a crime, and discussing their illnesses with them was unheard of.

"Now personal friendliness and cosy chats are encouraged as bedside-manner technique. It helps patients to relax.

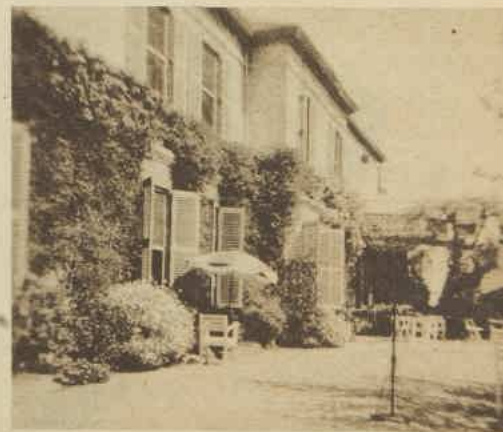
"Today the idea is spreading that nurses should also be able to comfort patients spiritually, as practising Christians."

Miss Seaver is a member of the Inter-Hospital Nurses' Christian Fellowship of England, which was founded in 1942 with this ideal.

The Fellowship has a membership of 7000. It holds an annual house party, lasting four weeks, at Embley Park, one-time home of Florence Nightingale, in Hampshire, for young girls who want to be nurses.

From trained nurses these teenagers learn all about the profession and the traditions of nursing.

Miss Seaver is a sister of stage and film star Michael Seaver, now appearing in "Orpheus Descending," the Tennessee Williams play at the Royal Court Theatre, London, in which Diane Cilento is the star.



● Sunnybank Hospital, Cannes, founded by King Edward VII to provide English members of the international set with "stiff-starched British medical attention" abroad.



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ROMEO TOMAT wants to play Nino Culotta in the film version of "They're A Weird Mob." Here, he is with Australian wife, Valerie, and her daughter, Lorraine.

Romeo woos a role in 'Weird Mob'

● Italian plumber Romeo Tomat, of Canberra, has a "fair dinkum" faith in his ability to become a film star . . . so much so that he's already written to America to apply for the role of Nino Culotta in the film adaptation of "They're a Weird Mob."

ROMEO'S been in Australia only three years, but he's learnt the wisdom of the old Australian saying "You've got to be in it to win it."

So he got in early with his claim to be Culotta's screen counterpart, and sent off his application to Gregory Peck's Melville Productions, Los Angeles.

Telling us about it he said: "I feel I could portray this part with originality, having experienced very similar incidents since my arrival in Australia, and also having a very near resemblance to the man described in John O'Grady's book."

He understands

"Being a North Italian, and having married an Australian girl, I appreciated the awkward situations Nino became involved in."

Fictitious hero Nino was a big bloke. So is 33-year-old Romeo, who is 186 centimetres tall (six feet two) and weighs in at 87 kilograms (near enough to 15 stone).

A former policeman in Trieste, Northern Italy, Romeo has brown eyes, brown hair, fair skin.

He also has a fair command of English, which he studies at night school and from his own giant "Webster's Dictionary."

Literary character Nino Culotta, who could speak perfect English when he came to Australia, got stumped by the local jargon.

Romeo, on the other hand, spoke only Italian, and didn't have a clue about English when he disembarked in Sydney from the ship Aurelia three years ago.

He now writes it easily, but his speech still struggles for the odd phrase.

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

I interviewed Romeo at Canberra, where he works as a plumber and lives in an up-to-date flat with his Australian wife, Valerie, and Lorraine, her eight-year-old daughter by a previous marriage.

Then Romeo recalled his first days in Australia:

"We have about three hours going looking at shops. It looks very good, Sydney. I see everything you can buy in Australia. I write and tell my mother in Trieste. And everybody's a friend to me in Sydney."

"After that the Government take me to Greta Camp. One day I go into little town Greta. So when there, I decide to have a beer, yes. Greta is not a new town, the pub is rather like Texas, a Texan one, orright."

"Before we went to Greta, the camp office had said, 'Make no fights. Don't argue. Say yes.'"



THE AUTHOR of "They're A Weird Mob," John Patrick O'Grady.

"I went into pub. First up comes one man—a little bit, you know. He starts talk something with me. This man, he says he wants to fight me. I not understand. I say, 'Yes, yes.'"

"This man knocks me on face. I fall to the floor. Everybody laugh."

"What's the matter with this bloke?" I ask my friend. "Why he pick on me?"

"My friend has very good English. O.K. He asks the Australian. The Australian says, 'I like fighting big people.'"

"After that, I laugh. We all start to drink together. Everything O.K."

Then when he went to Greta Romeo heard about the "national game."

"What is this two-up?" he asked. "Where you put the penny up, and it come down, tail or head? It is very unusual for me. In my country we had a game like it. We call it playing the money."

To sea. Orrright

He went surfing at Newcastle.

"There are very many people with pieces of board," said Romeo.

"I look at the action of the sea. Orrright. Three boys have piece of timber. I say to them, 'Please give me a little bit, and I go to sea.' Orrright. So I did. And the lifesavers did not have to bring me in."

From Greta, Romeo Tomat went to Canberra.

He'd been a plumber in Trieste before he'd become a policeman, and in Canberra he was able to revert to his old job of plumbing.

He lived in a hostel at first. "The food I not like," he said with a grimace. "But Australians say they not like it, either."



ON THE JOB as a plumber in Canberra. Romeo has been in Australia for three years.

Romeo, who had "never before tasted the chop," now likes his grills, while his pretty, blond, Canberra-born wife has become adept at cooking Gnocchi and Lasagna layer bake with noodles.

Months ago the Tomats laughed over "They're a Weird Mob."

"At that time," says Valerie Tomat, "Romeo said what a good film it would make. Then he read that Gregory Peck's Melville Productions were going to make it. So, well, he applied."

Author O'Grady, before he left on an overseas trip, stated that the man who played Nino Culotta would be Italian, would speak English without an Australian accent, and should never have visited Australia, so that everything here would be fresh to him.

Undaunted, Romeo is waiting a reply from the States.

As he says—if he lands the role, okay. If he doesn't? He just shrugs.



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Page 7



DEVOTED MOTHER Lauren Bacall with Steve and Leslie (who is named after Leslie Howard).



ON LOCATION at Jaipur, India, for the filming of "North West Frontier," Bacall shares a joke with her co-star, Kenneth More (centre), and director J. Lee Thompson.



BABY-LOVER Bacall looks tenderly at a three-month-old Indian baby who appears with her in "North West Frontier" scenes.

She loves having babies

Exclusive interview with Lauren Bacall

● She's been called "the wayward widow," the "lithe cat of Hollywood," "the most mysterious star of all." And from repute she could be any of these.

FOR she certainly is one of the world's most publicised widows. She can show her claws if anyone intrudes, uninvited, upon her privacy. And on the surface she can keep her own counsel if she feels mystery will make her more fascinating.

But none of these labels gives any indication of the warmth or straightforward intelligence of Lauren Bacall, whose husband, Humphrey Bogart, died two years ago.

It took me two months to arrange an exclusive interview with her—not only because she is very busy but also because she believes in taking her time to decide whether she wants to talk to any reporter.

Before she agreed to see me she had met me twice in public and had checked on my work with an editor's thoroughness.

Between times she'd done a month's hard work on location in the steaming heat of India.

When we met for lunch on her return she was doing a week's interior shots at Pinewood studios before another month's location in Spain.

All this, plus managing a household and two children, hadn't damped the Bacall spirits, though she looked much more tired than on our first meeting.

"And do I feel tired!" she said in that determined, husky voice. "I've got to get packed tonight and I haven't even started to sort out my stuff yet. Thank heavens I've got

a good governess for the children. A Swiss woman. Marvellous. And they adore her."

No matter what subject you start on with Miss Bacall it takes her only a few minutes to bring it back to her children, Stephen, who is ten, and Leslie, the self-possessed Bogart, who is eight.

As she set about her cold salmon she apologised:

"Look, we've only got about an hour, so you'd better tell me what you want to or I'll just talk my head off about the children and we'll never get anywhere."

This was her direct approach, which is usually called masculine, but when she makes it—even wearing slacks and a feminine shirt—it couldn't be more feminine.

I told her I wanted to know more about her attitude to her children and her reason for sending them to an American school in England.

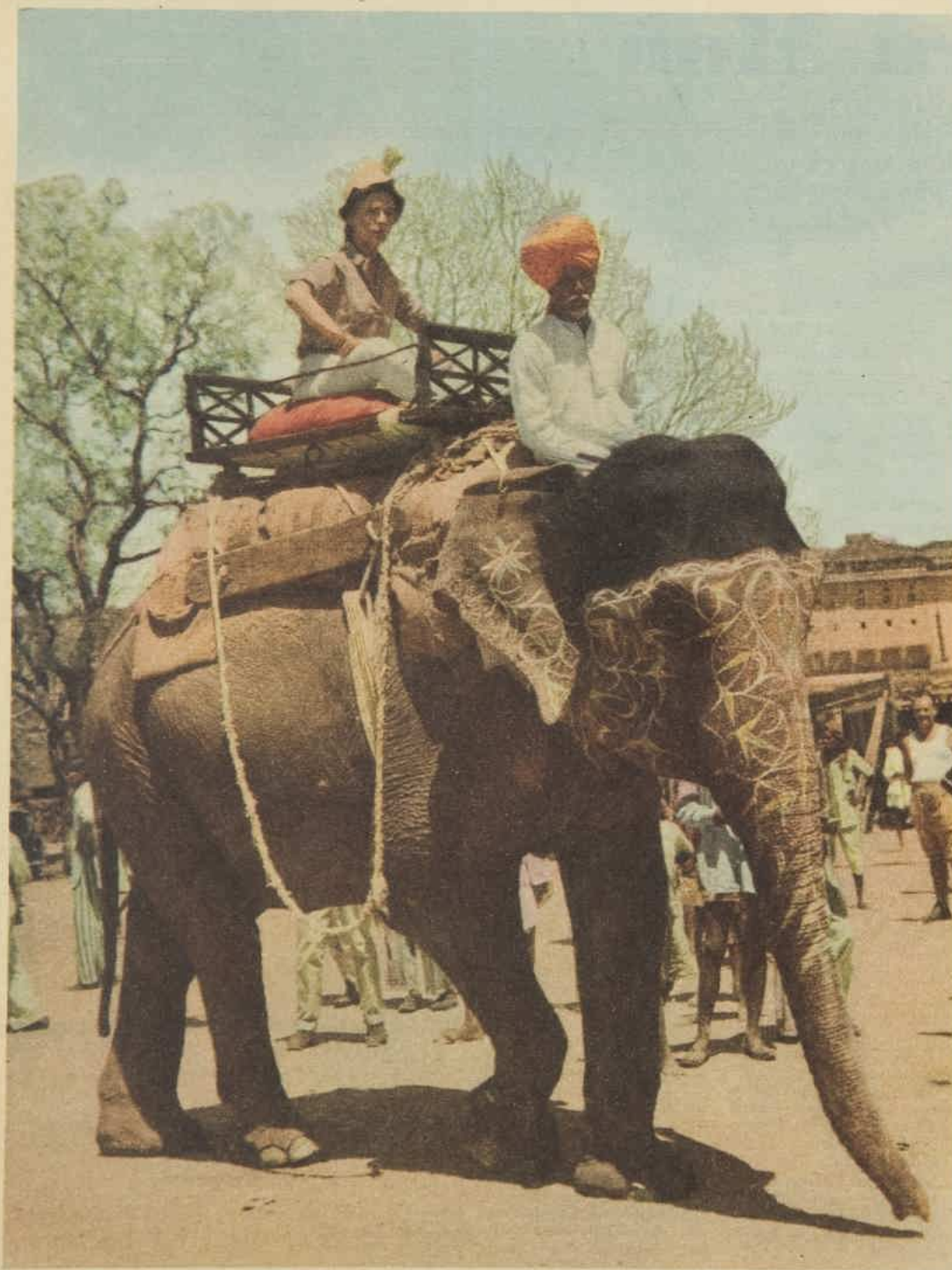
"They go to school because they have to learn to live with other people. It's harder for them, being known by name before they get there. But they have managed to cope."

"I don't plan anything for them except anonymity. It's important that they should be given the chance to become people on their own account."

"I'm like any other mother who has to function without the help of a father. I sometimes panic when they ask me questions that I think Bogey would have answered better."

"You see, I hate making decisions. I loathe living by myself. Of course I want to get married again. But I'd never marry with the idea of just giving my children another father. That wouldn't be fair to them or to me. After all, I will have to live longer with him than they will."

IN DELHI, Bacall enjoys an elephant ride to help her "get in the mood" for her work on location.





RELAXING off set during the location filming in Jaipur are Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More, and producer Marcel Hellman. The film is set about 1900, so Bacall's on-set costumes were hardly ideal for the climate.



"BABA," an Indian baby appearing in the film, and Bacall get to know each other. Bacall called the baby "Baba" — for he has no real name yet. According to custom, his parents won't name him till he is two years old.



CAMERA-BUG. Bacall snaps crowds in Delhi market. A serious photographer on location, she carries her own movie and still cameras so she can share experiences with her children and friends.

"No, the point is that I believe in being a woman before anything. Even independently of my children's lives. And to be a complete woman I believe you must have a man around to order your life. "Bogey was wonderful and he proved to me that marriage was a wonderfully happy arrangement, the only sensible one."

I asked if she was impatient to marry again.

"Yes, of course I am. I mean you could say that my life at the moment is just a jumble. But that's a compliment to Bogey. If I hadn't been so happy with him, I wouldn't want to be married again, would I?"

"If you marry again, would you want more children?"

"Oh, yes. Lots. You see, I love being pregnant."

"I just love the feeling. I never feel quite so fit and well as I do when I'm pregnant. Terrific, I feel wonderful."

"And I love having babies. Maybe I'm lucky, but I think it's the most wonderfully satisfying feeling in the world."

So if it's only for my selfish satisfaction, I want to have as many more as I can."

And before we knew where we were we were back to the children again... how Steve really felt intense about wanting to be an engine-driver at the moment... how Leslie was so placid she had no idea what she wanted to do.

"I really envy her," said Bacall. "Nothing ever worries her. But Steve is different. And that's why I have to go back to New York to live. I have to give him a home where he has friends. And roots."

Bacall plans to go back to New York to a furnished house she has rented for a year. The children are booked into schools there. And she has no immediate plans for a job.

She calls herself selfish, but this is one of the most unselfish things she has ever done, because she states categorically that unless she is married she must work.

"When I marry again," she says, with such confidence that you know she will, "I will stop working. I now know

I couldn't do both properly. "It was different with Bogey, because he was an exceptional man. And he knew I was young and must try to act. But I wouldn't ask any other man to accept that."

"Maybe I'll write. I have been offered a lot of money to write about Bogey and his illness. I won't. I believe he said whatever he wanted to about that. Why should I sell his private last two years if he didn't?"

And what kind of a man would she want to marry?

"Well, maybe it will be the milkman," she said, "though I'd be sorry if it was, because I have no particular interest in milk. I think now that it will have to be someone creative, because I have a solid respect for anyone who tries to create anything."

By now our time was up, but Bacall wasn't finished.

When she is enthusiastic her

face changes from the smooth sophistication she shows in her movie personality. It becomes fiery, and chiselled with determination.

"Look," she said, "if you want a philosophy from me I guess this is it. I believe I have to use every moment to grow up and develop."

"A well-known Hollywood actress arrived in this town last week saying that she was proud to still feel 12 years old. Heavens, that's a sad remark."

"I'd hate to feel 12 years old on the first day I was 13. Now I'm 34 and I hope I sound like every day of it. Next year I want to be 35, with that extra year of experience to live with."

"And I hope if I teach them nothing else I get that point over to my children."

We were back to them again. And as we made a date for her return to England I knew they'd be the main subject of conversation next time we met.



PENSIVE Bacall waits for a rehearsal call on the "North West Frontier" set at Jaipur. She plans to return to India before long for a holiday, when she wants to study comparative religions.



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ACHING MUSCLES

WORTH REPORTING

PIERRE BALMAIN, famous French couturier who visited Australia last month, is enthusiastic when he talks about his new holiday home on the island of Elba.

This is understandable. The house sounds as modern as the day after tomorrow. It's composed of four ovals superimposed on one another and built mainly of marble and glass.

Monsieur B. has, he told us, ideas for the interior decor of his new house.

"I think it will be all black and white," he said.

And added that the garden would have to be planned to match.

So he's ordered some garden vases to be made specially for the Elba eyrie: between three and four feet high, they're replicas of Turks' heads (complete with mustachios), and the flowers or shrubs will bloom out of the top.



PIERRE BALMAIN . . . he'll have replicas of Turks' heads in the garden of his Elba home.

EVERY now and then a Swiss news agency sends us the latest beauty hints from Europe.

According to the last communique: "All beauty aids are of little use if the skin is always washed with hard water, for grey esleum soap is thus formed. Borzy should be used . . ."

A COLLEAGUE of ours, out at a motor show, was standing in the pavilion idly admiring one of the newest American cars.

A young man, wearing open-necked shirt, jodhpurs, and a broad-brimmed hat, wandered up and joined the crowd round the glittering limousine.

He summoned a salesman. "That car," he said in the laconic tones of the countryman, "what breed is it?"

CROZZLE 5

• In copying for reproduction the winning entry of Crozzle 5 last week, a Y appeared incorrectly as X. Mrs. J. Oates' winning entry showed "MAY" horizontally and "GAY" vertically in the bottom right-hand corner.

The entry was in light ink which would not reproduce but it conformed with all rules.



GILBERT PEAKE . . . a few smart words about how the well-dressed man should wear his clothes.

Speaking right off the cuff

"NOBODY who is anybody in England would dream of wearing cuffs on his trousers," Mr. Gilbert Peake told us.

Mr. Peake, an English coat manufacturer at present visiting Australia, then displayed his own neatly clad ankles in cuffless, slightly tapered trousers.

"Strangely, Americans have not caught up with this fashion yet," he said.

"Cuffs—or turn-ups, as we call them—are unhygienic and dangerous. You can catch your heel in them."

Mr. Peake thinks Australian men are a long way behind in their coat fashions.

"Men's overcoats in England are much shorter, just below the knee," he said. "This is much smarter and more practical."

"Generally, men's coats are much neater now, with narrower lapels. They are all straight and single breasted."

AND to think we've been worrying about OUR weight . . .

Idly listening to the radio the other night, we were galvanised into attention when a gentleman casually announced that whale calves put on five or six pounds' weight an hour.

Six pounds an hour! It adds up to a hundredweight a day. Those poor little girl whales.

All about the beef and bees

OH, for some insight into the devious mind of man . . .

A distinguished British biologist has decided that England owes its superiority to its old maids.

He has it all worked out.

• English beef—best in the world, he says—depends on the efficiency of bumble-bees.

• This is because bumble-bees pollinate the red clover that the beef cattle eat.

• The number of bumble-bees is determined (in turn) by the number of cats.

• This is because cats kill the mice who rob the beehives.

Therefore, the more cats, the less mice, the more bees, the thicker the clover—and the better the beef.

And the old maids are important because they're fond of cats as pets.

FROM a manual of instructions to the male employees of an American company (vintage 1870):

"Any employee who smokes cigars, uses liquor in any form, gets shaved at the barber shop, or frequents pool halls will give his employer every reason to suspect his integrity, worthy intentions, and honesty."

"Employees will be given one evening off each week for courting purposes."

And not a drop to drink . . .

THE phone rang. We hoisted the receiver, chirped "hello," and were initiated into the miraculous properties of silicone-treated wool.

On the other end of the wire the representative of a firm of Sydney woollen merchants told us how marvellous this process is, especially for men's suits.

"Water, grease, ink," she said. "All stains just slide off the material."

"Why, this morning I got a bottle of champagne and poured it over a silicone-treated wool suit—and not a mark! Not a mark! All I had to do was clean up the champagne from the office floor."

WE hear from Mr. R. J. Hewett, of the London Publicity Committee, that American film producer Walter Seltzer is visiting England in connection with his latest film "Shake Hands With the Devil."

The film is based on the Irish rebellion.

"Is the film in color?" asked a reporter at one of Mr. Seltzer's Press conferences.

"No," said the producer. "It's in black-and-tan."

Wot a lot of bib-'n-tucker

ONE of the things we always more-or-less taken simply for granted is that babies wear bibs.

But we've just had a proud letter from Mr. Harry Manning, who owns a couple of babies' wear shops in Sydney.

Mr. Manning claims he's sold more bibs than any other retail store in the world.

"Our sales to date are more



BIBBED BABY . . . 'Who'd have thought bib sales would be more than just a dribble?'

than 400,000," he wrote. "We hope to reach the half-million mark in a year or so."

Oh, well. We guess babies must dribble tucker on their best bibs.

FASHION note: the chic Parisienne is wearing her biggest, most glamorous earrings clipped on to her hair—just above the temples.

Winner of Crozzle 6

TWO housewives from the small Queensland town of Taroom, 314 miles north-west of Brisbane, have tied for the £500 first prize in CROZZLE No. 6.

They're Mrs. Alwyn Becker, of Ford St., and Mrs. Colin Phipps, of Miller St., who sent in identical entries with the same points for interlocking letters and grand totals of 424.

Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Phipps, who have been friends for about eight years, have entered every CROZZLE.

"We don't actually sit down and work out the CROZZLES together, as we don't live really near each other," Mrs. Phipps said when we rang to tell her that she and Mrs. Becker had each won £250.

"We swap ideas over the phone. And we keep going until we can't go any higher with the score."

Mrs. Becker's entry is reproduced at right.

M	I	L	K	P		C	U	R	D
C		H	O	T		H	O		
E		F	A	T		B	O	I	L
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S	O	U	P		P	A	N		G
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E	N	T	R	E		J	A	M	I
E		E		A			L	E	A
T	A	R	T		S	U	E	T	

13, 3, 18, 11, 22, 5, 10, 29, 5, 9, 9

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 134

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 290

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 424

PENTHOUSE IN THE SKY

An aircraft industry chief who likes huntin', fishin', and golf is making an historic flight to Australia this month in a luxury aircraft for Australian passengers.



● He is good-looking William McPherson Allen, and the plane, one of the Boeing 707 Jets Qantas has ordered from America, has been described as "an ultra-comfortable penthouse in the sky."

MR. ALLEN, president of the company which built the jets, will bring his wife and two of his daughters—Nancy, who is 24, and Dorothy, 18—with him.

It's the first Qantas-jet flight to Australia from America, and was planned as a method of delivering this particular aircraft.

"We are all experienced fliers, as you can imagine," said Mr. Allen, who has been chief of the Boeing Aircraft Company for nearly 14 years. "All our children have been flying since they were little tots."

"But we're all as excited about this trip as though we had never gone anywhere."

"It's our first look at your country."

"We plan to spend about a week in Australia. I think most of it will be in Sydney, but we'll also visit Canberra and Melbourne."

Mr. Allen, an enthusiastic golfer, said that, despite a crowded schedule of official ceremonies and social functions in the three cities, he had made plans for a game of golf with Cedric Turner, general manager of Qantas.

"Cedric is a fine golfer," he said. "I've

heard all about the great golf courses in Australia, and I want to see for myself.

"My handicap's 11, but, like all golfers, I think it ought to be higher."

Mr. Allen gets out to golf as often as he can, but has to take his business problems with him. Sometimes he drives his partners wild by dashing off occasionally to call the plant.

"Boeing is always reaching out for tomorrow," Mr. Allen explains. "This can only

be accomplished by people who live, breathe, eat, and sleep what they are doing."

Mr. Allen has been following that all-demanding programme ever since he joined the Boeing firm in 1926, after graduation from Harvard Law School and a brief period in a Seattle law firm.

He became president of the huge Boeing Company on his 45th birthday on September 1, 1945, at a salary of 50,000 dollars (about £23,000) a year. Working virtually all round the clock, he directed the tremendous job of turning Boeing from wartime military production to a peacetime basis.

TRAVELLING in a Boeing 707 Jet (pictured above) has been described as "like flying 10 miles a minute in an easy chair."

But Boeing is still also a prime supplier of military aircraft to the U.S. Government. Indeed, the 707 Jet—the type Qantas is putting into Australian service this year—was first produced as a bomber.

At his desk Mr. Allen is a fast, hard-working executive who knows what he wants and how to get it.

But at home he's an amiable, story-telling host whose best jokes are at his own expense. He loves to sit around with old cronies, sipping Scotch and water.

He likes fishing and hunting, as well as golf, and is an accomplished dancer.

Mr. Allen was born in Lolo, Montana, a township with a population of about 200. His father, a mining engineer, often took Bill and his older brother, Edward, on long trips into the mountains to live off venison, grouse, and other wild game they shot.

The Allens live in a lovely but comparatively modest 10-room house in a northern suburb of Seattle. Mr. Allen and his wife, the former Mary Ellen Field, have a son, James, and a daughter, Ellen, as well as Dorothy and Nancy.

By
GEORGE McGANN,
of our New York staff



Galleys on the aircraft provide a fine and constant food-and-drink service.



PRESIDENT of the huge Boeing Company, Mr. William McPherson Allen, steps from a plane. Mr. Allen will spend about a week in Australia.



LUXURIOUS lounges like this one on the passenger jets offer pleasant surroundings for a change of seats. The aircraft's speed is 600 m.p.h., and flight is so high that all but isolated patches of bad weather are avoided. Flight is also vibration-free, air-conditioned.

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Wave and Wash with ½ the Work! Only Richard Hudnut's Wave Lotion penetrates so fast you can wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete, fashionable wave with just 20 curlers—half the winding time! With the Richard Hudnut perming method you always actually see the exact amount of Wave Lotion and Neutraliser you apply—you just can't go wrong! Use Richard Hudnut today—and be shampoo-fresh tonight!



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● The Mayor of Willoughby, Ald. McDowell, surveys the Junior Council. From left: Lynette Bell, 16, John Cook, 20, Keith Daniel, 21, Roger Court, 18, Kerry Pier, 15, Robert Rathborne, 19, Gillian Hinde, 16, Ian Evans, 19, Jean Becroft, 15, Colin Baird, 18, Royle Hunt, 19, Noeleen Bennett, 21, with Bill Chapman, 24, oldest, and Robin Adams, 15, youngest, in front. Junior Councillor Brian Stanmore, 21, is not in this picture.

Youngsters on the civic front

● "I am twelve years old. I have been resident in the Municipality of Willoughby for twelve years, so I am familiar with its problems." The speaker was one of 70 young people—all aged between 12 and 25—who stood for election to the Willoughby Junior Council recently.

HE was unsuccessful, but the 15-member council was voted in later that night by more than 3000 electors—also aged between 12 and 25—to become Australia's first local government youth body.

The Junior Council will soon become a formally constituted unit under the Local Government Act—a responsible, permanent, and independent body, similar to any municipal council.

Part of the young councillors' job will be to advise local organisations on questions involving youth.

They will also have an official voice in legislative matters before the municipal council.

I attended their first meeting—an informal affair in the chambers of the municipal mayor, Alderman N. R. McDowell.

Ald. McDowell watched while, in typical Australian fashion, the six girl councillors huddled at one end of his room and the eight boys studied the wall at the other end.

But the ice soon broke among these youngsters who, between them, represent the youth of nine and a third square miles of Sydney.

"We're fairly experimental at this stage," said 24-year-old Junior Councillor Bill Chapman, oldest member of the new body.

"You can't expect the old ones to understand the youth of today. We do understand, and we want to advise youth.

"Too much good youth is lost to the community."

I asked Bill if the Junior Council would be concerned mainly with juvenile delinquency.

"We're concerned with the misunderstood youths and misunderstanding adults," said Bill.

"Our council is preparation for adult responsibilities in society."

"How many adults do you think come to council meetings—

By
**CAROL
TATTERSFIELD,**
staff reporter

ings—or know what's going on in their council?"

The Junior Council was conceived by Ald. McDowell during Willoughby's first Youth Festival last year.

Following his suggestion, youth organisations in the district set up a provisional committee of 25 members.

The committee had to draft a constitution and arrange public elections for the Junior Council 15 members—three from each ward or municipal section—aged between 12 and 25 and to hold office for three years.

But when 70 candidates presented themselves the committee decided that on election night each candidate should go to the polling booth in his or her ward and be inspected by the voters.

The voters went for maturity. The youngest councillor

is 15 and the eldest in the 20s. And each ward has boy-girl representation.

Junior Council business will be conducted during the young councillors' spare time.

Though most of the members belong to youth groups and take part in debates, none has sat on such an important body as the Junior Council.

But they are keen and energetic. Gillian Hinde, 16, captain of North Sydney Girls' High School and member of a church fellowship group, told the first meeting she would like to see more theatrical drama productions by young people.

Ian Evans, student teacher, wanted more sporting facilities in the municipality. His plea was endorsed by the four youngest girls, Jean Becroft, Lynette Bell, Robin Adams, and Kerry Pier, all classmates of Cremorne Girls' High School.

All agreed to organise another Youth Festival Week—next August—and a local youth group already has asked them to choose a site for a new swimming-pool.

In their election of officers Bill Chapman became president, Keith Daniel, 21-year-old accountant, student, deputy president, Roger Court, law student, secretary, and Noeleen Bennett, 21-year-old clerk, assistant secretary.

What about municipal paraphernalia like mayoral chains? I asked Ald. McDowell. "None of that," he said. "This is business. It shouldn't look silly."

Judging by the firm young faces, it won't.

Where the city has fun on ice

Open-air skating rink draws old "Glacie" fans, new crop of "bunnies"

● If you like a sport which combines thrills, grace, and exercise with a lot of fun, you'll be one of the customers at Sydney's new open-air ice rink in Prince Alfred Park.

THIS winter thousands of people, young and not-so-young, are on ice, some for the first time since the Glaciarium closed four years ago. Others—the "ice bunnies"—are making their shaky debut.

"Skating's terrific! It's just the best of all," according to pretty Margaret Adams, almost 16, who came down from her home on the Hawkesbury River to be one of the first on the ice.

Margaret was so anxious that she arrived on June 1, the day before the rink officially opened.

As a reward she was allowed to skate with the whole rink to herself.

The Prince Alfred Park rink, built by the Sydney City Council, is the size of an Olympic ice-hockey field—185ft. by 85ft.—with enough room for up to 1200 people to skate in comfort.

"The Glaciarium opened way back in 1906," said Mr. John Caruana, manager of the Prince Alfred Park rink, and

one-time manager of the Glaciarium.

"In 1955, when it was just under 50 years old, the directors had to close it because the cost of repairs was prohibitive."

Now Sydney skates again, European style, in the open air.

There are general day and night sessions every day, including Sundays at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m., and special after-school sessions at 3.30 p.m. from Monday to Friday.

"We're trying to cater for everybody's taste," Mr. Caru-

By
ANNE DWYER,
staff reporter

ana said. "There will be a short dancing time when the rink is reserved for those who can do ice dancing.

"Then there will be times for fast skating, as there used to be at the 'Glacie.' When that happens, it is best for all 'bunnies' to just watch.

"Before the rink opened we had hundreds of inquiries from New Australians who haven't skated since they left Europe.

"We're expecting quite a lot of older people, too. It's the kind of thing which, once you learn, you never forget. You might be stiff or awkward at first, but it comes back to you."

Mrs. Caruana (show skater and teacher Rona Thael), who has skated professionally in England, Europe, the United States, and Canada, said:

"If you can walk you can skate."

"One of the first people to book a lesson with me, even before the rink opened, was a woman in her sixties."

"Ideal date"

The relative cheapness makes skating an ideal date for teenagers with limited pocket-money.

For adults, admission price is 5/-; for children under 15, 2/6; for schoolchildren at after-school sessions, 1/6.

These prices include use of a locker and hire of boots.

"We have 1750 pairs of boots for hire, all in good condition," Mr. Caruana told me.

For people who want to buy their own, prices range up from £11/15/- for boots made in Australia fitted with English blades.

Mrs. Caruana and a staff of skilled teachers are available for lessons, which cost 5/- for 15 minutes and 10/- for half an hour.

One of the teachers is Hungarian Clara Feyer, who was coach for the Hungarian skating team which competed in the 1956 Olympic Games.

The eternal question—what to wear—is no problem.

"Outdoor skating will be fairly cold when you aren't actually going round on the ice, so ski-type clothes—slacks with thick sweaters or jackets—are ideal," Mr. Caruana said.



HOW TO STAND. Jacqueline Edwards (left) shows Margaret Adams how to stand on skates, feet together, straight under the body.

For those who prefer the traditional skating skirt—only 1½yds. of material is needed to make an 18in.-long, circular skirt.

Prince Alfred Park teachers hold that any person with average balance should be able to get around the rink with a fair amount of confidence after four or five times on the ice.

For beginners

The new rink has no "Mugs' Alley." Many ex-skaters will remember with affection that edge of the old "Glacie." Some never moved out of it.

However, beginners have the surrounding barricade to hold.

Mrs. Caruana gives these tips for "ice bunnies":

"See that your boots and skates fit and are tightly laced

at the ankle. Sizes are the same as straight shoe fittings.

"Don't be afraid of falling over when you walk in your boots; the lacing will keep you upright.

"Be sure to walk to the rink on the rubber matting or you will blunt the blades.

"When you step on the ice, don't try to walk. Keep your feet close together, dead underneath your body. Then rock slightly from side to side to transfer the weight, and you will automatically start to move along.

"To slow down and stop, turn one blade sideways and drag that foot behind.

"When you fall, don't try to save yourself. If you let go, you'll just slide along the ice without doing any damage, apart from getting a bit wet."



GRACEFUL SKATERS Celine Miller, 16 (left), and Jacqueline Edwards, 19, on the new Sydney rink. Both began at the old indoor Glaciarium.

YOUNG FAN Margaret Adams shows the right way to fall. "Let yourself go and you won't be hurt," is the maxim.

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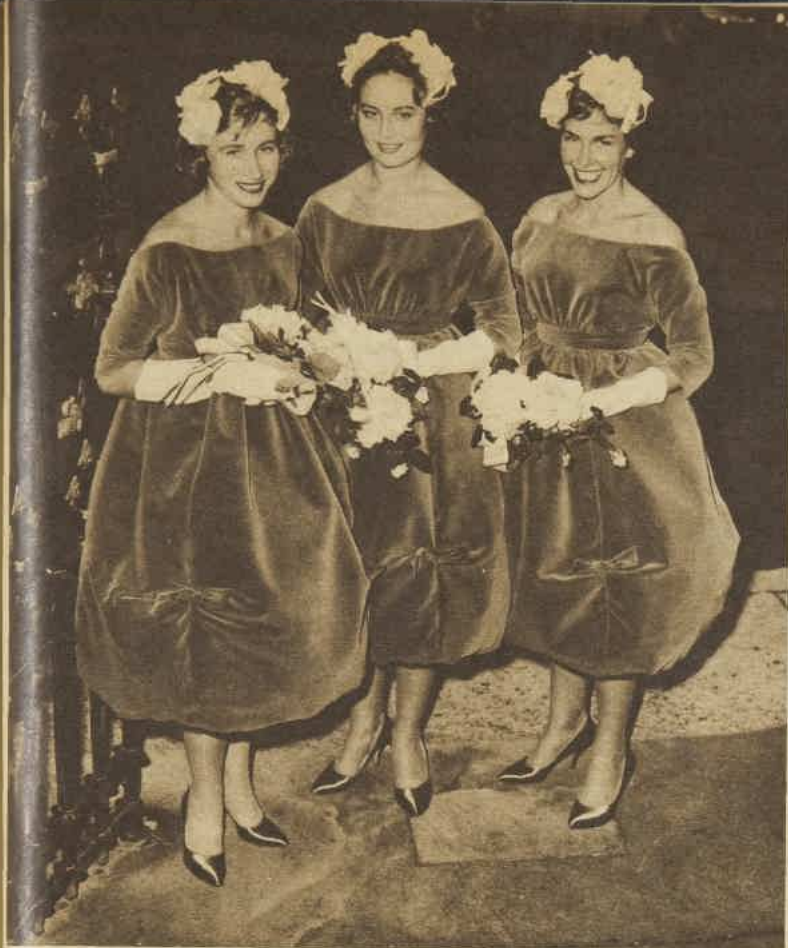
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EMPIRE DRESSES of mignonette-green were worn by the three pretty bridesmaids who attended Pam Hughes when she married Bill Moses at St. Mark's. From left, Mary Pratten, of Yass, Sue Cameron, of Killara, and Margaret Moses, of Gunnedah.



LEAVING ST. MARK'S after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moses. The bride was formerly Pam Hughes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hughes, of Bellevue Hill. Bill is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moses, of Gunnedah.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MOST fascinating invitation in my diary at the moment is the shocking-pink card, sketched and lettered in white, inviting me to the Pied Piper Ball at Princes on June 26.

An enormous replica of the merry piper drawn on the invitation will stand prominently in Princes, holding an equally enormous replica of the invitation containing a list of the lush prizes to be won during the evening.

Last year the Pied Piper Ball raised £1000 in aid of the Mosman Spastic Centre, and this year the target is £1500.

President Mrs. Fred Klement and Mr. Klement will greet the 350 guests, who will include committee members Mrs. Colin Ryrrie, Mrs. Dan Osborne, Mrs. Michael Jones, and Mrs. Barry Brooke.

One committee member who won't be there is Mrs. Denis Rowe, who is flying off to England for two months.

BIG night for Jenny Rigg, of Dover Heights, on June 15—she'll be celebrating her 21st birthday and her engagement at "Rancliff," Woollahra. Lucky man is Alfred Milani, of Kensington.

SAW Philip and Caroline Simpson at the Elizabethan Theatre for the opening of Eugene O'Neill's brilliant "Long Day's Journey Into Night." They're not long back after their honeymoon trip to Japan.

LIFE on the farm next year for Bruce Saxton and Jennifer Cullen-Ward, who are planning a wedding early in the year. Bruce bought Jennifer a solitaire diamond ring and bought "Grasmere," Bethunga, for their future home. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Saxton, of Elizabeth Bay, and Jennifer is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cullen-Ward, of Mani, Cumnock. "We're reuniting the families," Bruce explained. "Our grandparents used to live next door to each other in Drummoyne."

LOOKED in on a fashion parade at the Lyceum Club last week organised in aid of the voluntary driving force for T.P.I. soldiers. This driving force does a terrific job — ferrying soldiers to a monthly concert and afternoon tea, and turning on a Christmas party for about 500 T.P.I. men and their wives. The parade was to raise a few pounds for Christmas.

BE prepared to take your shoes off at the Nunyara committee's third annual dinner and ball, scheduled for the Pickwick Club on June 27. Not a foot remained shod last year during one dance—the night's highlight, the boomerang rock and roll championship. The committee, which decorates with aboriginal motifs each year, raised £1000 last year to assist the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children, and president Alan Johnston presented the cheque to Sir Kenneth Coles.

GIRRAWEE, Killara, will bring the mysterious East to Sydney on June 17 when there'll be a Japanese afternoon for the younger set of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. President Mrs. John Trennery has arranged for Japanese flower arrangements and a Japanese film to be shown to the 100 guests.

THERE'LL be a vast fund of golf stories—"how I holed in one back in '39," etc.—told on June 19 at Killara Golf Club when the members will celebrate 50 years of golf with a diamond jubilee ball. Club members are used to dinner dances every so often, but this is the first time in club history that there has been a formal ball. President Mr. Dan Dwyer and Mrs. Dwyer will receive the 240 guests, including the president of the N.S.W. Golf Association, Mr. J. F. McQueen, and Mrs. McQueen.

NICE keepsakes of Belinda Beattie's recent wedding to Richard Green are the hand-made invitations, which Belinda made individually. After the honeymoon they'll live at "Yarra-wonga," Wallabadah.



ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Mike Forster and his fiancée, Judy Kater. Judy is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kater, of "Gillawarrina," Trangie.



HOME IN DOUBLE BAY for Dr. and Mrs. John Beveridge, pictured after their wedding at St. Chad's, Cremorne. The bride was formerly Libby Cookson, third daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Cookson, of Inverell.



FOUR PRETTY GIRLS (from left), Neroli McAlister, Helen Scott, Eleanor Richmond, and Elizabeth Ward, who will be among the 17 debutantes presented to the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, at the Legacy Ball on Thursday, June 11.

NEW YORK'S SOCIAL "TABLE SET"



FOR a month each year, in the serenity of Tiffany's, New York's exclusive jewellery store, table settings by famous hostesses are exhibited. Then the housewife, waitress, or typist can sigh over elegant tables set by an Astor, a Vanderbilt, or other names straight from the society pages and gossip columns. This year, breakfast, lunch, and dinner were served up in imaginative settings ranging from the garden to the bedroom. It certainly would have brought a sparkle to the eyes of Holly Golightly — waif-like heroine of a new Truman Capote story, "Breakfast at Tiffany's," who likes to escape her hangovers and heels by slipping into "Tiff's" and "breakfasting" on its rich and peaceful atmosphere.

LEFT: Mrs. William Woodward, mother of the wealthy scion whose wife accidentally shot him dead with a hunting rifle in 1956, used a dramatic £17,000 Waterford crystal "perfume temple" filled with persimmons as centrepiece for her setting. This is flanked by Waterford crystal candelabra and antique salt-and-peppers. The oval table-mats are of delicate old rosepoint lace, and the napkins of heavy white linen are embroidered with the family crest.



LEFT: "Dinner for Three," a setting by Mrs. Lewis A. Lapham, wife of the president of the Grace Lines shipping company. Her modern pedestal-style table is of wormy chestnut. The centrepiece bowl is of antique Wedgwood black basalt.

RIGHT: Mrs. Henry Fonda, the actor's wife, designed this after-theatre buffet setting. A tall, elaborate candelabrum and fruits and flowers in pyramid groupings are among table decorations. Drawn up to a Venetian wicker bench are small grey footstools.





"CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR EIGHT" (above) was the setting shown by Mrs. Howell H. Howard, one of America's wealthiest heiresses and owner of a fabulous collection of European museum pieces. Focus of the table is the centrepiece featuring angels from the creche group made in 18th-century Naples. On the table are runners of pink foil with an overmat of silver lace, a decoration repeated in the wrapping of gift packages at each guest's place. German Theresienthal pink goblets on white stems carry out the color scheme. At either end of the antique white table are Louis XVI armchairs, and, along the sides, small gold chairs with striking red velvet seat-pads.

"LUNCHEON FOR FOUR" (right) was the creation of Mrs. T. Reed Vreeland, "Harper's Bazaar" fashion editor. Designed as a "fairytale" setting for a terrace, sunroom, or summer-garden, it features an old French table, inspired by Russian design. This table has a lofty canopied onion-shaped top on four supports. Among the unusual accessories are silver salt-and-peppers and a mustard jar, all in the shape of owls. Individual Anglo-French cigarette urns, decorated with pachysandra, are featured on the table.



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Why aren't men ever their age?

CAN you beat men? A corpulent man we know—who is 45 years old and rather lined in the face—expressed a desire to get married. We presumed he'd look for a sensible girl near his own age. But not on your life. He wanted someone slim, good-looking, and aged about 21. Why are single men—no matter how old—always regarded as eligible bachelors? People think differently about single women.

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name and address supplied), Claremont, W.A.

Apron-clad fathers

I THINK the reason there are so many child delinquents is that the father is no longer head of the family. What woman or child can respect a man who is apron-clad, as so many fathers are these days? Children must have the example of their mother respecting their father and his decisions.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Nancy Turner, Piawaning, W.A.

Tactless brides

THERE is no greater bore than the new bride who bothers everyone with details of her husband's likes and dislikes, and is openly sorry for people not married. In her new happiness she loses commonsense and tact, and sometimes her remarks are even cruel. Fortunately for those who work with her, this "love sickness" is like influenza. It's severe while it lasts, but it doesn't last very long.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Kramer, Killara, N.S.W.

Fishy chip deal

I ADVISE Mr. C. E. Duff 20/5/59—who asked what constitutes 1/- worth of chips—to look stern if he wants a good helping. I heard the owner of a fish-shop whispering to his young assistant, "Cut down on the chips for those kids, but give Mrs. — a good lot. She's a wake-up!"

£1/1/- to Miss Carmel M. Gubbins, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Label it low

WHY must manufacturers stitch labels on to the necks of cotton shirts, athletic vests, etc? The garments, vests especially, tear away around the labels. The best place for the label would be the hem. In these days of high prices and indifferent quality I have found a part solution. When the garment is new I carefully unpick the label and relieve the strain on the material.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. F. Hughes, Devon Meadows, Vic.

Socking it away

WHY do people conceal money in their homes instead of putting it in the bank? Repeatedly one reads of some hard-working individual who has been either robbed or burnt out. It is an individual loss which the public cannot make up to the loser. It is also a dangerous practice when the hoarder lives in a secluded area.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Eddy, Albury, N.S.W.

A sing-song lunch

NOTHING has ever taken the place of the lunch-hour community singing concerts in Town Halls in the 1930s. These sing-songs filled a special niche in entertainment. Elderly people enjoyed them as a social club, and city workers enjoyed them as a lunch-hour "oasis" of rest and relaxation.

£1/1/- to Miss N. Colyer, East Gordon, N.S.W.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

A light solution

OUR younger son hated the dark, so we allowed him a tiny bedroom light for some years. When he reached school age, however, I felt it was time to use a little motherly psychology. I took him to a toy-store where he picked out an exciting racing-car. He became very glum when I pointed out his pocket-money wouldn't stretch to it, unless he felt like selling his night-light to a friend with a new baby. He pounced on the idea, sold the lamp, bought the car, and never again asked for a light at night.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Grimsley, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

Cure for jealousy

TO guard against any feeling of jealousy, a week before my new baby was due I bought my three-year-old daughter a new doll, complete with miniature baby-care accessories, and taught her how to give her "baby" a bath, bottle, change its nappies, and so on. When our new baby arrived the elder child was an accomplished little mother and took care of her "baby" while Mum tended hers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jean Westley, Gladstone, Qld.

Salesgirls' standing

REPLYING to "Annie May," who said (13/5/59) that some salesgirls are unpleasant to New Australians, I wonder that no one campaigns to improve conditions for sales staff. Anyone who wonders whether standing all day is tiring should spend several hours on her feet in a confined space. Salesgirls, though, can't sit and rest even if customers are not about. If a salesgirl looks as if she has nothing to do, the manager may consider she is not necessary.

£1/1/- to "Observer" (name and address supplied), Surrey Hills, Vic.

AFTER working in a city store at Christmas, I agree with "Annie May" (13/5/59) that New Australians report to helpful salesgirls. I also found them patient when I did not understand them properly. Not only salesgirls but everyone should try to make newcomers feel at home in their new country.

£1/1/- to Miss L. C. Jackson, Burwood, Vic.

Comfortably settled

AUSTRALIA should make it a rule that newcomers could not spend more than three months in migrant hotels. I have been here for six years and can understand how easy it is for migrants to settle into hostel life, where there are people of their own kind speaking their language. I know of one family who have been in a migrant hostel for six years because they are unwilling to leave it. This kind of thing must stop. Migrants come here with good characters and would be good citizens if they settled in an Australian neighborhood as soon as possible after arrival.

£1/1/- to Heidemarie Knop, Maribyrnong, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE idea of buying a motor-car has been in my mind lately.

The motor-car is an invention that is clearly here to stay.

When people ask me "What do you drive?" I am tired of replying, "My feet." Also, I want to qualify for admittance to drive-in theatres.

The car dealers make the new models sound very attractive—"Enjoy small-car comfort at big-car cost"; "Try the sports car with the family-car performance," and so on.

In the ads. for used cars I notice that nearly all of them have had only one owner.

That is all right if the owner is a steady type—a librarian or chartered accountant. But I'd hate to get a car whose one owner had been someone like Cec McGoon. Cec always starts off at high speed, with the engine making a noise like a sawmill.

I have spoken to a few of my friends who own cars and asked them what make they recommend.

TO EACH HIS OWN

The first one I approached, Perc Potluck, runs a 1952 Knockmobile, on which he has spent £300 in repairs this year.

He said to me: "I don't think you could do better than a Knockmobile. Preferably a 1952 model, like this



one. Nothing flash about it, but it's a good reliable job."

Mr. Orpington gave me a lift into town next day in his big eight-cylinder Doughmaster—a type of car beyond my means. In answer to my question he said: "Frankly, I

would advise you to get a Doughmaster. It costs a bit more than average, but it's better value in the long run."

Jim Fiddler has a prewar Scrapillac, which he calls a vintage car. He didn't speak to me for a fortnight last year because one of my children referred to it as a rattlebomb.

Jim said to me: "Take my tip and get a 1934 Scrapillac. They put wonderful work into these old cars. You don't see anything like it nowadays."

I have been forced to believe that car-owners are apt to think their own geese are swans, or their swans are the best swans. It may be better to nose about and use my own judgment.

What I have in mind is one of those cars with room for six midgets waving to their friends—a very clean unit, showroom cond., sacrifice, one owner (preferably invalid).

And, though I wouldn't insist on this, it would be nice if there were some banknotes stuffed in the seat-cushions.

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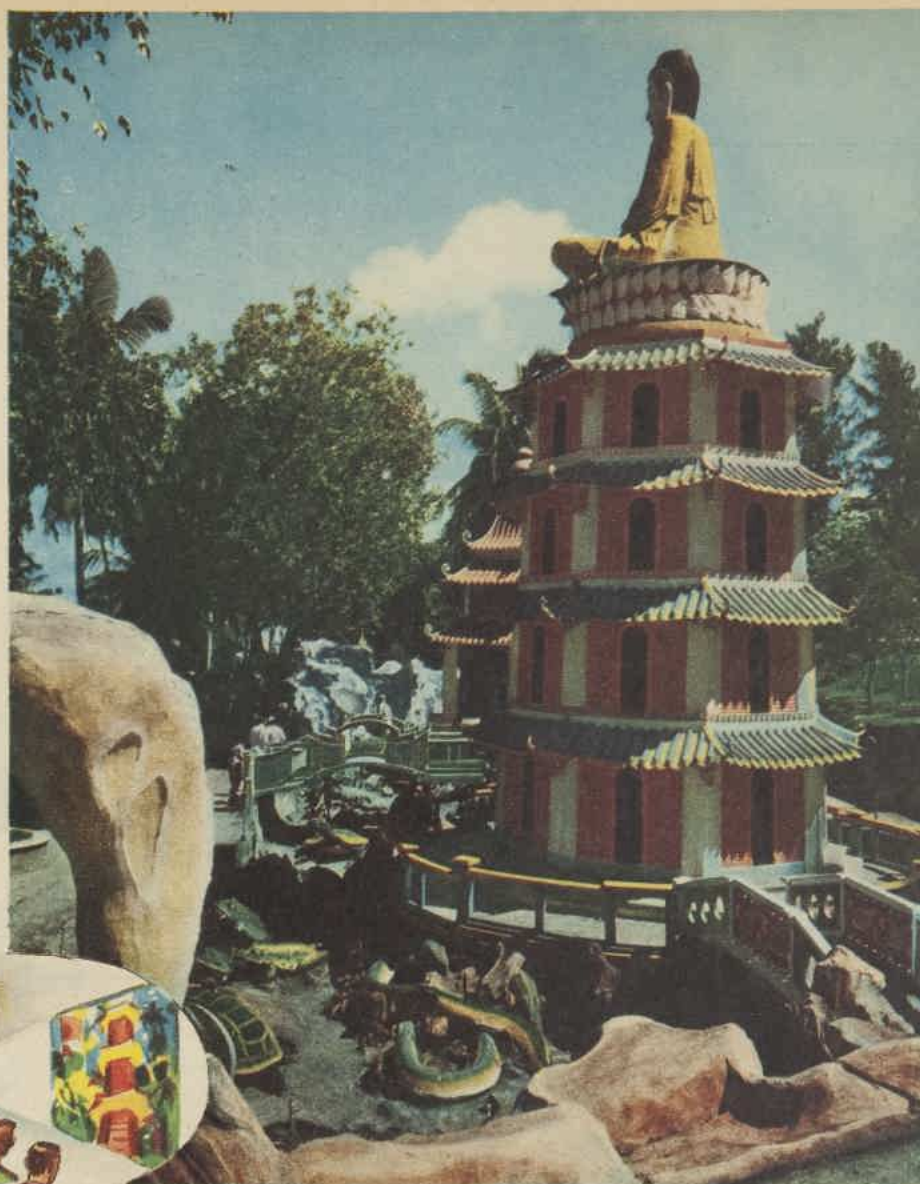


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jewellery of India. The Malays
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with velvet caps. The wives in
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country of jungles, beautiful
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changes are air-
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Kelantan silverware, hand-beaten by
craftsmen from Kelantan State, makes
fine souvenirs. Here a Malayan-born
Indian girl chooses a fine piece.



This Malay farmer has trained his pet
monkey to climb coconut trees and
knock down the nuts. Here the
monkey enjoys a well-earned drink.



Traditional dancing of the Malay people
is gay, colourful and exciting. Here a
Malay band plays for a Ronggeng
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STII



How to choose that first fine watch

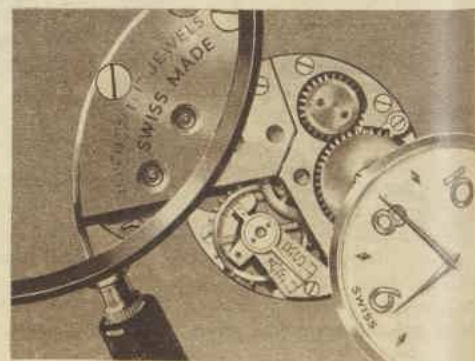
First, make sure it really *is* a fine watch. One of the easiest ways of being sure is to choose a Swiss jewelled-lever watch.

The fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch is the best of all gifts for the young—at school, at university, or just starting out to build lives of their own. It is a *special* gift that marks the occasion of growing up.

It's the best, but it needn't be expensive, for into *every* watch go all the priceless qualities

inherited by the Swiss watchmaker: skill, craftsmanship, precision engineering and applied ingenuity. *Time is the Art of the Swiss.*

There is an infinite variety of fine Swiss jewelled-lever watches for the young: for sportsmen and sportswomen, for future doctors and engineers, for everyday wear and for formal occasions. Ask a reputable watch expert to help you choose the best watches for *your* children. *His knowledge is your safeguard.*



It's the combination that matters—the word "Swiss" on the watch plus the jewelled-lever movement inside. Your jeweller or watchmaker can tell you why this combination guarantees you a truly fine watch.

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



LOVE AND MARRIAGE DON'T MIX

- America has been shocked by a young professor's statement that love won't mix with marriage.
- He claims that romantic love is one thing and marriage another; that you can't have both of them together.

THE professor, Dr. Ernest van den Haag, said that love and marriage were incompatible because love called for complete abandon, while matrimony demanded the utmost sobriety of the two partners.

"Each has its place," the doctor contended, "but the couple that tries to mix the two is inviting disaster."

"You must understand that I am talking about romantic love when I say love."

"That's the kind Americans are always writing songs about and Hollywood is always making films about."

"It's not the only kind of love, of course, and it's all wrong as the basis for marriage."

Dr. van den Haag is a youngish, bookish, sociology professor, with a quiet sense of humor, who is amused that he has become something of a celebrity overnight because of his statements.

Shocked

His fame began when he told a reporter from the "New York Times" that love and marriage were "incompatible."

Properly shocked, the reporter rushed this heretical statement through his type-writer and the good, grey "Times" rushed it into print, with results that surprised and tickled their originator.

"I thought the reporter wanted to talk to me about my new book, 'The Fabric of Society,'" he told me in an interview.

But, instead of quizzing the author about the cultural, economic, or social aspects of American life, all covered in quite some detail in the book,

views, have phoned to twit him about his sudden notoriety.

Television interviewers have asked him to appear, and he has had to enlarge on his statement to numerous journalists.

Dr. van den Haag is a bachelor ("Else how could I speak so freely on this topic?") and lives in untidy comfort surrounded by his books, unwashed teacups, crushed cigar-butts.

He received me in his shirt-sleeves.

"Now, what is all this about

● Dr. van den Haag's views are strong and controversial. Write and tell us your own point of view.

the "Times" reporter interrogated him about his un-American views on marriage.

Since the "Times" article appeared Dr. van den Haag's telephone in his combined office-flat in New York's bohemian quarter has been ringing busily.

His students at New York University and the New School for Social Research, familiar with his unorthodox

love not going with marriage like a horse and carriage?" I asked.

"Perfectly right," he said. He then told me his views—that love called for abandon and marriage for sobriety.

He took a drag at his cigar, a sip of tea, and plunged on. "There are actually three kinds of love, as the Greeks pointed out. First there is this romantic love, or Eros, which the Americans have exalted into something far beyond its limitations."

"Secondly, there is the kind of love taught us by the Gospels—Agape, the Greeks called it. It embraces compassion, affection, respect, and loyalty."

"Thirdly, there is the love of knowledge—Phileas."

"The first kind of love, romantic love, is necessarily temporary, irrational, unpredictable, and frenzied," he continued. "It is a passion, and the literal meaning of passion is 'suffering.' It is the tension between desire and fulfillment."

"If romantic love is fulfilled, it ceases to exist. That is why it is wrong to make it the basis of marriage."

"In other words," I interjected, "you would make romantic love extra-marital?" Dr. van den Haag shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not going to be quoted on that," he replied. "If you say I advocate free love I will deny it. But draw your own conclusions."

"Romantic love is a matter between two individuals only," the professor resumed, gazing at the ceiling. "But marriage is a matter that concerns not only two individuals, but society as a whole."

"Marriage is rational, legal, and quite public. It must be entered into after serious consideration of all factors."

"That is why the 'arranged marriages' of older cultures

are more lasting and more satisfactory to all concerned than marriages based on mutual attraction only."

"The high American divorce rate is testimony to the fallaciousness of the American belief that romantic love must be the basis of matrimony."

"When an American couple fall out of love they divorce. Then what do they do? Fall in love with other partners and make the same mistake all over again."

"Tragic cycle"

"Love, marriage, divorce—love, marriage, divorce. It's a tragic cycle in this country."

"I hope that Australians are clinging to the old-fashioned attitude towards marriage and not adopting the American concept."

"After all, as a British people, they have the perfect example of the right attitude and the wrong attitude in the cases of the Duke of Windsor and Princess Margaret."

"As Edward the Eighth, the uncle found it impossible to reconcile his Royal role with the ideal of romantic love."

"He resolved this conflict in the modern manner."

"He handed over his duties as King for the pleasures of being husband to Mrs. Simpson. His actions set an extremely bad example for the youth of his own and other countries."

"Now look at Princess Margaret. Faced with exactly the same dilemma as faced her uncle, the Princess lived up to her obligations and turned her back on romantic love, throwing over

her divorced suitor, Peter Townsend.

"That was the right thing to do, and I am sure that Princess Margaret will be happier for doing it than the Duke of Windsor has been."

Obviously no believer in the maxim that love makes the world go round, Dr. van den Haag added:

"Bernard Shaw said that to be in love is to greatly exaggerate the difference between one woman and the next. I agree wholeheartedly."

"La difference"

I ventured to disagree with both Shaw and Dr. van den Haag, voicing my rapport rather with the French parliamentarian who shouted "Vive la difference" when another Deputy remarked there was little difference between men and women.

Dr. van den Haag has been living in New York, teaching and writing, since he arrived in the United States in 1940.

Born in the Netherlands, he studied law and the social sciences at the universities of Naples and Florence and the Sorbonne.



Dr. van den Haag.

HE says...

... SHE was right

... HE was wrong



FORSAKING a throne, the Duke of Windsor chose to marry Mrs. Simpson for romantic love. But Dr. van den Haag says this choice was wrong.



CHOOSING her Royal duties rather than romantic love, Princess Margaret decided not to marry Peter Townsend. Dr. van den Haag says she was right.



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

The Glenelg River (above) winds its way round the town of Casterton, near the South Australian border in Victoria's Western District. Surrounded by green hills, Casterton is an important centre for dairying, sheep-raising, and mixed farming. Picture by P. Leake, of Casterton. Melbourne's Albert Park Lake, below, is a playground for sailing, rowing, and speed-boat enthusiasts. To the left is the Albert Park Golf Course, and to the right the South Melbourne Football Ground, both local landmarks. Picture by J. D. Payens, of Melbourne.



FATHER



MOTHER



It seems to me

NEWS that British European Airways tends to stop giving passengers boiled lollies, there-saving £8000 per year, seems to mark the end of opera in air travel.

A company spokesman, examining the economy, said at the pressurising of aircraft had made lolly-chewing unnecessary.

Besides, he added, most people had learned how to eat their ears by holding their noses and blowing or by allowing hard.

If other air companies discard the lollies I miss them. Not that I actually like them. Nobody who has spent a lifetime with a calorie meter ticking away in the brain really likes lollies.

Nor did they ever seem much good for their avowed purpose. But they were part of a ritual, ritual designed to take the mind off the fact that you were about to leave the ground. They have come to be associated with the beginning of a journey, and thus have acquired sentimental value.

WHILE back I wrote a paragraph about fishing contests and the high tensions they introduce into an essentially purely sport.

This week I had a letter from an old fishing friend. His remarks illustrate the genuine nature outlook.

Now in his seventies, he has been fishing since childhood, mingling a certain amount of enjoyment with periods of impatience at wasted time and poor rewards.

"I am pleased to say," he wrote from a holiday resort, "that I have renewed my interest in fishing. Last week I got two lovely ones."

PUBLICITY is a business now more highly organised than ever in its history.

Thousands of highly paid men and women and their working hours thinking up devices to attract attention to products.

A photograph from London shows the managing director of a firm which manufactures crease-resistant cloth sitting on a sofa with a pretty girl.

The purpose of the pose is to show that a crease-resistant suit stands up to a day's work. You can imagine the comments at home: "Oh, dear, but why couldn't one of your executives do this sort of job for you?" Whenever I see pictures of this kind I think of a journalist I know who was born 30 years ago in his time. Back in depression days when it was hard to get a spell as publicity agent for a travelling circus.

It wasn't an important circus, but he secured a place for it on the front page of Brisbane newspapers.

We had a little accident in Queen Street last hour," he explained. "It happened when the truck carrying the seals wasn't properly locked up. 'Seals Disrupt Traffic' was a good headline."

By



Dorothy Drain

EVERY now and then, sometimes at intervals of a year, I get a special passion for a pop song. (I have special hates, too, but the dial switch takes care of those.)

Last year, for instance, I was so attached to "Catch a Falling Star" that I stopped listening to hit parades when it fell off them.

The other Sunday, listening to the Top Forty, I was much taken with that hillbilly ditty with the refrain:

"Don't take your guns to town, son,
Leave your guns at home, Bill,
Don't take your guns to town."

"You ARE behind the times," said a musical authority when I mentioned the song. "That's old. At least two months old."

"I don't care," I said coldly. "I think it's one of the nicest things since 'Daddy, Don't Go Down The Mine,' and I intend to plug it."

FASHIONS one hopes that never take on:

In America they're selling shoulder-birds to match earrings.

If you wonder what a shoulder-bird is, it's just that: an owl or a parrot made of felt, repeating the design of earrings.

You may deplore the idea, but you must applaud the ingenuity that can think up what appears to be a really fresh thought in feminine adornment.

ABLE and BAKER, two female monkeys, will go down in history as the first travellers to return alive from a space flight. After their 1500-mile trip in the nose cone of a U.S. Jupiter missile they attended a Press conference before retiring for the rest of their lives to military laboratories.

So gallantly men murmured "Ladies first"
Before the half-held door, the vacant chair,
And then less gallantly. A grudge they nursed

While women earned the title of "unfair."

Oh, it was lovely while it lasted, girls,
Having it both ways. Equal rights, but then

A helpless, charming shake of blonded curls

Could always stir the chivalry in men.

That's how it seemed. But now, I think, some bloke

Paid off a score, as with a deadpan face
He launched a rocket and a cosmic joke
By putting lady monkeys first in space.

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I was a teenage dwarf

And it worried me because I wanted a girl to look up to me

BY MAX SHULMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

AT the time this story takes place there were many droll and amusing things at John Marshall Junior High School, of which I am a student. Like, for instance, there was a water fountain in the gym, which a kid named Dickie Sutphen fixed with a screw-driver, so no matter how easy you turned the handle the water shot right up to the ceiling.

There was a girl named Gidgie Tremblatt, who played the cello in the school orchestra, and she was so little that you couldn't even see her behind the cello, and when she played it looked like the cello had arms.

There was a kid named Jimmy Armitage, who had a swan that chased sticks like a dog and followed him to school every day. And there was a kid named Chris Byron, who could make a pinhole in an ice-cream bar and suck out all the ice-cream without breaking the chocolate.

There were lots of other droll and amusing things at John Marshall Junior High School, but for my money the drollest and most amusing of all was a chart in the office of Miss Finsterwald, the school nurse. This chart gave the average height of boys and girls of junior-high-school age, and it said (this'll kill you) that the average height of a fourteen-year-old boy is 62.6 inches and the average height of a fourteen-year-old girl is 61.9 inches.

Well, I don't know who made up this chart, but I'll bet my last nickel that either they were drunk or else they did their research among the pygmies of Central Africa. It just so happens that at the time this story takes place I was a fourteen-year-old boy 62.6 inches tall, and if that is the average for fourteen-year-old boys, how come every fourteen-year-old boy in John Marshall was taller than I?

But, frankly, that is not what bugged me. I mean, it is possible to have a normal, healthy friendship with another boy even if he happens to be a few inches taller. I mean, when people see you together they don't right away start to nudge one another and snigger.

What bugged me was not that every fourteen-year-old boy in John Marshall was taller than I but that every fourteen-year-old girl was taller. Except for Gidgie Tremblatt, the girl I told you about who was invisible behind a cello, I only came up to the noses of all the girls in the eighth grade, and, in several cases, only up to the collarbones.

And I'll tell you something else: most of the other boys in the eighth grade had the same trouble. They might have been taller than I, but the girls were taller than they.

During the daytime, when the girls wore flat shoes and the guys jumped around a lot, it was pretty hard to tell, but when they went to a dance or a party or like that, and the girls put on heels, there wasn't half a dozen guys in the whole class that came over their girls' eyeballs.

As you can see, this was a grave problem for all the guys in the class, but for me it was an out-and-out disaster. I mean, I just couldn't get a date to save my life. Like I would go up to Bonnie Morgan or Karen Jamieson or like that—girls I have known since kindergarten and have always treated like a prince—and I would say: "I got a couple of tickets for the Bo Diddley concert. How about it, hey?" and they would say, "No, thanks, Shorty."

Well, naturally this bugged me, because if there is one thing in this world I go ape for it's girls. I always say that a guy without a girl is like only half a guy. All the same, I couldn't get one, so I began to brood and sulk and pick at my food, and lots of times in class, looking around at all the girls I couldn't have, I would lose control and start to whimper out loud, and the teachers would panic and send me to Miss Finsterwald's office to lie down, which is where I got so, familiar with that chart that showed the average height of boys and girls.

At first I thought the chart must be right, and it was John Marshall that was wrong. I mean, I figured that by some cruel quirk of fate I had happened to land in a school full of freaks. But I soon found out this wasn't so. It just happened that my grandma and grandpa had

a golden wedding, and I saw cousins of mine from California and Delaware and like that, and I checked with all of them about the size of girls in their areas, and it was the same all over: they were giantesses!

Well, this bugged me even more, because now I began to think that there was some strange, sinister force loose in this country—some obscene power that was making girls grow like sunflowers—and I got so shaky thinking about it that I finally decided to discuss it with my father on our palship walk one Saturday morning.

I'm a little embarrassed to tell you about our palship walks, but I guess I better. It's one of my mother's cuckoo ideas, which Pa and I fought against like a couple of madmen; but it wasn't any use at all, because when Ma gets an idea in her head you can't knock it out with an elephant gun.

She's a wonderful woman, you understand. I love her and Pa loves her, and whenever she gets sick everybody in town comes running over with a jar of soup; but just the same, there is no use denying that she has one of the truly hard heads of this century.

Anyhow, Ma got on Pa's back a few years ago about not spending enough time with me. "George," she screamed, "a man ought to be pals with his son. Why don't you take Halsted for walks on Saturday morning and talk to him about Nature and engines and like that?"

Well, Pa and I both started yelling like maniacs, because we didn't want to go for a walk on Saturday mornings. What I like to do on Saturday morning is crack my knuckles. What Pa likes to do is stay in the sack. But Ma just ignored us and made us put on our jackets and pushed Pa and me out the door.

So Pa and I stumbled around for a while, and it was pretty grim. At first he tried to talk to me about Nature and engines; but that didn't work too well because I kept thinking about cracking my knuckles and he kept thinking about the sack. Finally we sat down against a big oak tree and moped till it was lunchtime and we could go home.

After that we didn't make any attempts at conversation on our palship walks. We just hightailed it out to the oak tree, where Pa had stashed an air mattress in a hollow limb and I had stashed a copy of "Peyton Place." Pa blew up the mattress and corked off for a couple of hours while I read the book, and then, both refreshed, we went home, where Ma beamed at us and kissed us, and gave us a special treat for lunch in honor of our palship.

But to get back to the day I was telling you about. Pa and I got out to the oak tree, and he started to blow up the mattress, and I said, "Pa, excuse me, but there's something I'd like to talk to you about."

"You would?" he said, pretty surprised.

"Yes," I said.

"Okay," he said, and took the nozzle of the mattress out of his mouth.

I told him about my researches into the tallness of girls and how it bugged me. "What is the answer?" I said. "Do you think it's got something to do with the atom bomb?"

"No," he said. "It's the matriarchy."

"What's that?" I said.

"A matriarchy is a society that is ruled by women," he said.

"Like ours?" I said.

"Precisely!" he said. "But we were not always a matriarchy, Halsted. Not so very long ago this was a man's country. Women baked bread, washed clothes, had babies, and ministered to their husbands. They did not smoke or vote. They were shy, soft, submissive—"

"And short?" I asked.

"Of course they were short," said Pa. "When women looked up to their men they had to be short."

"Gee, that must have been wonderful!" I said. "Then what happened?"

"A series of catastrophes, starting with universal suffrage and culminating in store bread, automatic washers, automatic dryers, no-rub floor-wax, nursery schools, TV dinners, and power steering. It used to be that when

a man came home from work, no matter how tired he was, he could depend on it that his wife was even tireder. But now the poor guy comes limping into the house and finds his wife looking like she's just spent a month in the country.

"Her eyes are bright; her nostrils are flaring; she's full of plans. 'Darling,' she says, 'don't you think we ought to widen the terrace? Don't you think little Waldo ought to go to school in Switzerland? Don't you think we ought to have a split-rail fence? Don't you think we ought to flood the den and make an aquarium?' All the poor, miserable husband wants is to crawl into the contour chair and turn on the television, and she's charging him like a young bull."

"So finally he just mumbles, 'Okay, okay, whatever you say.' Well, Halsted, you give a woman that kind of power and she will surely attain the size to match it. And that, my son, is why girls are growing so tall, and now I'd be obliged to you if you'd blow up my air mattress. I'm out of breath."

Well, sir, there was no comfort to be had from Pa's words. Obviously, girls were going to keep growing, and I was going to keep getting shut out, and if I wanted a girl there was only one thing to do, which the following Monday morning I did: I asked Gidgie Tremblatt to go steady.

If you knew Gidgie you would know what a desperation measure this was. Gidgie was one of the authentic nuts of the Western Hemisphere. She never talked softly; she always hollered. She never walked; she always ran. And every place she ran she always dragged along a musical instrument.

Sometimes it was the cello she played in the school orchestra; sometimes it was a trombone, sometimes an oboe, sometimes a violin, sometimes a French horn, sometimes a snare drum, and once it was a glockenspiel. There was no instrument ever invented which you could put in this lunatic's hands and she would not learn to play it in six minutes.

Besides hauling around these instruments like a pack animal, she had the weird habit of bursting into tears for no reason at all.

I don't mean she'd sob or cry or like that; I mean, she'd be talking to you about this and that, or maybe she'd be reciting in class, and all of a sudden the tears would come running out of her eyes and down her cheeks and plop on the floor, and she wouldn't even notice it; she'd just go right on yacking away like nothing happened.

The doctor said she had an extra set of tear ducts and it was nothing to worry about; but just the same, it was a pretty unsettling thing to have to see.

But she was short. She only came up to my armpit, and, matriarchy or not, I felt confident that she would never catch up with me, so I walked up to her in the hall before class on Monday morning and asked her would she go steady.

"Would I?" she bellowed, like a wounded buffalo. "Oh, Halsted, I have been waiting for this day since nursery school!"

"Try to keep it down, will you?" I said, looking nervously at the crowd that was gathering.

"I love you!" she shrieked, and her eyes started running like a couple of fire hoses. If the bell hadn't rung right then for class I would have died of mortification.

Well, I got to admit she did love me, and she did try her best to make me happy. She was always bringing me little things to eat, and she did my homework, and she straightened the part in my hair, and, to tell you the truth, it wouldn't have been too bad if it hadn't of been for the music. That's what bugged me: the music. I like music, you understand.

When I hear a tune with a good rocking beat I am out there on the dance floor like Jack B. Nimble. If

Please turn to page 26

Gidgie went on playing Bach and Beethoven, and even worse—her own spooky pieces—until Halsted began to fear for his sanity.





the gentle
"won't-burn-eyes"
action
leaves hair
silky soft

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You'll love it,
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Gidgie would have stuck to rock-n-roll I wouldn't have complained for one second; but she would only play rock-n-roll once in a blue moon. The rest of the time it was Bach and Beethoven and even worse; she also composed stuff herself, and that was the spookiest of all.

"Halsted," she would scream, "you've got to try to appreciate good music! Try, try, try!" So I would sit in the music-room in her house surrounded by about thirty thousand different instruments, and she would hack away on a violin or tootle on a bassoon, crying all the while, and I would feel my legs falling asleep and my head toppling over on my chest, and just before I slipped into a coma she would play a little rock-n-roll to revive me.

This went on every blessed day until I began to fear for my sanity. Believe me, I would have chuckled it in a minute, but then what? Where would I find another girl my size?

And then out of the blue, miraculously, I found one. I went to class one morning and there was Debbie Lauterbach, a new girl in town. A smash-eroo she was — a real zinger. Her hair was yellowish brown and her eyes were goldenish green, and her build was round and plentiful. And — best of all — her height was 61.9 inches!

As soon as the bell rang I started for her desk. But half-way there I got stopped cold. I saw her take a little brown leather case out of the desk, open it, pull out a wire that was attached to the case, and stick it in her ear. Well, that bugged me, you may be sure. Was it a purse? Was it a hearing aid? Or what?

Everybody was gazing at Debbie, but she didn't pay any attention. She just walked down the hall with the leather case in her hand and the wire in her ear. She was kind of smiling to herself and her feet were moving in a little rhythm step.

That's when it came to me — when I saw her feet moving. All of a sudden I dug it. She was carrying a radio — one of those portables that you plug in your ear and only you can hear it.

Then I knew what I had to do and I didn't waste a second. I came running up to her, held out my arms, and said, "Dance?"

"Crazy, Dad," said she. She stepped into my arms and laid her cheek on mine so I could hear through the ear plug, too. It was Danny and the Juniors singing "At the Hop," which gave Debbie and me a chance to do some cool jiving all the way down the corridor to the history class, while the whole school stood and watched us with their mouths open, including Mr. Lambretta, the principal.

And so began the happiest time of my life. Golden day followed golden day; I never knew such joy existed! There was only one bad spot, and that was when I had to tell Gidge it was all over between us.

Gidge was a creep and pretty wild and all, but just the same she had a good heart and I hated to break it. I tried to let her down as gently as I could; but before I even got two words out she started to cry, but I mean really cry — all four ducts open and pumping.

I hung around and parted her for a couple of hours and finally she got control of herself and gave me a dreary smile and said, "Okay, Halsted. If that's what you want, I hope you'll be very happy."

I shook her hand and said, "Thanks, Gidge. You're a real human being."

But except for this moist episode with Gidge, life was beautiful. Debbie and I got along like a house afire. She was just as wacked about music

as Gidge was; but this time I didn't mind, because Debbie was strictly a rock-n-roll bug, which so am I.

In fact Debbie told me she liked rock-n-roll better than anything in the world, and in her book the real geniuses of our time are not the guys who are shooting missiles at the moon but the guys who compose rock-n-roll music.

Well, of course, I couldn't compose rock-n-roll; but I could sure dance it, and, brother, we did plenty of that! They made us stop jiving in the corridor at school, but every day after school we went to Debbie's house and danced up a storm.

On Saturdays I would tear over to Debbie's as soon as I finished my palship walk with Pa, and we would dance the whole afternoon away. Saturday nights we went to the teenage canteen and danced till ten. Sundays we spent soaking our feet in brine.

Well, like I said, golden day followed golden day, and sometimes I would get a nervous feeling that things were too good. Something terrible was bound to come along and louse me up. I knew it in my bones and I was right.

I saw the first signs of trouble about six weeks after I started going with Debbie. We were dancing together one day when all of a sudden I noticed that her eyes, which used to be on a level with the bridge of my nose, were now on a level with my eyes.

First thing in the morning

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



I ran to the shoemaker and had some lifts put in, and that stemmed the tide for a month or so. Then one afternoon her eyes came level with mine again, and I knew my days were numbered.

Sure enough, week by week, her eyes crept up — first to my eyebrows, then to my hairline. For a while I dizzied her with footwork. I leaped and bounded and spun and whirled and ducked and crouched and bucked and winged and made up steps that Fred Astaire never thought of.

But it was only postponing the inevitable. Finally there came that fatal day when she looked clean over the top of my head, and all was lost.

"Halsted," she said, "go!" I didn't even argue. What for? When dancing is your whole life, which it is Debbie's, how can you go through life with a partner half your size?

Well, naturally, I was all busted up, and the next day at school I couldn't even eat my lunch. All I could do was go outside and lie with my face in the grass and wish I was dead, which I did.

By and by somebody sat down next to me — Gidge Tremblatt. "I know all about

it," she nattered, stroking my nape.

"Oh, blast off!" I said. "Halsted," she yelled, "life goes on. You must plunge into work and forget your heart-break."

"Hah!" I said, with this bitter laugh.

"Work is the only solution," screamed Gidge. "Why don't you build a boat, or why don't you sell something door-to-door, or like that?"

"Hah!" I said with another bitter laugh.

"I've got it!" she shrieked, suddenly all excited. "The annual eighth-grade talent show is going to be held a week from Friday night. Why don't you work up a little act and enter it? You might even win a prize. In any case, it'll help you forget."

"But I don't want to forget," I said with a sob in my throat. "If I can't have Debbie, at least I can have her memory, which might not seem like much to you, but to me it is all that matters." Then I got to my feet and lurched into the setting sun, a tragic figure.

A couple of days later Gidge grabbed me after school. "I love you," she yelled.

"Please!" I said. "It's no use."

"Let me finish," she said. "I love you, Halsted. I love you so much that I'm going to get you the thing that will make you happy. I mean Debbie."

"You?" I said. "How?" I said.

"Listen," she said. "What

Man, it was the coolest! Here, I'll write it down for you:

"Ooble ooble wa da
Ooble wa da
Ko ooble blee blee blee wa da da.
Well, I got a gal, her name is Debbie.
I will kiss her if she'll let me.
Ooble ooble wa da
Ooble wa da
Ka ooble blee blee blee wa da da.
Well, I love her in history, I love her in science;
If she was a lawyer I'd bring her some clients.
Ooble ooble wa da
Ooble wa da
Ka ooble blee blee blee wa da da.
Well, some day we'll marry and live connubially.
Singing ooble ooble ooble-lee."

Well, naturally, I knew I couldn't fail to get Debbie back with a great song like this, and I kept trying to tell Gidge how grateful I was, but she kept brushing me off. "Come on, come on," she kept yelling. "There's work to do!"

We worked right up until curtain time, and then we shook hands, and Gidge went and sat with the audience and I went backstage and trembled like an aspen.

The first act was Larry Duberstein playing a tambourine, and then came Judy Schine throwing her voice, then Dave Smith did some back bends, then George Bassman imitated a chicken, and then came the last act: me.

Everybody in the whole John Marshall was sitting out there, and when I looked at their faces I thought I was a goner.

Then Gidge caught my eye and gave me a smile and a wink, and I got a grip on myself and took a good, solid, spread-legged stance and opened my mouth and slammed that guitar and let her rip!

Well, you'll think I'm bragging, but it's the simple truth: I broke up the joint. I mean, I never heard such clapping and stamping and whistling and screaming in my whole life. Man, they did everything but tear the seats out of the floor, and they would have done that if Mr. Lambretta, the principal, hadn't been there.

They never even bothered to take a vote for first prize. Mr. Lambretta just came out on the stage and pinned the blue ribbon on me, and that started the applause all over again.

Well, I stood there kind of stunned and bleary at first, and then everything came in focus. I saw Debbie sitting in the first row, and there was no mistaking how she felt. All I had to do was crook my finger and she was mine again without a doubt.

Then I looked over at Gidge. Naturally, her ducts were off and running. The tears came pouring down her cheeks like two little waterfalls, but she was smiling and clapping her hands, and every now and then she'd stick two fingers in her mouth and give a great big whistle.

I tried to take my eyes off Gidge and look back to Debbie, but suddenly I couldn't. Suddenly it was like something busted inside of me, and I knew I was nothing but a no-good crummy heel.

I stepped forward on the stage. I raised my hand till the audience got quiet. I took off the blue ribbon. "This does not belong to me," I said, holding up the ribbon. "This belongs to Gidge Tremblatt, and so does your applause, because the song I sang was not mine; it was Gidge's. She gave it to me because she is a sweet, noble, self-sacrificing girl, and I have treated her mean and rotten. But this I cannot do: I cannot steal from

her tonight's great honor, which she so richly deserves!"

I leaped off the stage and pinned the blue ribbon on Gidge, and then I said, "Gidge, will you do me the privilege to go steady with me?"

"Oh, no!" she screamed, crying on all four. "I can't, Halsted! I'm not worthy of you! I have been a rat — an evil, conniving rat! I plotted this whole thing tonight. I let you think that I was noble and self-sacrificing, but all the time I knew that you were going to do what you just did. I knew, because it is you, Halsted, who are noble and self-sacrificing, and I am bad clean through!"

Well, sir, that gave me pause, you may be sure. I stood there scratching my head and thinking, and she sat there looking up at me like a dog that has just done something you trained him not to. Finally I said, "Gidge, come on, side, I want to talk to you."

"Yes, Halsted," she said, and screaming for a change. "I took her out to the playground, and we sat on a teeter-totter and teetered for a while till I collected my thoughts. Then I said, 'Well, Gidge, I got to give you this: it was pretty smart, that plan you figured out.'"

"It was treacherous and deceitful," said she, crying again. "True," I said. "But smart. I mean, you were using the teeter-totter, which is something I should have been doing."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, what if I did not Debbie back tonight? Suppose or later she's got to find out I can't write rock-n-roll music. So then what? She's stuck with a guy who can't write rock-n-roll, and a midget into the bargain. So what does she do? She dumps me, that's what."

"But before she finds out, you might suddenly start growing and maybe catch up with her," said Gidge.

"Yeah?" I said. "What's she supposed to be doing while I grow — standing still? She'll be growing, won't she? Gidge, let's face it. I'll never catch up."

"You might," said Gidge.

"Sure, I might," said I. "On the other hand, there's no guarantee that she won't go to eight feet, what with the matriarchy and all. No, Gidge, the only one I can be sure of around here is you."

"You mean," she said, "breathing hard, 'you want me back?'"

"It's not a question of want," I said. "It's a question of what's available — and you're it, I'm afraid. Sure, I'd just as soon have a girl without so many tear ducts, but, on the other hand, there's no danger of ever losing you, and surely that's worth something."

"Oh, I love you, Halsted," she screamed, "and you will never, never regret this decision! Never!"

Which I haven't. We've been going together for six months now, and it's been chuckles all the way. Only one thing bugs me a little: Gidge has started to grow. Oh, it's nothing alarming. She's moved up from my shoulder to my nostril, which still gives me plenty of clearance.

Anyhow, my mother keeps telling me not to worry. I have just passed my fifteenth birthday, and Ma says Dr. Gesell, who knows everything, says that fifteen is the year of greatest growth for boys.

Well, let's hope so. But meanwhile I've been doing a little casual scouting in the seventh grade. I mean, it doesn't hurt to be ready.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 17, 1959

Gooseberry

A complete short story

By **ROBERT
TIBBER**



IOLANTHE was appalled when she first heard of it. And even when it had, in every ghastly detail, had time to sink in, she didn't like it any better. In fact, she hated everything about it.

"If only you'd try, Mother, just try to move with the times," she said a little breathlessly from the floor, where she was doing press-ups in an attempt to improve her figure, "people just don't carry on like that any more."

"Well, they do in this family," Mrs. Campbell said, stepping over her daughter's long, jeans-clad legs to put down the vase of flowers she had arranged on the piano. "Anyway, it won't do you the slightest harm to be a little bit obliging once, Jenny."

"Iolanthe!" her daughter said, scrambling up and fiddling with the knobs on the record-player.

A low moan, like a cat in torment, filled the room with sound. Iolanthe, her feet apart, long blond hair held upwards restlessly by shapely arms, dreamy eyes fixed far away on some non-existent object, swayed to and fro.

"I don't suppose you'd like to lay the table," Mrs. Campbell said, standing back to admire her artistry.

But Iolanthe was out of reach. "Dig that crazy, crazy boy," she whispered.

She discussed it with Lulu, without whose advice she had for the past years from bucktoothed girlhood to tender young womanhood scarcely drawn a breath. They were in Lulu's bedroom. From the walls some two hundred and fifty pop singers, washboard-players, and film stars looked down dispassionately from glossy postcards or carefully trimmed magazine pages.

"Have you ever heard," Iolanthe said from the bed, where she was doing her nails, "anything so utterly primitive?"

Lulu, cross-legged on the floor, her bare feet protruding from her matador pants, attempted to pick up a pencil from the carpet with her toes.

"I must say," she said, "it sounds a bit naive." Iolanthe hooted. "Naive! It's positively antediluvian. I've never seen such a bunch of squares. And of all the days in the year they have to pick this weekend."

"You know this isn't as easy as it looks," Lulu said, concentrating on the rolling pencil. "Have you told them about Chester?"

Iolanthe lay back on the bed and closed her eyes in agony. "Told them?" she said. "I've told them nothing else ever since they mentioned the whole primeval idea."

"What did they say?"

"They said Chester will manage his caterwauling quite nicely without me for once, and that there's bound to be a television in the hotel. Did you expect them to understand?" she asked bitterly. She knelt up and gazed adoringly at the glossy portrait of a nondescript-looking young man above the bed. "They think I'm utterly decadent, Chester, darling."

"What about the sweater?" Lulu said brutally. Iolanthe thought of the stunning shocking-pink sweater across which she had lovingly embroidered the name "Chester" in black wool, back and front, in preparation for his Saturday night's appearance at the Palace.

"I suppose you may as well wear it. You'll have to do a few more press-ups, though, for it to look anything." She pressed her lips against the unresponsive glossy paper. "Do you think he'll miss me?"

But Lulu wasn't listening. "Got it!" she shouted, and rolling on to her back, held her foot, the pencil clutched in her varnished toes, high in the air.

Mr. Campbell, fed up with being dripped on in the bathroom by countless gaily colored, drip-drying, frilly petticoats, deafened by unintelligible songsters, and the discovery that the vocabulary which had served him very nicely for forty-five years was quite inadequate in his dealings with his younger daughter, said that it was high time she grew up. She was, after all, seventeen.

Mrs. Campbell said it was only the natural reaction to the years spent cooped up in boarding-school, and was confident the phase would pass.

Gina, elder sister and indirect cause of all the trouble, said it was "disgusting."

All three agreed that a weekend away with Gina and her fiancé would certainly give Mr. and Mrs. Campbell forty-

"Don't forget I'm here as Gina's chaperon," Iolanthe told Larry, taking up a determined stand by the door.

eight hours of peace and quiet, and might bring Jenny, or Iolanthe as she insisted upon calling herself, to her senses.

"Actually, I think it's very decent of Larry to agree to it," Gina said. "He's even arranged for a friend of his, a nice, quiet, serious boy, to meet us down there. We might be able to do something with him and Jenny."

"Iolanthe," Mrs. Campbell corrected mechanically. "And don't forget that she thinks she's coming to chaperon you and Larry."

Iolanthe sat sulkily on the back seat of Larry's car, wedged in between the door and the suitcases, and watched her sister's neat, dark head drop lower and lower on to Larry's shoulder. They were both doctors. Larry was doing research at Cambridge and Gina had just passed her finals. The excuse for the weekend by the sea was that poor Gina was exhausted. They had known each other only a few months, and Iolanthe had met her sister's fiancé only once before, at the engagement party. He had been too busy to do more than tweak her pony-tail in the most patronising manner, and she and Lulu had spent the evening pulling his ponderous good looks to pieces.

"Sleepy, darling?" Larry said, glancing down at Gina. "Mm. Gina going by-byes."

Iolanthe snorted. "I think I'm going to be sick," she said. Gina sat up. "Perhaps you'd better sit in the front?"

Iolanthe closed her eyes. "No," she said pointedly. "It's not the car."

In the hotel bedroom where Iolanthe had unpacked first, Gina said: "You haven't left me a single hanger, Jenny." She rifled through the wardrobe. "And why you need nine petticoats for two days I can't imagine. Particularly since you never seem to wear anything except those disgusting pants."

Iolanthe was kneeling on her bed and sticking a photo of

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Sheila silent, too, perched on the high-backed chair, was mute as a little mouse, but, as a mouse, watchful.

Angus said at last: "Still, I wish you'd come to me with this fact right at the start, Denis. Because I could have told you—as I tell you now—that I hadn't the vestige of an idea that Rowena was anywhere near Burnside that night. However, it's too late to wish that now. I know that whatever you did was done out of friendship for me. Only now, when you tell that inspector fellow all the circumstances, he's going to make a lot out of it, doubt every word we say. But we can't stop to consider that." He gestured towards the telephone on the desk.

Sheila sprang up off her chair. "Denis—wait a minute! You're going to ring him; you're going to tell him now?"

"Of course," he said, but paused.

"But, Denis—Angus! . . . It's all very well! Denis will swear he saw Rowena, but who'll swear they saw me? I mean, what outside witnesses? Who but you, Angus? They may say I was never there at all, and then where'll you be!"

"I know, Sheila. I know," Angus said grimly. "That's what I said. The delay is going to make them smell any number of rats!"

"That's nonsense, Sheila," Denis told her. "Why shouldn't you be able to prove you were there? At least, your mother must've known you were away for that night."

"Mother? Heavens, no, she didn't!"

"Even if she didn't know where you were, she knew you weren't sleeping at home, I suppose?"

"She did nothing of the kind." Sheila threw the denial up into his face. "I had to be frightfully, frightfully careful."

Mother would have had a fit if she'd known. She's been ill, and she takes something to make her sleep every night. So that night I said good-night to her and—said I'd creep out the morning without waking her. Oh, you can't ring them tonight, Denis!" She was twisting a wisp of handkerchief into a tight little roll. "They might go out to mother and question her and frighten her. I can't have that happen."

"What are you suggesting then, Sheila?" He was still half-way to the telephone.

"Only that I tell mother everything and try to make her understand before you tell the police."

Slowly Denis turned back. "All right, that's fair enough, I suppose."

"I'll see her tomorrow morning, I'll go up to town early."

On the following afternoon Sheila was sitting in Grogan's office up at Police Headquarters. She had been there for an hour, and looked more than a little pleased with herself.

In her pale summer frock she brightened the dusty room, like a snow-white bird alighting on a railway yard, and more than one of the inspector's colleagues from rooms along the corridor had wandered in to cast an eye on her and say a few words, and wander out again, store up another face in the memory, an addition to the rogues' gallery of faces tucked away there. Never neglect to register a clear picture of anyone connected with any crime anyhow, anywhere.

The atmosphere of a detective's office is noticeably unhurried, not unlike that in a physician's consulting room, in which the patient is made to feel that his story is uniquely absorbing, that every smallest detail will interest and hold the listener in the chair, and that those beings occupying seats in the waiting-room are shadows of no importance.

So here, though the cells might be full of unfortunates waiting their turns in the chair beside the inspector's desk. Sheila now filled it with her unhurried, smiling lips and rose-tipped hands and her figure that was so perfectly plumply slender; just as this fleeting moment of her nineteen years.

The inspector's glance on her was as warm and reassuring as a girl could wish for, totally nullifying Sergeant Manning's cold stare and his occasional sour interpolation.

Sheila's story had slipped from her tongue as smoothly as silk running off a reel. Her own share in that night's doings was skilfully skated over with exactly the right mixture of innocence and sophistication. The emphasis was all on the amazing disclosure of Mr. Paget last night. Mr. Paget's meeting with Mrs. Latham in the garden at midnight on the night before her death. Mrs. Latham's injunction to him—"Don't say you've seen me"—proof positive, wasn't it, that neither she, Sheila, nor Mr. Latham had seen her, and that she had

no intention of letting either of them do so? In other words, that she was there to spy on them. She wasn't even inside the house, but was lurking outside, with, no doubt, her car concealed up a bush road somewhere . . .

As for Mr. Paget's motive in telling about his meeting with Mrs. Latham now, instead of right at the start, well—

Sheila looked down at her lap, opening and shutting the clasp of her bag. You never knew, did you? People could act so oddly, couldn't they? Sometimes they kept quiet about something for fear of being suspected themselves, sometimes they thought the thing was of no importance. Of course, last night, when he informed Mr. Latham of the facts, Mr. Latham said to Mr. Paget that the inspector must be told all about it at once.

Mr. Paget . . . Mr. Paget . . . Mr. Paget and Rowena Latham—the reel of silk seemed to unwind so as to display only one unshaded tone.

Mr. Paget, and the sadness of his broken engagement a year ago over Mrs. Latham, when Miss Wyatt had rushed off to Europe to divert herself, which, of course, was so easy if your father—as hers was—was a rich man and she his only child! Poor Mr. Paget, who had a not frightfully well-paid job in the Department of Agriculture, was left behind lamenting! Oh, yes, Sheila was sure he was still in love with her and was mad to marry her.

In fact, he had gone back there with his caravan this year because Mr. Latham had told him Miss Wyatt had taken Burnside for a while. So it must have been a big shock for him when he suddenly happened on Mrs. Latham in the garden at midnight, found she was back at Latham West, just when he was hoping her absence would make it easy to live down the caravan incident on the night of the fire.

"Does he trail round in this caravan because he's too hard up to have a holiday anywhere else?" Manning wanted to know.

"Actually, it's not quite that. Mr. Latham asked him to Pine Hill for the fortnight, but he'd really rather be in that

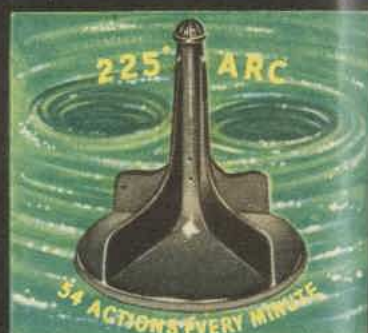
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Shopping with Father

A short short story
By KEM BENNETT

It was the season of the big sales. Although it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening, many of the giant stores along Oxford Street were still open. Money was flowing. Then, in one of the closed shops, a muffled explosion blew a window out and an alarm set up a frenzied clangor. Heads jerked round. The police leaped into action.

This was what they were meant to do; this was a false alarm — a diversion. Not far away, quietly and efficiently, five armed men were raiding a post office.

The post-office alarm system was working. But, for a short time, for just long enough, police attention was concentrated on the Oxford Street furrier's . . .

The car slid in and out of the Baker Street traffic, not going too fast, not attracting attention to itself, but, nevertheless, covering the ground at twice the pace of its neighbors. In the back three men were excitedly transferring neatly banded packets of notes from the two large sacks to an assortment of smaller, less suspicious containers.

"Hughie," said one of the men, a small narrow-faced Maltese, "What are you going to buy Daisy out of your share?"

There was a laugh. Hughie Lynch was not notorious for generosity; a big, plump, moon-faced man, he said something viciously blasphemous.

At the Marylebone Road crossing a police car was waiting. It surged forward. Glancing through the back window of the Humber, Hughie said: "Bobbies, Arthur!" and the driver hunched himself closer to the wheel.

In the back the little Maltese was holding a high-powered portable spotlight, designed for rally drivers, which was plugged into the terminals on the car's dashboard.

As the police gained the cars swung right and left and then right again — and at that moment the Humber's driver shouted: "Now!"

The Maltese switched on the spotlight, aiming it through the rear window straight into the eyes of the police driver as he held his car into the bend. It was a viciously powerful light. The driver was dazzled and the police car hit a traffic island, careered across the road, smashed into a lamp-post and stopped. The Humber throbbed away.

Less than five minutes later, deep in a maze of back streets, the thieves abandoned their car. Now the plan was to scatter, each carrying his share of the loot.

Hughie was last out of the car. He had half a sackful of pound notes to carry as well as his briefcase and attaché case.

He was, in a sense, the leader — responsible to the bigger man who had planned the raid. Hughie trotted off, twisting and turning in the narrow streets. At the same time his mind was alert.

As Hughie approached Kilburn Lane he saw a police car halt and unload five uniformed men. He knew then that he was in trouble; things had got nasty. He turned and faded away, soft-footed, into the small ill-lit streets again.

During the war he had been a deserter from the Navy, and after



"Here, you! You with the homburg hat . . ." the policeman called out angrily to Hughie.

the war for a month or two he had lived in an air-raid shelter built on a bombed site not far from where he was now. This was what he now made for, praying that the shelter still stood.

It did. It was in a long narrow street bounded on both sides by the walls of factories. Hughie reached it through back alleys and back gardens, the secret ways of his kind, and he reached it unobserved . . .

Soon after dawn Hughie awakened in his shelter. He was shivering and miserable. He had not meant to sleep.

He sat down on the half sackful of pound notes, yearning for a cup of tea. He glanced at his watch: Ten to eight. He told himself that he'd have to move soon. It was lucky the police hadn't been sniffing around already.

He'd have to leave the sack — it was a dead giveaway. Could he just walk out, maybe, when the streets filled up a bit? It all depended. If the police had the area tied up, then it would be chancy. It was the only thing to do, though — walk out, bright and cheerful like some city worker off to his office.

He started to stow bundles of pound notes into every available pocket of his overcoat.

When he had finished he was a very bulky person indeed. He brushed down his coat and pulled his hat, also filled with pound notes, carefully down on his round, bald head. The sack, still containing notes to the value of more than £200, he kicked into the corner of the shelter with a pleasant feeling of lordly unconcern.

At half-past eight Hughie went again to the shelter entrance and

glanced cautiously out into the street. About a hundred yards away, coming towards him, was a woman pushing a pram.

He waited for the woman to pass by. Then, suddenly, a wonderful idea leaped into his brain. He smiled to himself. He quickly retrieved the bundles of notes from the sack. Then he took out his well-worn automatic.

The woman with the pram was level with the shelter entrance. Hughie noted without emotion that she was a mere girl, dark and pretty and nicely formed. He stepped out of hiding, gun in one hand and sack in the other. He and the woman were alone in the street.

"Don't shout, ducks," Hughie said. "You shout and I'll kill the kid, see."

The girl let out a strangled little wail of fear. "Shut up!" Hughie snapped.

Holding the gun on the girl he quickly stuffed his two cases and the notes under the pram's waterproof cover. Then he took the handle in his left hand and thrust his right, holding the gun, into his coat pocket. He jerked his head at the girl. "We're going shopping, see, ducks? Just a happy little family going shopping. You tag along and keep your mouth shut and it'll be all right. Get moving . . ."

The police had caught three of Hughie's confederates the night before. Only the little Maltese had evaded them. They had also found the abandoned Humber. They knew from the accounts of the post office employees that there had been five raiders. They had had garbled

descriptions to work from, but that was all. So they had cordoned off the area in which they had found the Humber and made their three captures.

At the junction of Kilburn Lane and Chamberlayne Road, not more than a quarter of a mile from Hughie's air-raid shelter, five uniformed men were checking cars, buses, and pedestrians.

Sammy Hereson was a good policeman, but not a very intelligent one. He was an athlete, however, and his big body was capable of answering almost any demand upon it. He was also a naturally good-humored and phlegmatic individual, not liable to lose his head.

But his imagination was a blunt instrument and this job—scanning a hundred faces in as many seconds and making an instantaneous judgment on each — demanded more from his wit and intuition than he had to offer.

At a quarter to nine Hughie and the girl approached the crossing. Already, from a hundred yards away, Hughie had spotted the police activity at the crossroads. Inside he was a turmoil of alternating fear and confidence.

Externally, because he was a surprisingly good actor for a man of his type, he seemed cheerful and doting. From time to time, as he walked, he made faces and popping noises at the little nine-month-old boy in the pram. Beside him the pretty girl, her face set, walked automatically, giving no trouble, saying nothing, seemingly paralysed by the threat to her child.

Sammy Hereson saw Hughie when he was five yards away. The police-

man's big face changed. He scowled as he came out of his doorway. "Here," he said. "Here, you! You with the homburg hat, there . . ."

Hughie ran for it. But he had only covered thirty yards when Sammy Hereson brought him crashing to the pavement with a tackle that would have brought football fans cheering to their feet.

And that, as far as Hughie was concerned, was that. He was left with two broken ribs and the prospect of a cheerless future . . .

Just before midday, smiling at the memory of kind words from his superintendent, Sammy Hereson entered the canteen attached to his station. He bought himself a cup of tea and took it across to where Reggie Baxter, one of his special mates, was sitting.

Reggie grinned at him. "Attaboy, Sammy," he said. "Done yourself a bit of good this morning, eh? Super give you a kiss behind the ear?"

Sammy Hereson grinned back. "He didn't go as far as that," he said, "but all the same I can't grumble."

Reggie Baxter nodded and said, "How did you recognise Lynch? I'm sure I wouldn't have done; he's got a lot farther since his last picture was taken."

Sammy Hereson sipped his tea. "Well . . ." he said hesitantly. Then suddenly he grinned and leaned forward, speaking in a confidential whisper. "What would you have done, Reggie," he said, "if you'd seen a big flashy-looking chap walking down Kilburn Lane with your wife, pushing your kid in his new pram, and behaving as if he owned the lot of 'em?"

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No. 2 of a series, designed by Bee Tuplin Interiors, Melbourne

'VYNEX' and the gracious look...

'Vynex' Monaco in Old Gold is used for the lounge and dining chairs in this scene of a comfortable, modern home in a recent production by the Little Theatre, Melbourne. The lounge chair, in Tangerine 'Vynex' Riviera, makes an effective contrast, accented by the cushion colours.

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Materials: 10 balls hellium, 4 balls red, 3 balls each of black, olive, blue French Angora Bouton-D'Or, 1 pr. No. 3 needles.

Measurements: 102in.—9in.

Pattern: * K 2 tog., but do not slip off needle. K the first st. again and slip both off needle *, rep. to the last st., k 1.

Rep. the patt. row inclusive and work in the patt. of stripes as follows: 2 rows black, 8 rows olive, 2 rows black, 12 rows red, 2 rows black, 8 rows blue, 2 rows black, 36 rows hellium.

Rep. the 72 rows of patt. of stripes inclusive.

Cast on 133 sts. and work in patt. of stripes and patt. row until stole measures 80in. (or length required), ending with 36 rows hellium. Work 2 rows black, 8 rows blue, 2 rows black. Cast off firmly in patt.



SO WARM and yet so pretty. Large No. 3 needles have been used to make this attractive stole.

Lounge About

● Perfect for lazy afternoons in the ship's lounge. In the softest angora with cable panel reaching to the neck.

Materials: 19 balls French Angora Bouton-D'Or, 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 9 needles, 1 cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust; length 22½in.; sleeve 18in.

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in. Pattern Panel of 38 sts., abbrev., pp 38 sts.

1st Row (right side of work): * P 4, k 30, p 4.

2nd Row: K 4, p 30, k 4. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times.

** 9th Row: P 4, slip 10 sts. on to cable needle to back, k 10, k 10 from cable needle, k 10, p 4.

10th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 6 times.

23rd Row: P 4, k 10, slip 10 sts. on cable needle to front, k 10, k 10 from cable needle, p 4.

24th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 6 times.

Rep. from ** to ** for pp. 38 sts.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 124 sts. and work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2½in. Change to No. 9 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 14½in., ending on wrong side of work.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 6 sts. twice, 1 st. 14 times. (98 sts.) Cont. until armholes measure 8in. on the straight.

ending on wrong side of work.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 sts. 4 times, 6 sts. 8 times, 34 sts. once.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 124 sts. and work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2½in., inc. 18 sts. evenly along the centre 30 sts. on the last row (142 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and proceed as follows:

Next Row: K 52, pp 38 sts., k 52.

Next Row: P 52, pp 38 sts., p 52.

Cont. to work in st-st. the 52 sts. on each side of the pp 38 sts. Cont. until work measures 14½in., ending on the wrong side of work. Shape armholes as back until 116 sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5½in., ending on a p row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Work 73 sts., slip the last 30 sts. on to a stitchholder, work rem. 43 sts. Cont. on the last 43 sts. and dec. 1 st. 11 times every 2nd row on neck edge. (32 sts. rem.) Cont. until armhole measures 8in. on the straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 sts. twice, 6 sts. 4 times. Return to rem. 43 sts., join in wool at neck edge and finish

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NEATLY HEMMED, this design has a well-tailored, well-finished appearance.

Sea Stripes

● For casual comfort — a thick sweater that looks good with slacks and skirts. Knitted in simple stocking-stitch.

Materials: 12 (13) balls main color (m.c.), 9 (10) balls contrast color (c.c.) Villawool Speedknit Sports wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 7, 8, and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit a 34 (36) in. bust; length 23 (23) in.; sleeve 18 (18) in.

Tension—11 sts. to 2in. Pattern of Stripes worked in st-st. 8 rows c.c., 8 rows m.c. Rep. these 16 rows inclusive.

BACK Using No. 8 needles and m.c. cast on 94 (102) sts. and work in st-st. for 8 rows, p 1 row to form the fold of hem row. Change to No. 7 needles and, beg. with a purl row, work 8 rows altogether. Cont. in pattern of stripes. Cont. until work measures 3in. from fold of hem row, ending on a p row.

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SHEER LUXURY in pale pink. Charming for evening wear, too.

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in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.

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Winter Cruise Knitteds *continued*

Land Ahoy ▶

● Stay-warm bulkyknit sweater for strolls on deck or a brisk early-morning walk.

Materials: 26 (28) balls Villawool "Nylotweed" wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 7 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 23 (23) in.; sleeve, 17 (17) in.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in.

BACK
Using No. 8 needles cast on 93 (99) sts., and work in st-st. for 1½in., ending on a k row, k 1 row to form a fold of hem row. Cont. in st-st. for a further 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. until work measures 7in. altogether, ending on a p row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row thereafter until 105 (111) sts. Cont. until work measures 16 (16) in. altogether, ending on a p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of every row 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. twice, 1 st. twice, 93 (99) sts. Cont. until armholes measure 8½in. on the straight, ending on a p row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

To Shape Shoulder and Neck—Next Row: Cast off 4 (4) sts., k 19, cast off centre 39 (45) sts., k 23.

Cont. on last 23 sts., shape shoulder by casting off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 sts. 4 times, at the same time shape neck edge by casting off at beg. of every 2nd row 2 sts. 3 times, 1 st. once. Return to rem. 19 (19) sts., join in wool at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as for back until 16 (16) in., ending on a p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of every row 5 sts. twice, 3 sts. twice, 1 st. twice, 87 (93) sts. Cont. until armholes measure 6in. on the straight, ending on a p row.

To Shape Neck and Armhole—Next Row: K twice into 1st st., k 34 (34), turn. Cast off on this edge at beg. of this row and every 2nd row 3 sts. 6 times, 1 st. once, at the same time cont. to inc. 1 st. on armhole edge every 4th row 3 times altogether, and 20 (20) sts. on needle. Cont. until armhole measures 8½in. on the straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 sts. 5 times. Return to rem. 52 (58) sts., join in wool at neck edge, cast off the centre 17 (23) sts., k to last st., k twice into it. Cont. on these sts. as for other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles cast on 57 sts. and work as for back until 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 81 sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 18½in. (or length required, allowing for hem of 1½in.), ending on a p row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 sts. 8 times, 4 sts. 8 times, 33 sts. once.

COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles cast on



HIGH-WALL COLLAR really does retain its moulded shape. It is knitted in moss-stitch. Garment has the folded hems that are now so popular.

151 (159) sts., and work in m-st. for 10½in. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Press work. Using a small back-st. sew up shoulder, side,

and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set in sleeves. Fold a hem of 1½in. wide up to inside on lower and sleeve edges and sl-st. down. Neatly join edges of collar together. Pin the cast-off edge of collar to neck edge and sew into place. Finally press hems.

Continued from page 33

Sea Stripes

row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row thereafter until 106 (114) sts. Cont. until work measures 15½in. altogether, ending on a p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (6) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Work 2 rows straight. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 2nd row 7 times altogether and 84 (86) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 8½in. on the straight, ending on a p row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of the next and every row 6 sts. 10 times, 24 (26) sts. once.

FRONT

Work as for back until 15½in. altogether, ending on a p row.

To Shape Left Armhole and Left Side of V-neck: Shape armhole as for back on one side, at the same time dec. 1 st. 12 (13) times on neck

edge every 4th row. Cont. until 90 (90) sts. rem. and armhole measures 8½in. on the straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 6 sts. 5 times. Return to rem. sts., join in wool at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles and m.c. cast on 52 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Change to No. 7 needles and pattern of stripes. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row thereafter until 76 sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 21in. (NOTE—sleeve must end on the same stripe and row as on the length of the back and front to armholes), ending on a p row. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of the next two rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 2nd row until 34 sts. rem., ending on a p row. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off rem. 16 sts.

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch sew up right shoulder seam.

NECK BAND AND FACING

With right side of work facing and using a spare fine needle pick up 47 sts. on each side of V-neck, 24 (26) across back neck, 118 (120) sts. Join in wool to sts. on back neck, and with wrong side of work facing and using No. 7 needles proceed as follows:

1st Row: Purl.
2nd Row: K 43 (k 2 tog.) twice, (sl. 1, k 1, p.a.s.o.) twice, k 67 (69).

to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 60 sts. and work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 4in. Change to No. 9 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 92 sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 18in., ending on the wrong side of work. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 4 times, 2 sts. 6 times, 1 st. 28 times, 5 sts. 4 times, 20 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Using a dry cloth, press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams. Pick up 4 sts. on each side of the 30 sts. on st-holder and transfer all 38 sts. to one needle. Using No. 9 needles, cont. on these sts. in pp 38 sts. until 4½in. Cast off. With right side of work facing and using a spare fine needle, pick up 34 sts. on each side of front neck and 34 sts. across back neck. Using No. 10 needles and with right side of work facing, proceed as follows:

1st Row: (K 2, p 2), rep.

3rd, 5th, and 7th Rows: As 1st row.

4th Row: K 41 (k 2 tog.) twice, (sl. 1, k 1, p.a.s.o.) twice, k to end. Cont. dec. 2 sts. on each side of centre V-front on every 2nd row until 8 rows have been worked and 102 (104) sts. rem., ending on a k row. Change to No. 8 needles and knit the next row to form a foldover of facing row.

Next Row: Knit to within 2 sts. on left side of V-neck, k



ANGORA sweater is featherweight, warm.

to last 2 sts., k 2.
2nd Row: (P 2, k 2), rep. to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. these two rows until 4½in. Cast off loosely ribwise. Join the edges of pp 38 sts. to ribbed edges. Fold neckband in half to inside and sl-st. down. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Finally press seams.

twice into the next 4 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows 3 times, 118 (120) sts.

Cast off loosely.
Press neck band and facing on the wrong side. Sew up shoulder and neckband seam. Fold facing to inside and sl-st. down. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Fold up to inside the lower edge hem and sl-st. down. Finally press all seams and hem.



YOUTHFUL stripes in a smart, simple pattern.

BRIGHT WOOLS ON DECK



QUICK - TO - MAKE
jumper in stocking-
stitch with single rib
pattern trimmings.

Sailor Boy

● For the sports-deck—a sleeveless jumper that is cool and comfortable for deck games and is eye-catching with its striped sailor collar.

Materials: 8oz. main color (m.c.), 2oz. contrast color (c.c.); Lincoln "Daphne" crocheted wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 13 knitting needles.
Measurements: To fit 32 (34-36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder—22 (22½-23) in.
Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 4 in.

Note: Inc. 1; knit twice into stitch.

BACK

Using m.c. and No. 13 needles, cast on 106 (112-118) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 60 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 10th row following until there are 120 (128-136) sts. on needle, then without further shaping until there are 98 rows above ribbing.

Armhole Shaping:

Cast off 4 (5-6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row following until 102 (106-110) sts. rem., then inc. 1 st. at each end of 23rd and every 10th row following until 70th (74th-78th) row of armhole is worked, 112 (116-120) sts.

Next Row: K 32 (33-34), leave on st-holder, cast off 48 (50-52), k 32 (33-34).

Cont. on last group of sts. until there are 81 (85-89) rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping:

At beg. of next and following rows, cast off 11 (11-11) sts. twice and 10 (11-12) sts. once.**

Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work to correspond.

FRONT

Work as for back until 40th (44th-48th) row is complete, 108 (114-118) sts.

Next Row: K 30 (32-33), leave on st-holder, cast off 48 (50-52) sts., k 30 (32-33).

Cont. on last group of sts., inc. a further 2 (1-1) times at sleeve edge, 32 (33-34) sts., then without further shaping until there are 81 (85-89) rows in armhole. Rep. from ** to ** of back. Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work to correspond with side already worked. Join shoulder seams.

SLEEVE BANDS

Using m.c. and No. 13 needles, with right side of work facing, pick up and k 108 (114-120) sts. along sleeve edge.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

9th and 10th Rows: Knit. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 392 (396-400) sts.

1st Row: K 49 (50-51), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 92 (92-92), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 98 (100-102), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 92 (92-92), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 49 (50-51).

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 50 (51-52), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 94 (94-94), inc.

1, k 1, inc. 1, k 100 (102-104), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 94 (94-94), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 50 (51-52).

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 51 (52-53), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 96 (96-96), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 102 (104-106), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 96 (96-96), inc. 1, k 1, inc. 1, k 51 (52-53).

Cont. in this manner, inc. 1 st. at each side of corner k st. in 7th and 9th rows.

10th Row: Knit.

11th Row: K 54 (55-56), sl. 1, k 2 tog. (i.e., the corner st. and following one), p.s.s.o., k 102 (102-102), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 108 (110-112), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 102 (102-102), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 54 (55-56).

12th and Alt. Rows: Purl.

13th Row: K 53 (54-55), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 100 (100-100), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 106 (108-110), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 100 (100-100), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 53 (54-55).

15th Row: K 52 (53-54), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 98 (98-98), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 106 (108-110), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 98 (98-98), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 52 (53-54).

16th Row: As 12th row.

Change to c.c.

17th Row: K 51 (52-53), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 96 (96-96), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 104 (106-108), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 96 (96-96), sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 51 (52-53).

Cont. dec. above previous dec. as before, at same time

Materials: 13 (15-17) balls F. W. Hughes "Bulkyknit" sports wool, 3 (3-3) balls "Twinprufe" crocheted wool; 2 pairs Nos. 6 and 12 knitting needles; 3 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder 21 (21½-21½) in.; bust 38 (40-42) in.; length of sleeve seam 18 (18-18½) in.

Tension: On No. 6 needles 4½ sts. to lin.; 6 rows to lin.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and crocheted wool, cast on 106 (110-116) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Change to No. 6 needles and "Bulkyknit" wool and p 1 row, dec. to 90 (96-100) sts. Work in st-st., and when work measures 12½ (13-13) in. or required length shape armholes by casting off 5 (5-6) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 (5-6) rows. When armholes measure 8 (8½-8½) in. shape shoulders by casting off 6 (7-7) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 (4-4) rows. Cast off 6 (6-6) sts. at the beg. of the

next 4 (4-4) rows. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as for back to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 5 (5-6) sts., k 36 (39-40), cast off loosely 8 (8-8) sts., k 41 (44-46).

Next Row: Cast off 5 (5-6) sts., p 36 (39-40). Cont. on last 36 (39-40) sts. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge on the next 4 (5-6) rows.

When armhole measures 6 (6½-6½) in. k 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until dec. to 24 (26-26) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8½-8½) in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7-7) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice, then cast off 6 (6-6) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and crocheted wool, cast on 60 (62-64) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Change to No. 6 needles, and "Bulkyknit" wool.

P 1 row, dec. to 50 (54-56) sts. Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 80 (84-86) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18 (18-18½) in. or required length k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 44 (44-44) sts., then every row until dec. to 20 (20-20) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND AND FACING

Using No. 11 needles and crocheted wool cast on 210 (214-218) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½ in.

Next Row: Rib 12, (cast off 4 sts., rib 12) 3 times, rib to end.

Next Row: Rib to last 60 sts., (rib 12, cast on 4 sts.) 3 times, rib 12. Cont. in rib for ½ in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts except ribbing with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch facings and neckband around neck, having buttonholes on right side of front. Sew on buttons.



working in striped patt. of 7 rows c.c. and 7 rows m.c., until 6th row of 9th stripe (m.c.) is worked.

Next Row:

Work a further 3 rows, inc. each side of corner st. (as in hem of collar) in 1st and 3rd rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Fold sleeve bands in halves and stitch to inside of garment. Join side seams and collar. Fold a hem along neck edge and outside edge of collar, sl-st. into position, then attach to neck. Press carefully.

SIMPLE DESIGN in stocking-stitch with the accent on the striped collar. The jumper takes 10oz. of wool and fits 32in.-36in. bust sizes.

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Chester on to the wall. "They're to impress the 'nice, serious boy,'" she said, putting her lips to Chester's.

"Who told you about Milton?"

"Milton! Cool cats! What a name!" She sat back, and, with her head on one side, regarded Chester. "I heard you and Mother talking."

Gina sighed. "Eavesdropping again."

"What's he like, anyway?"

"I've never met him," Gina said. "He's only just come over from the States."

Milton, over on a year's medical research scholarship, was tall, earnest-looking, and stooped slightly.

"This is Jenny, my future sister-in-law," Larry said in the bar of the hotel.

Iolanthe gave him a withering look and held out her hand graciously.

"Iolanthe Campbell-Moray," she said.

Milton regarded her from the blond hair to the pale pink shoes and stockings.

"Medical?" he asked.

Iolanthe closed her eyes and shuddered. "Cool cats," she said.

Milton turned to Gina.

Over dinner the conversation ranged from the treatment of Fat Embolism with Heparin to Oesophageal Atresia, in which Milton was particularly interested. Iolanthe yawned once or twice ostentatiously and thought of Chester.

At midnight they walked Milton back to his hotel. Outside their own bedroom door Gina said to Iolanthe: "I'll be in, in a minute, Jenny."

Larry said: "Good-night, kid."

Iolanthe folded her arms and leaned against the door.

"I'll wait for Gina. I've been brought here to play gooseberry. Remember?"

Larry looked embarrassed.

Gina said: "I didn't like to argue with Milton, but I can't say I agree with him about end-to-end anastomosis, unless, of course, they have a different approach in the States..."

"Oh, kiss him goodnight and get on with it," Iolanthe said. She closed her eyes and wrapped her arms passionately round the air. "Give him your all," she said.

Larry kissed Gina on the lips. "Goodnight, darling."

"Night, Larry," Gina said. "I'm looking forward to having that out with Milton in the morning."

Gina was already in bed when Iolanthe, in a frilly night-dress which came only to the tops of her firm brown legs, pressed her warm lips against the cold, glossy ones of her unsuspecting idol.

"How can you be so idiotic?" Gina said.

Iolanthe gazed into Chester's eyes. "Men," she said, "have to be cherished."

It rained all day Saturday. They met Milton in a deserted promenade cafe and spent most of the morning discussing thoracic surgery. The conversation was continued over lunch. In the afternoon Iolanthe said: "Let's go to the movies."

Larry said: "Good idea. There's a thriller at the West Pier."

"I was thinking of 'Bang that Crazy Drum': it's on in the town."

Gina and Milton said they couldn't be bothered, so they sat in the stuffy hotel lounge, the rain streaming down the huge plate-glass windows, and argued with Larry.

Iolanthe excused herself and walked along the beach. When she got back, soaked but tingling, she felt better. In the lounge the three of them were still talking.

They arranged to spend the

Continuing...GOOSEBERRY

from page 27

evening at a gala dance at the Castle Rock Hotel.

Iolanthe refused to go with them, but said she would get a taxi and join them later. She didn't tell them about Chester and the television, but managed to persuade them to leave without her.

The television room in the basement was deserted and smelled damp. The hotel guests were either dancing or playing cards upstairs. She sat through an old film with much lassoing and cowboys biting the dust, followed by the bright renderings of a girls' choir from Wales. By nine o'clock she had removed her shoes and done her hair again with nervous anticipation. At five past nine he was there, on the screen, looking at her. At her! He talked; Iolanthe, her face three inches away, nodded in agreement. He picked up his guitar and sang; Iolanthe anticipated every word, her lips moving soundlessly. At the end of the first song she realised that she was no longer alone.

"I came back for you. It's raining," Larry said, sitting in one of the basket-work chairs.

With a sense of the occasion he said nothing more. Iolanthe

● Obstinate glass-stoppers can be removed with salad oil. Pour the oil on to the stopper and leave it to warm near a heater or fire. Do not heat too quickly or the glass will crack.

waited for the second song: "I'm Gonna Getta New Baby," her favorite. By the second verse it occurred to her that Chester wasn't putting his all into it.

She looked at Larry. In the half light he was watching Chester, his face serious. Iolanthe turned the sound up, adjusted the contrast. For a moment Chester, his hips swaying, his eyes rolling, looked comical, almost pathetic.

"Chester!" she reproached the screen. Then it was all right again. Chester finished up in style, his black hair falling over his nose. He smiled at her. Iolanthe smiled back and he was faded out. Sighing with happiness, she put on her shoes. "I shall have to go and do my hair again," she said to Larry. "I shan't be long."

In the car she watched Larry's profile, waiting for the sarcastic comment, the cynical amusement. "That was a good number, the second one," was all he said.

In the ballroom of the Castle Rock, Gina and Milton were talking shop and drawing diagrams on the tablecloth. Gina dragged herself away once to dance with Larry, then went back to Milton, who said he "can't dance," making it rhyme with "ants." Iolanthe taught Larry to do the cha-cha. Larry taught her to do the foxtrot; it was staid, but not unpleasant. Larry danced well.

In their bedroom Gina said: "Look, Jenny, I'm not going to marry Larry. Since I've met Milton I can see it would be a mistake. I'm not coming home with you tomorrow, either. I've told Larry I'm staying for a few days by the sea until I feel more rested, but I haven't told him about us. I'll write to him." She took the sapphire engagement ring

from her finger. "I'd like you to give him this."

Iolanthe shrugged and put the ring in her purse. "I think Milton's a square," she said.

She forgot to say goodnight to Chester.

On the way back to town they laughed a lot. Iolanthe told Larry about the Chester Perry fan club and the Rhythm League, of which she was a founder member. It was as though she were talking of somebody else. Somebody vaguely uninteresting. Larry told her about his research. He didn't make it sound as dull as Milton did. The sun shone. They struggled together to put the roof down. They sang "I'm Gonna Getta New Baby" in unison as the miles sped by.

Outside her house, Iolanthe, looking at Larry's handsome brown face, said: "You know, I always thought you were a square from the way Gina talked."

"She's not going to marry me, is she?"

Iolanthe was embarrassed. "Since you ask..."

"It was obvious as soon as Milton turned up."

"Sad?" Iolanthe said.

"I'll get over it."

Iolanthe looked in her purse. "She asked me to give you this."

Larry took the ring. He looked at Iolanthe, her hair back in its pony-tail, her eyes serious in the beautiful face. He took

her hand and put the ring in its palm.

"Suppose you hang on to it for a bit?"

"You mean..."

"We could always see," Larry said.

"Well!" Iolanthe's eyes were shining. "You're a real..." she was about to say "cool cat"; "darling!" she said.

Larry smiled and kissed her forehead. Iolanthe, on legs that felt like jelly, ran into the house.

In her bedroom Lulu was pasting an outside photo of Chester above the bed. Scrawled across the corner was "To Iolanthe with best wishes from Chester."

"Hi!" Lulu said. "It arrived yesterday. I thought I'd give you a surprise. Isn't it the most? You're not even looking!"

Iolanthe glanced at the picture. "He's teenagel!" she said deprecatingly.

Lulu, pulling the shocking-pink "Chester" sweater almost to her knees, came over to Iolanthe.

"What happened?" she said. "You're different."

Iolanthe held out her hand. Lulu took the ring from her palm and turned it round.

"Where did you get this?"

"Larry."

Lulu was studying the ring. "But it's got from 'L to G' written inside."

"Yes!" Iolanthe said dreamily. "G for gooseberry."

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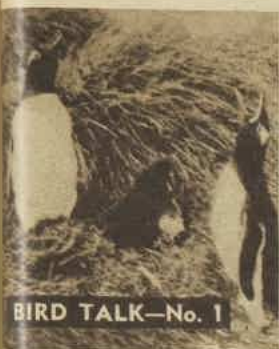
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Results of Bird Talk contests

• Here are the prizewinners in the three Bird Talk contests we ran for boys and girls last month during the school holidays.



BIRD TALK—No. 1

FIRST prize of £5 in Bird Talk No. 1 was won by David Brown, 134 Thompson Rd., Panania, N.S.W.

David's entry was: "Bills! Bills! Always bills!"

£1 PRIZES:

S. Muldownie, 8 Sheila St., Mosman Park, W.A.

"How's this for a high 'C'?"

Mary Dunn, 17 Macmurray Rd., Auckland, SE2, N.Z.

"I've got the flu, I've got — Kerchoo!"

Helen Cooper, 80 Chesterfield Rd., Epping, N.S.W.

"Fecves, attend to the breakfast at once."

Janet Tester, 26 Sunshine Ave., Warradale Park, S.A.

"You should have seen the big one that got away!"

Julia Rutherford, "Ny-rang," Cheeseman's Creek, N.S.W.

"Read any good Penguins lately, dear?"

10/- PRIZES

Awarded to: Susan Gray, Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.; Owen Martin, Skene's Creek, Vic.; Cheryl Ryan, Amiens, Qld.; Susan Dickson, Gardiner Ave., Warradale Park, S.A.; R. I. K. Taylor, Palmwoods, Qld.; Max Couchman, View St., Woolloowin, Qld.; J. Barnes, Raby St., Ulverstone, Tas.; Noel Howlett, Windsor Rd., St. Marys, N.S.W.; Margaret Davis, Belgium Ave., Roseville, N.S.W.; Tina Sturges, Katoomba Crescent, Rosetta, Tas.

5/- PRIZES

Awarded to: Warwick Ruse, Sutcliffe St., Nedlands, W.A.; Robin Hundsdofer, Mordialloc, Vic.; Patricia Jestrimski, Pearson St., Ulverstone, Tas.; Sarah Hayman, Ainslie, A.C.T.; Brian McQuitty, David St., Toombul, Qld.; Harold Cook, Crow's Nest, Qld.; Robert Rahmann, Chataway St., Mackay, Qld.; Kay Gorman, Kalliga, Qld.; Brian Hudson, Wiley Park, Syd., N.S.W.; Bill Pailthorpe, Anderson Ave., Dundas, N.S.W.; Ann Haslingden, Coolangatta, Qld.; H. Swift, Wonga Park, Vic.; J. Williamson, Yass, N.S.W.; Joy Foley, Newtown, Syd., N.S.W.; Shirelle Rath, Oakley, Qld.; B. Lumsden, New Norfolk, Tas.; M. Drum, Balwyn, Vic.; Shirley Swadling, Eldon St., Indooroopilly, Qld.; Robert Altken, Kemp St., Ringwood Est., Vic.; Laurie Field, Pittwater Rd., Dee-why, N.S.W.

FIRST prize of £5 in Bird Talk No. 2 went to Jay Bennett, 510 Crossroads, Glandore, S.A.

Jay's entry: "And don't think you can hen-peek me!"

£1 PRIZES:

John O'Sullivan, 81 Headland Rd., Dee Why, N.S.W.

"It must be something you ate."

Judy Armstrong, 30 Kerr Ave., Southport, Qld.

"Don't say you lost the key again."

Brown Mincham, Mainhouse St., Torrens, S.A.

"What silly words did they teach you today?"

Katy Giblin, 12 Range Rd., North Gosford, N.S.W.

"They say she dyes her feathers."

Annette Self, 87 Pratten St., Warwick, Qld.

"May I have the pleasure of this flight, please?"

10/- PRIZES

Awarded to: Lorraine Bullock, Oakley Park, Lithgow, N.S.W.; John Gale, Toongabbie, N.S.W.; Valda Churcher, Park St., Campbell, N.S.W.; Jeanne Whitmont, Stanhope Rd., Killara, N.S.W.; Jillian Cam, Clarence Park, S.A.; Marion Smith, Inkerman St., Mosman, N.S.W.; Lynn Bottomley, North Rocks, N.S.W.; C. Murray, Church St., Balgownie, N.S.W.; Peter Job, Heathcote St., Rockdale, N.S.W.; J. Burden, Kingston, Canberra.



BIRD TALK—No. 2

5/- PRIZES

Awarded to: Pepita Parer, Gregory Terrace, Qld.; Glenn Gibson, Tuart Hill, W.A.; Daphne Hold, Mary St., Mitchell, Qld.; Suz Brown, Potts St., Kingsgrove, N.S.W.; Meg Stewart, Banool Ave., St. Ives, N.S.W.; Barry Lewis, Thursday Island, Phillip Embleton, Dumarcus St., Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.; K. Collingwood, Dulacca, Qld.; John Cant, Alma St., Rockhampton, Qld.; Tony Watson, Young, N.S.W.; Dorothy Harris, Smith St., Claremont, W.A.; Mark Dixon, Old Stb. Head Rd., Ross Bay, N.S.W.; Wendy Manson, Nth. Arm Rd., Middle Cove, N.S.W.; B. M. Frawley, Mt. Colliery, Qld.; David Smooty, Paddock Creek, N.S.W.; Stephanie Griffiths, New Lynn, Auckland, N.Z.; Noel Clough, Renards Rd., W. Coburg, Vic.; Elizabeth Cleverly, Ward St., Katoorlie, W.A.; Judith McIverall, Jones Rd., Dandenong, Vic.; Lorraine Quelhurst, Ashby St., Fairfield, Sth. Qld.

FIRST prize of £5 in Bird Talk No. 3 went to Helen Perry, 48 Commercial Rd., Shenton Park, W.A.

Helen's entry was:

"Hurry with my pipe and slippers, dear."

£1 PRIZES:

Joan Peet, "Edenhope," Leeton, N.S.W.

"Get your own tea, I'm going home to Mother."

Diane Farthing, "Sunnybrae," Byamere, via Tamworth, N.S.W.

"Some night tea will be ready on time!!!"

Jennifer Wilson, 11 New Rd., Mallala, S.A.

"What do you mean, did I wipe my feet?"

Denise Reichstein, Box 111, Ororoo, S.A.

"Swan Song? Certainly. I'll just duck over to the piano."

R. Hurman, Weale St., Pittsworth, via Toowoomba, Qld.

"Who moved my favorite chair away from the fire?"



BIRD TALK—No. 3

10/- PRIZES

Awarded to: Wendy Gall, Foster St., Campbell Town, Tas.; Robert Pearce, Swan Hill, Vic.; Russell Watkins, Gum St., Wynnum, Qld.; Kathleen Kempton, Kookabookra, N.S.W.; Elizabeth Taylor, Koorongarra, Qld.; Roger Buzacott, Gympie, Qld.; Roslyn James, Bega, N.S.W.; Leslie McHenry, Mungungo, Qld.; Elizabeth Williams, Doncaster, Vic.; Christine Solomon, Gosse St., Kingston, Canberra, A.C.T.

5/- PRIZES

Awarded to: Louise Behenna, William St., Norwood, S.A.; Julia Starr, Oakleigh Ave., Granville, N.S.W.; Moira Egan, Danmore Ave., Roseville, N.S.W.; R. Arthur, Lansdowne St., Goulburn, N.S.W.; Ian Faulkner, Smith's Crossing, Qld.; Leslie McPherson, Urquinty, N.S.W.; Pamela Neville, Leyburn, Qld.; Geraldine Grant, Indooroopilly, Qld.; Maria Majerak, Cashel St., St. Marys, S.A.; David Leslie, Innisfail, Qld.; Michael Horsford, Prosperpine, Qld.; Ken Wright, Bardon, Qld.; Gillian Poynter, Thirroul, N.S.W.; Andrea Foreman, Glen Waverley, Vic.; Daphne Heyman, Spring Ridge, N.S.W.; Ray Antony, Ingham, Qld.; Diana Hilte, Kwinana Rd., Kwinana, W.A.; Deborah Taylor, Devonport, Tas.; Lorraine Collins, McKenna St., Biggenden, Q.; Sandra Blanch, Rolland's Plains, Telegraph Point, N.S.W.

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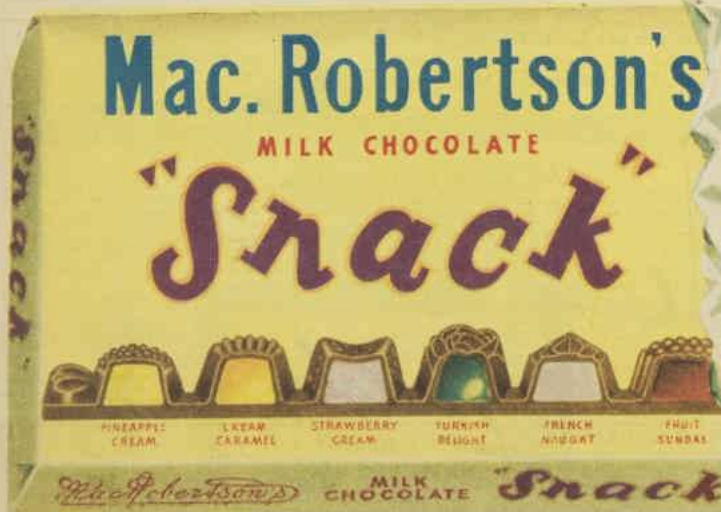
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A sound investment



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the attractive front-entrance terrace.

• This week's Home Plan No. 674 will suit any good residential area. It has a look of quality, and is a design which will not become out-of-date or lose its value.

OUR "signature" Home Plan this week—No. 674 in our series, and designed by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphrys — can be adapted for a variety of sites.

Plans for this house can be bought for £7/7/- a full set from any of our Home Planning Centres. See panel at right for address.

A sunny, bright home is achieved with well-placed windows extending to the

eaves and additional glass panels at the front entrance.

This family home has three bedrooms and excellent living-rooms. Both the lounge and dining-room may be completely closed off.

A simple stone or brick chimney is featured to provide an attractive open fire-place in the lounge.

The kitchen is the "galley" type, which gives a continuous working line, deliberately narrow so that everything is at hand to save unnecessary steps.

There is a servery through to the dining-room.

Bedrooms 1 and 2 are placed well away from the living-rooms and near the bathroom.

Ceiling-high cupboards outside the bathroom give plenty of storage space.

Bedroom 2 has a full-wall storage unit which could be finished to the home-builder's individual requirements.

The third bedroom is in a central position so that it is adaptable for use as additional living space, or as a

sewing-room if not required permanently as a bedroom.

The total area of this house is 12 squares in brick and 11.05 squares in timber or fibro.

Approximate cost of building would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5125; timber, £3715; fibro, £3485.

In Victoria: Brick, £4585; brick veneer, £4025; timber, £3225; fibro, £3135.

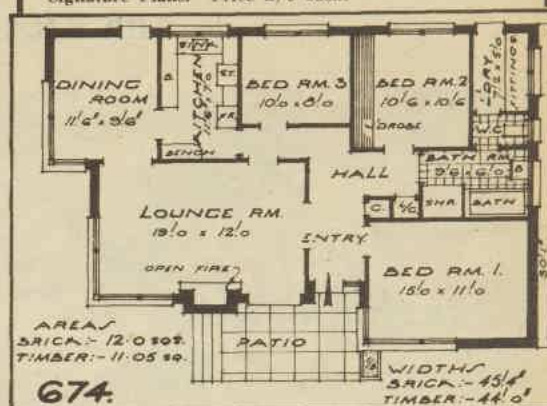
In South Australia: Brick, £3695; timber, £3265; asbestos, £3215.

In Queensland: Brick, £5015; timber, £3375; fibro, £3265.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4885; timber, £3385.

In Canberra: Brick, £5495; timber, £3825.

A NEW leaflet containing the successful designs from each State in the Taubman's Family Home Competition and other designs is now available at our Centres (see below). Other leaflets available are: "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," and "Architects' Signature Plans." Price 2/6 each.



GROUND PLAN of the house. Plentiful living space has been provided in an area of 12 squares. The toilet is accessible from both indoors and out.

OUR CENTRES

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. These Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to the intending home-builder.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. Fee, £7/7/-.

Addresses of the Centres are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

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RECIPE FOR GOURMET MEATS

For roast meats, baste frequently while cooking with half-cup Holbrooks Worcestershire. Use drippings for basting after all Worcestershire has been used. For broiled steaks or chops, baste frequently with Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce.

RECIPE FOR GOURMET POULTRY

Brush broiling chicken or duck several times with a mixture of quarter-cup Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, quarter-cup melted butter and two teaspoons celery salt. When pan-frying poultry, first brown it in butter, add Holbrooks Worcestershire and celery salt.

RECIPE FOR GOURMET SEA-FOOD

Baste broiling lobster, shrimp or fish with the following sauce: For each pound of sea food, combine two tablespoons melted butter, two tablespoons Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice and half-teaspoon seasoning salt.

Look for the name
Holbrooks

Australia's largest selling
Worcestershire Sauce



H98/7.6

Page 39

Make a Pizza ... (rhymes with "treats-a")

— with KRAFT CHEDDAR — BEST CHEESE FOR COOKING



When the recipe says 'cheese' — choose Kraft Cheddar. That mellow Kraft Cheddar flavour *blends* so well in cooked dishes. Melts perfectly. No crumbling—no rind . . . all golden goodness. There's a gallon of milk in every pound of Kraft Cheddar!

P.S. For a stronger Cheddar Cheese flavour choose Kraft Old English.

MAKE THIS GLAMOROUS ITALIAN-STYLE PIZZA-PIE — SERVES 5

INGREDIENTS:

Scone Dough: 6 ozs. S.R. flour; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon butter; 4 tablespoons milk (approximately).

Filling: 2 large onions, sliced; 2 tablespoons oil; 1 cup tomatoes, fresh or tinned; 4 ozs. (half a packet) Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced; 1 small tin anchovies.

METHOD:

Make up scone dough and pat out ¾ of the

dough to fit the bottom of a 9" pie plate. Roll out remaining dough to form a long strip and twist around the edge. Cook sliced onions until tender in the oil. Spread these over the lined pie plate, then cover with a layer of sliced tomatoes. Arrange slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese on top and place an anchovy on each slice. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F.) for 20 minutes. 5 delicious servings.



Get Kraft Cheddar in the blue 8-oz. packet, handy 1-oz. portions, the new 1-lb. pack, the family-size 2-lb. pack, or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.



Cheese is a wonderful food and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses

BASIC PUDDING - by Debbie

● Debbie, our teenage cook, gives us the recipe for a basic steamed pudding which she has prepared herself, and suggests many interesting variations.

AT the bottom of the page in three separate pictures Debbie has illustrated some of the ways which help to make the cooking of a perfect steamed pudding a simple task.

Here are Debbie's instructions for making her pudding:

Weigh and measure carefully: Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Before commencing, make certain that all the necessary equipment is set out within handy reach.

Then cream the butter with the sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Carefully fold in the sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill this mixture into a greased heatproof mould and cover it with greased paper. Carefully lower the pudding into a saucepan of boiling water (making sure that the water comes barely half way up the side of the mould). Place the lid on the saucepan and steam the pudding for 50 to 60 minutes, depending on depth of mould.

To test when pudding is cooked pierce it with a fine skewer. If any pieces of moist batter cling to the skewer it will require longer cooking time.

Debbie offers the following list of variations to change the flavor and appearance of the basic recipe.

Marbled Rainbow: Divide basic mixture into three. Add a few drops of pink food coloring to one portion; one tablespoon cocoa blended to a thin paste with extra milk to the second portion; leave the third portion white. Fill alternate spoonfuls of mixture into a greased mould and steam as directed. Unmould and decorate with almonds and cherries.

Coffee and Walnut: In the basic mixture, add 1 teaspoon coffee essence to the milk, and fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts. Steam as directed. Unmould and serve with thick coffee-flavored custard and an extra sprinkling of chopped walnuts.

Strawberry: Spoon 3 tablespoons of strawberry or other jam into base of greased mould. Top with basic mixture and steam as directed. Unmould and spoon extra jam around base.

Apricot and Prune: Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dried apricots in water until softened. Remove seeds from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prunes. Cream 3 tablespoons butter with 3 tablespoons brown sugar and spread over lower half of one large and 6 small greased moulds. Arrange prepared fruits in bases to form a pattern. Top each mould with basic mixture (double quantity) and steam as directed for the large mould. The small moulds should take 20 to 25 minutes.

Spiced Sultanas: Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, and 1 cup clean sultanas. Fold into the pudding mixture after half the flour has been added. Spoon into greased pudding basin and steam as directed. Unmould and serve with custard.

Chocolate: Grate and melt 2oz. dark cooking chocolate and fold it into the creamed butter and sugar mixture, OR sift two tablespoons cocoa with the flour and add 1 extra dessertspoon of milk, OR fold in two tablespoons coarsely grated chocolate or small chocolate pieces just before spooning mixture into greased mould. Steam as directed. Serve with chocolate sauce or custard.

Date and Orange: Stone and finely chop $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates. Mix with 1 tablespoon grated orange rind and fold into basic mixture. Spoon into basin and steam as directed. Unmould, and serve with orange-flavored custard.

Spoon measurements are level and a standard 8-liquid-ounce measuring cup is used.



STEAMED PUDDINGS served with custard, jam, or cream are an excellent method of providing the extra body heat and energy necessary, especially for growing teenagers, during the cold winter months. See recipe, with some interesting variations, at the left.



ADD only one egg at a time to prevent the creamed butter and sugar mixture from curdling and for a closer texture. Beat eggs in well.



SOGGY TOPS caused by water and steam can be prevented if pudding is covered with paper greased on both sides with melted butter.



PROTECTED HANDS are important for lifting cooked pudding from saucepan in which water has not been allowed to go off the boil.

KITCHEN HINTS

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SILVER POLISH 3/6 & 4/10
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DELICIOUS PASTRIES WIN £5



● A Continental recipe, which can be served as a dessert and goes well with after-dinner coffee, wins this week's main prize of £5 in our cookery contest.

CANNOLI pastry shells filled with cream cheese, peel, nuts, and chocolate.

DELICIOUS Cannoli is quite simple to make. Six-inch lengths of thick dowel rod can be used as shapes around which the pastry is rolled.

Consolation prize of £1 goes to a recipe for a special-occasion veal dish.

Spoon measurements are level.

CANNOLI
Chocolate Shells: Two cups plain flour, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 2oz. butter or substitute, dry white wine or water, oil or fat for deep-frying.

Sift flour and cocoa together and rub in butter with fingertips. Add just sufficient wine or water to make a firm dough, knead well. Roll out thinly, cut into 4in. rounds. Roll each circle around a wooden stick, approximately 6in. long and 1in. in diameter. Seal by moistening the edges with a little water. Drop pastry-covered sticks, two at a time, into deep hot oil or fat for 1 minute or until pastry begins to brown. Remove with tongs and carefully slip sticks out, return shells to oil until crisp and bubbly, about 5 minutes. Drain; cool.

Filling: One pound cream cheese, 1 cup grated chocolate, 1 cup chopped walnuts, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon chopped candied orange peel, 1 teaspoon rum or vanilla essence, 1 cup sifted icing sugar.

Beat cream cheese until smooth, mix in chocolate, nuts, salt, orange peel, rum, and sugar. Fill into cooled shells, using an icing bag and a plain tube. Dust with icing sugar, serve with whipped cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Sinclair, 23 Prince St., Cronulla, N.S.W.

VEAL AND HAM CUTLETS

One to 1½lb. sliced veal fillets, 3 tablespoons grated tasty cheese, 4 thin slices ham, ½lb. sliced mushrooms, about 4 dessertspoons shortening, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 clove crushed garlic, little red wine, 1 lightly beaten egg, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

Sprinkle half the cheese over four of the veal fillets, which have been pounded very thin and sliced into eight even-sized pieces, cover with ham slices, sprinkle with balance of cheese, top each remaining veal piece. Press down so layers will stick together, pinch edges together. Sauté sliced mushrooms in some of the shortening, add parsley, garlic, and wine. Dip veal in egg, coat with breadcrumbs, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sauté quickly for two minutes on each side in remaining shortening. Place on heated serving-dish, pour mushroom mixture over, and serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Bendeler, P.O., Mathoura, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

HOGGET or mutton chops have been used for our family dish. Depending on the type of meat used it costs between 6/- and 7/-, and makes a satisfying main-course dish for 4 people.

SPANISH CHOPS
Eight neck chops (mutton or hogget), 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 large onion, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 pint stock or water, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 large carrot, 1 cup coarsely chopped celery, parsley.

Trim fat from chops, brown on both sides in melted shortening, remove. Add sliced peeled onion and brown, then lift out. Add flour to remaining shortening, allow to brown. Stir in water or stock, and continue stirring until boiling. Add salt, pepper, brown sugar, nutmeg, thickly sliced carrot, chopped celery. Return chops to saucepan, cover, and simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until chops are tender. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley, and accompany with fluffy, boiled rice or mashed potatoes and tomatoes, or vegetables in season.

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An information-packed article about your
Baby's Care, Feeding, Growth and Fun.

What you may not know about thumb-sucking

How to avoid food fads

Understanding Baby Talk



● If your little baby sucks his thumb, should you try to stop him? Most doctors agree it's nothing to worry about if a young baby sucks his thumb as he drifts off to sleep or maybe before a bottle. Authorities believe it's only when thumb-sucking goes on for years that any danger exists of harm to the jaw or teeth.

● If your young baby works hard and often at his thumb, he's probably telling you he needs more sucking at feeding times. If he's bottle-fed, be sure the nipples are firm and the holes small enough to make him suck at least 20 minutes a feeding for the first six months.



● "Please let me sleep alone!" Baby won't sleep better if cuddled in bed with you. It's dangerous! Check him if he cries at night. If he's dry, no pins sticking in, no wind pains, turn a deaf ear—he'll soon go off.

● Change Baby's Menu, too! Baby's healthy development depends on a balanced supply of necessary growth elements. Protein, minerals, vitamins in correct proportions are a daily necessity. But there are more ways than one of achieving this. The complete range of scientifically prepared Heinz Baby Foods enables you to vary baby's menu and so avoid food fads—he enthusiastically welcomes the variety, readily adapts to adult meals when the time comes.

● When Baby Jabbers his own private "jibberish" he seems to ask himself questions, then supply the answers. This delightful babble is a sure sign he'll be talking soon. Remember, he mimics your sounds so if you talk only "baby talk" he'll do the same.

● Pink-Cheeked Babies are the most appealing. Blood-enriching iron puts roses in baby's cheeks—makes him feel and look his best. The egg yolk in Heinz Strained Egg Custard contains plenty of iron so include this blue-labelled Heinz variety regularly in his diet. There's also red-labelled Heinz Junior Egg Custard for your toddler, too.

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tiny boxlike place. I'd have claustrophobia! I do like to spread myself out a bit. But everything in there's got to be as neat and tidy! Not a pin out of place for Mr. Paget."

Taking the name from her lips, Grogan leant back in her chair. "Yes," he agreed, "Mr. Paget must've been real put out to find Mrs. Latham back home."

"That's what I mean. How devastating for him!"

"It could easily have given Miss Wyatt the notion, I suppose he felt, that them both turning up at Latham West at the same time might've been a prearranged affair, and once Miss Wyatt got stuck with that idea it might be hard to get it out."

Sheila gave a little conspiratorial laugh. "Indeed it might! I don't think you know how hard! She's terribly nice, of course, and awfully pretty, but once she gets an idea into her head it's—it's sort of glued there for life. He's found that out, poor Mr. Paget."

Grogan was thoughtful, doodling on the blotter a row of bars on a window. Presently he said: "On the day of Mrs. Latham's death, when all you folks turned up to help Miss Wyatt move in. Was Mr. Paget there?"

"During the morning?"

"Yes. For instance, was he there when you all stopped off for a cup of tea at a quarter to eleven?"

Her eyes searched the blue of the sky behind the inspector's black head. "No," she said thoughtfully. "No . . . when everyone was poking about with sticks under the back steps—"

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 200 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY, Box 4000W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 29

where someone had seen a snake disappearing—he wasn't there then."

Grogan traced in another bar on his window, put in a couple of cross bars, and looked over at her. "About this snake in the garden. Who saw it first?"

"Oh, I don't remember that."

"Did everyone come running to have a hunt for it?"

"They certainly did! It's not very nice to move into a house and find there's a deadly venomous snake living under your verandah."

"Too right it isn't. Look now, would you recollect if anyone disappeared while you were all trying to dislodge it?"

She stared back at him. "I couldn't say . . . no, I don't remember that either. We were all so taken up with the snake."

"How long would you reckon you stood about the steps searching for it?"

"Well, that's another thing you wouldn't notice, would you? I know we all stood round for quite a while. The baker told us it was the second one he'd seen that week."

"You could've been there eight or ten minutes, eh?"

"I suppose so . . . I think so, easily. Then Miss Wyatt got a bit bored and said it could stay there for all of her, and took a loaf out of the baker's basket and said the tea was made and for everyone to come into the kitchen."

"And Mr. Paget wasn't one of the crowd?"

"No. He did come along later in the day, but that was some time in the afternoon."

When Sheila had gone, escorted down in the lift by another camera-eyed policeman, Grogan obliterated his finished sketch and threw down the pencil.

Manning's disgusted gaze was still on the doorway through which the self-confident little figure had disappeared. "Fat lot of use," he mourned, "us goin' out to Vauluse to see her mother. She's been there first and her mum'll say whatever the kid's told her to."

"That's right. Who's going to be able to say whether she drove up to Latham West overnight or in the morning? Whether Latham spent the night at Burnside with his wife or his girl-friend?"

She appeared to have made an unfavorable impression on Manning. He said, turning to the window and looking down on the hurrying crowds, the beetle cars, and ant folk: "Yeah, I'd rather Latham married her than me."

"I wouldn't wonder if she felt that way, too, Les." Grogan swivelled round to his desk and flipped open his pile of notes.

LATER, alone, the inspector sat on, turning the pages, pausing here, pondering there; thinking it looked like he might be in time for his wife's cocktail party this evening. Mame had asked him to try and make it.

Christmas Eve . . . He turned another page and his eye went slowly down it . . .

Yet, strangely enough, the thought that brought him back to the case in hand wasn't mentioned in his notes. It had been, at the time, too insignificant to record. But now it was recorded sharply on his mind's eye and given a possible meaning not seen before. Something that kid had said. Paget. Liked a caravan better than a rich man's house. He'd worked out how to live that way. Tidy . . . everything neat and clean . . . not a pin out of place.

He stared up at the ceiling . . . went on staring . . .

After a while he came back, sat forward, lifted the telephone receiver, and dialled his home number.

"Yes?"

It was Mame.

"Look, Mame. Listen, I might be a bit late getting home this evening."

Mame's reaction was instan-

aneous. "You mean you're not coming?"

"I never said that, I said—"

"Yes, I know, I know, you never said it, Kev, you never do. I did think that just this once."

Chastened, he let her talk for a while, then said a few kind words and put down the receiver.

She'd come good, she always did. Especially tomorrow when he gave her that great bottle of Worth's perfume, Je Reviens; French, the girl in the store had told him, for "I'll be back." Better not translate that for Mame, though! Might give her a bit of a horse-laugh.

On leaving police headquarters, Sheila got into her car and started out on the road to Latham West. She drove carefully, acedately, the way she always drove, as one who has a great deal to live for and doesn't mean to take any risks. She filled up at a filling station, paid for the petrol, counting her change coolly, and received the mechanic's admiring glance as her due.

She sped on her way. The late afternoon sun poured in and gilded her creamy hand on the wheel. Sheila didn't burn or freckle. The wind just stirred the dusky blackness of her short-cut hair without disarranging it. Sheila was never disarranged. The lipstick on her bowed mouth was satin-smooth and sharply etched at the edges. Sheila's lipstick never looked blurred or thinned.

As she neared Latham West, the air grew drier and carried the scent of gardens and trees and grassy hillsides. She had to slow down to twenty going through Latham West. The street was busy this afternoon with people making their last-minute purchases before the holidays, with dogs and children.

This afternoon the shade of the great tree made the caravan

To page 44

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 17, 1959

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almost cool. Door and windows were wide and the smoke of three cigarettes drifted out into the still air. The long plumes of the willows hung motionless to the water, where gauzy insects hit the glassy surface and skated off across it. The clearing, shut in by its low scrub, with here and there a wattle or towering gum, looked safe and friendly and seemed to carry no memory of the thing it had witnessed a few nights ago. Down the hillside from the road above came a few homely sounds; Carl chopping wood, and, nearer, the meditative cackle of Colonel Fewster's hens.

Peaceful sounds, but there was no peace inside the caravan, though the attitudes of the three there had gradually slackened and slipped down into immobility. Like marionettes they looked, when the strings are dropped and the manipulating fingers withdrawn. Vivian, in scarlet shirt and denim pants, was sitting on the bunk, her head pressed forward by the wall, her legs stretched out, her arms fallen at her sides. Her face was bone-white and her eyes were shadowed and sombre.

Angus, on a stool facing the door, also leaned back on the wall for support, eyes on the ceiling, a dangling hand holding a cigarette. His gaudy play shirt accorded ill with his racked expression. Denis, on another stool, sprawled forward over the pull-down table; under it his long legs seemed to have tied themselves into ungainly knots. A couple of beer bottles were on the table, and three glasses. The bottles were empty, the ashtray was overflowing.

They had been sitting there

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

talking for most of the afternoon, but for the moment nothing more on that obnoxious subject would be said. They had talked themselves hollow-dry, sick with the sound of their own and one another's voices. Now, there was not even a pretence of conversation and barely a response to the occasional dropped remark.

Twice Vivian said: "I must go up and get that book your mother promised to lend me. I told her I'd come," and still lay back, making no move.

Denis, stirring a match in the ashtray, murmured that he had to go to the village before Petty closed, he needed some razor blades. Angus, glancing at his watch, wondered what had become of Sheila. She had only to see her mother and explain the situation.

It was into this stagnant scene that Sheila walked. She was standing at the door before they knew she was there. From the moment she entered there was no lack of conversation. She thought she'd find them all here, she said, she'd looked in at Pine Hill and Burnside. She threw her bag and gloves down on the bunk, took the stool that Angus vacated for her, the glass of beer that Denis put into her hand, the cigarette, and told them of her visit home. How wonderful Mummy had been after the first shock the whole thing had given her. Then she had understood, of course, etc., etc. So Sheila had stayed for lunch and helped Mummy to pack—she was going to her sister's for Christmas—and then

Sheila lifted her drink and took a long sip of the beer, put the glass down on the table and lightly dabbed her mouth with her handkerchief—then she told them of her visit to the inspector at police headquarters.

At Sheila's announcement, Vivian's figure, still lying back on the bunk, suddenly took on

Continuing ... THE FLAME OF MURDER

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a stiffness. She made no move, but her eyes on Sheila opened wide, glowed with an odd light, watching the doll-like face that looked, at that moment, smugly triumphant. She listened to the stream of shallow narrative—how "wonderful" the inspector had been, too, so fully agreeing with the necessity for complete openness; noted the quick upward

She stopped in mid-talk, the scarlet mouth dropped for just a fraction of a second. She said—her first misstep: "Why—what are you looking at me like that for, Vivian?"

Vivian sat up. She reached over and stubbed her cigarette. Her color had risen but her

by him it would've carried quite another feeling."

The quiet husky tones of Vivian's voice forced Sheila on to a lower pitch. She shrugged, lifted despairing hands, and dropped them. "Poor me! Whatever I do it's wrong with Vivian."

"Not at all. But there was no need for you to go. Your leaping into the fray like that is really, Sheila, very, very suspicious. They were bound to get the impression that the reason Denis didn't tell them this thing was that he was afraid he might be involved himself. When, as a matter of fact, you know quite well he was thinking of Angus, I mean at having to disclose that Angus—or so he thought—was alone all that night with Rowena."

"What a disgusting thing to say! I'm glad my mind doesn't work that way in that twisted fashion!"

"It's a great pity, I think, that on this occasion your mind didn't work in a slightly more subtle way. If it didn't." The last three words were barely audible.

Loud enough for Sheila. She batted her coal-black lashes at Vivian, her plump little bosom heaving with rage. "I thought you knew something about psychology. I thought you knew what it means when people are always accusing others."

In one swift movement Vivian got up. "Oh, what's the use of talking! Let it go—everything's poisoned, poisoned."

"And who's poisoning it?" Sheila was on her feet, too.

Angus, looking the picture of misery, laid a hand on Vivian's arm. "Now look, Viv, don't go on like that. Naturally you're in a hot-up state—"

"Aren't we all?" Sheila cried. "But we don't go round reading vile motives into every little thing people do."

"Stop, Sheila, stop!" Angus restraining hand was on her arm now. "Denis doesn't think what you say, Vivian. He knows that neither Sheila nor anyone else—"

"Denis must know the poisonous situation she's put him in. If he doesn't know that he must be as big a fool as you're suggesting." Vivian kicked under the stool between her and the door.

The four crowded into the tiny space seemed bigger than life-size. Their words and emotions beating against the flimsy walls were like a fiery brew bubbling in a pot too small to contain it.

"Denis doesn't feel like that—luckily," Sheila shot at her. "He's too sensible to read all that rubbish into it. He's got balance. He's not ready to think the worst of everyone."

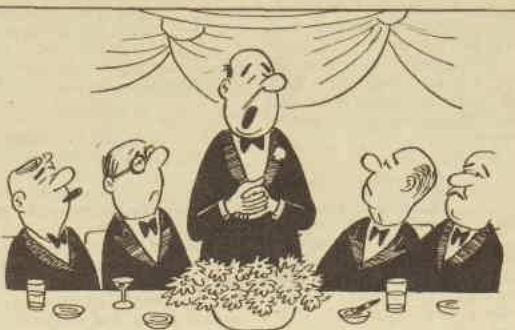
Hopefully, Denis tilted an empty beer bottle over his glass. "Thanks, chums, go ahead, I'm interested to learn what Denis thinks . . . and feels . . . and knows."

Vivian gave him one furious glance. His coolness was a rebuke that cut through her last shred of patience. Not trusting herself to say another word, she hurried out and away along the creek bank, over the footbridge, and up the steep path to Pine Hill.

Her hurrying pace made her hotter than she had been already. It wasn't till the smell of the pines came down to meet her, wrapping her round with a sweet-scented breath, that the slackened, breathed deeply, and tried to steady her mood.

Her anger with Sheila was giving place to annoyance with herself. What an unseemly squabble! Why couldn't she

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"And now our speaker. You'll remember him as the gentleman who bored us stiff last time he was here."

glance at Angus' face as he stood above her, the sweet flutter of the eyelashes; sensed that during the drive home this account of the interview had been carefully rehearsed, the points to be slurred over decided on, its impact calculated. Her second sight was needed to see that Sheila, for all her composure, knew what she had done and was hoping to get away with it unchallenged.

She flowed on, but the moment had to come when her eyes under lowered lids slid round to Vivian and met that horrified stare.

voice was as cold as her glance. "I think you know quite well, Sheila."

"Do I? Do I? I haven't the faintest idea." Sheila's hot temper rose, bubbling to the surface.

"Then I'll tell you. Denis should have gone to the police with that story. Denis. Nobody but he."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because Denis' meeting with Rowena told to the police by someone else—well, it could sound like evidence given against him. Told voluntarily

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have kept her mouth shut? And poor Angus! How difficult she had made it for him! All to no purpose.

She wondered how much longer this tormenting suspense was going to last. She paused a moment as she reached the edge of the shade and saw the black-green boughs above her and felt the slippery needles under her feet. Was it going on and on in this unbearable fashion, fraying nerves to rags and shattering relationship? Or was it going to end in such a way as to make this hour seem almost heaven to look back on?

Vivian's going left a silence in the caravan. Sheila took up her bag and stood fiddling with the clasp, waiting to be reassured and comforted. Angus, shoulders hunched, followed Vivian's retreating figure with his eyes. Shut-mouthed, Denis gathered glasses for washing, put things to rights.

Then Sheila said: "Well, that's that! Thanks for the drink, Denis. Good-bye," and hurried out and started up the track to Burnside.

An awkward few words passed between Angus and Denis when the two girls were out of sight.

"A very fine display of histrionics," Angus said with an uneasy laugh.

"Yes . . . except by the male members of the cast, who didn't exactly distinguish themselves. However, it'll blow over."

"Oh, of course, of course. These things always do." With a worried look that belied his cheerful words, Angus took himself off.

Arrived at Burnside, Sheila's movements lost none of their crispness. She opened the front door that so few days ago she had painted its insurmountable blue. From the lock she took the key that Vivian had given her and laid it on the hall table. From the drawing-room she collected a scarf

that was lying on the sofa; a pen and-writing case from the study; a pair of walking shoes and sun hat from the back verandah.

Clutching these objects, she ran up the stairs to her room. Not a glance to right or left Sheila gave. From the bottom of the clothes cupboard she took her two suitcases and plopped them on the bed. Into them went the dresses and blouses, underclothes, shoes and stockings. She got her sponge bag, toothbrush, and lotions from the bathroom and packed them in the smaller case.

With no apparent effort, she carried her luggage down the stairs, two suitcases at a time. In the hall she delayed for a minute to scribble a brief note on the telephone pad and prop it against the telephone. Then out the door she went and down the path to her car that was standing in the road.

The brisk snap of the gate behind her seemed to repeat her words of half an hour ago: "That's that . . ."

A late afternoon hush lay over Pine Hill when Vivian got there. She skirted the house to the front door, rang the bell, and before the maid came, stood looking down the garden.

The lawns on either side of the drive stretched away, away to walks of rhododendrons and azaleas, to a pool where water-lilies lay dreaming. The house behind her carried not a sound. It was as though it, too, and all within it, had been struck dead with sleep by the hot day.

Mrs. Latham sent word down by the maid to ask Vivian to come upstairs. She was in her bedroom, a long lofty room, filled with enormous pieces of mahogany furniture, a vast bed, and vast tract of sea-green

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

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velvet carpet. It smelt of sandalwood and roses and another century. Not a thing was out of place, or ever could be. The silver-topped bottles and brushes seemed too massive for Mrs. Latham's thin veiny hands to handle, and indeed she looked as though few aids to beauty went into her toilet. Today she had on a blue-and-white-striped cotton dress, a

There is something of
woman in everything
that pleases.

— Dupaty

string of valuable pearls, and boys' leather sandals.

With a determined effort, Vivian kept all mention of the tragedy out of their talk, though this wasn't easy. Mrs. Latham once or twice, glancing at her searchingly, approached the subject as though about to launch into it, but Vivian neatly headed her off. They talked of the book she had come to borrow, of housekeeping and maids.

Vivian filled one dangerous pause by glancing about the room and admiring its size and restfulness, and Mrs. Latham told her that it had always been her room, hers and her husband's. Angus and Rowena hadn't cared for it. They had chosen their rooms on the other side of the house. So this one had been shut up for the ten years during which Rowena had been mistress at Pine Hill.

Moving with that jerky stalking walk of hers, Mrs. Latham went across and

smoothed the coverlet on the bed, touched the dressing-table appointments, leant to pat her hair in the glass.

The room claimed her, cased her in like a shell, twined half a lifetime of usage round her.

When Vivian was going, she went to the window for a minute and stood looking down the hill to the plantations of European trees, elms and birches and golden-necklace poplars. The thick summer growth was lovely, she said, but better still they'd be in a few months' time, in the autumn, with the color of the poplars, and branches beginning to show through the leaves.

A sound behind her made her turn. Mrs. Latham had dropped a sewing-basket that she had been putting away, and reels of cotton and silk and buttons were scattered on the floor. She stood above it, not even looking down at the litter at her feet.

She said, staring across at Vivian: "Yes . . . those poplars go a brilliant yellow . . . but shall I be here to see them?"

Or will it be another Mrs. Latham? Vivian thought. That's what she's asking herself.

As Vivian left the house by the back way, taking the creek path to Burnside, Sheila's car turned in at the gates and drove up to the front door.

Mrs. Latham was just coming down the stairs. At sight of Sheila, she stopped abruptly, her face stiffening. Then she caught herself up and went forward with a polite greeting.

Sheila looked flustered but resolute. Perhaps it was Angus she had expected to find before meeting his mother. She said: "Oh, Mrs. Latham . . . I'm so

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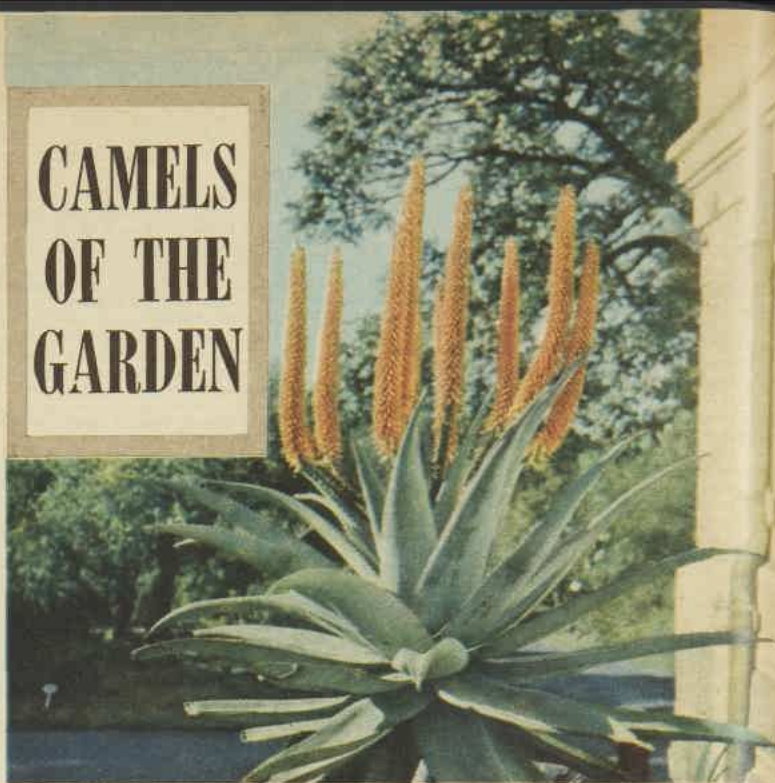
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CAMELS OF THE GARDEN



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Specially interesting are the "stone plants" or "living rocks" of South Africa.

They grow in stony desert

GARDENING

land, are most difficult to find, and are much valued by collectors. Included among them are conophytums, pleiospilos, lithops, fenestriarias, and rimarias.

They grow easily and do well in ordinary sandy loam but must have good drainage. Many are frost-tender and need protection during winter.

While they prefer the cool temperature of sunrooms to the hot air of glasshouses, they must have fresh air to remain healthy.

Mrs. W. E. Phegan, of Wolloughby, N.S.W., took the pictures of all succulents on this page apart from the one of Aloe petricola.



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Continuing...

THE FLAME OF MURDER

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upset. I'm really in rather a fix."

"Really, Sheila? What's the matter?"

Sheila looked up, looked down, turned this way and that under Mrs. Latham's stony politeness. "It's so frightfully uncomfortable—at such a time!—but I don't honestly think I'm to blame. You know I've always liked Vivian very much."

"Vivian? Of course. We all do. Immensely."

"Yes, I know. She and I have always been friends, though of course she's a bit older than I am. So when she asked me to stay I thought it was going to be so nice there with her. But instead—"

Mrs. Latham checked her and took a step towards the drawing-room. "I think perhaps we won't stand in the hall discussing Vivian Wyatt," she said, and led the way in.

They still stood in the hushed room with its half-drawn blinds, its brocades and Buhl cabinets, its crystal chandeliers and Empire mirrors.

Mrs. Latham made nothing easy for Sheila. Unquestioned, unprompted, Sheila had to blunder on.

"I did so try to keep the peace with her, but just a little while ago, down in the caravan, she was frightfully rude to me, all over nothing at all, and I felt I couldn't possibly go on staying with her."

"Vivian rude? It's hard to picture her being rude to anyone."

"Well, she was, she was."

"She's always so well-mannered and charming."

"You should have heard her just now! I went straight back to Burnside and packed, and I—I've got my suitcases in the car."

MRS. LATHAM'S eyes narrowed at her. "You have?"

"Yes, I felt positively desperate. I didn't know what else to do. I've never been in such a situation before. I thought, what am I to do?"

"Well, Sheila, it is uncomfortable to quarrel with your hostess. It's a little hard to advise you. I've never been in such a situation at all. But as you have quarrelled, I think you're very wise to be on your way."

"The only thing is—" Sheila began.

"I'll explain to Angus when he comes in. He'll be very sorry, I'm sure. He's bound to telephone you."

"The only thing is—" Sheila persevered, undefeated, "that Mummy's away... and the flat's shut up... and the idea of spending Christmas there all alone!"

"Oh, Oh, I see."

"So I wondered?..."

There was a pause. At last Mrs. Latham's eyes moved aside from the other's determined gaze.

Then she said: "Why, of course, Sheila, you must stay here over Christmas, if you'd care to. Not very cheerful for a young girl. A house of mourning. I'll tell Enid to bring in your suitcases."

When Angus left him, Denis pulled shut the caravan door and strolled in the late afternoon heat along the road to the shops.

Denis found the shopping street still a scene of unusual bustle. Cars were parked the full length of it, and people from surrounding farms and orchards met to talk and gossip.

And "Happy Christmas," and "Happy Christmas," while children played tig round the cars, and dogs renewed acquaintance, and holiday fare was brought out and loaded up.

Denis bought an afternoon paper at the paper-shop. He opened it and saw an item of news about the murder—now relegated to a back page—of Mrs. Angus Latham: that no arrest had yet been made but that the police shortly expected, etc., etc.

Standing in the doorway his eye scanned the paragraph, then he folded the paper and stuffed it into the back pocket of his shorts, and with a thoughtful face made his way along to the store.

Inside, Petty's decorations swayed and rustled in the hot wind. Petty and his assistants were flat out. Denis waited his turn, chatting with Mrs. Siskin, finally got his razor blades, and, as he was turning away, saw Toni Hennessey sliding a carton heaped with goods off the other end of the counter and making for the door.

He went up to her, took her load, and carried it out to the truck.

Toni didn't look herself today. In the level light her face showed lines around the eyes and her skin looked dry. Gone, too, was the carefree manner that usually made her such an easy companion. Without speaking, she stood by watching Denis stow away her purchases, then murmured thanks and stepped towards the driver's seat.

"Want a lift, Denis?"

"I'm not going back just yet, Toni, got one or two things to do."

"So long, then. Have a happy Christmas!" she paused to say sardonically, a foot on the running board.

"Well... it mightn't be too bad," he ventured mildly.

"Mightn't it? It will be for me. It's going to be absolutely ghastly." She gave a tug at the cotton handkerchief knotted round her throat. "Carting water to the fowls five times a day. Our old refrigerator'll probably conk out. There won't even be a cool drink. That'll be my Christmas. And maybe an afternoon call from one of those cops."

"That won't be your special privilege," he comforted her.

"Honestly, Denis, I'm just about through. I don't know why you hang around here. You could make tracks any day."

"I have my reasons."

"I can't imagine one that'd keep me in Latham West if I could clear out. In fact—" She climbed into the car.

"What, Toni?"

Her face was set, her competent little hands fiddled with the gears. "I think I am going to clear out. Desert the sinking ship. Streak off and earn some money."

"Where? How?"

"Oh, I don't know. Typing, fruit picking."

He leant on the opposite door and looked in at her. "Following Quentin's example, eh? Or are you trying to tell me—following Quentin?"

She turned her head sharply and stared back at him. For a moment the tan of her face seemed to pale. "That's what Carl asked me. Just before I came out."

"And you said no?"

"I said no." She let in the clutch, the old engine roared, and tugging at the wheel she

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Goya

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 17, 1959

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turned and made off in a cloud of dust.

As Denis turned away he noticed another car — grown familiar, too, during the past days, the police car — standing drawn up near the kerb. A constable was at the wheel reading a newspaper. Denis strolled along to the end of the street and paused there.

Opposite, old Tyson was sitting in his window. Denis looked across at him idly for a moment. Then something seemed to strike him and he crossed over and entered the shop.

"Mr. Tyson." He leant across the counter.

Tyson took the glass out of his eye and looked round and got up. "Yes?" The voice was level, without inflection, the face expressionless. The almost inaudible thread of music, a Strauss waltz, was like a half forgotten dream that teases the background of thought.

Denis said: "Do you remember last year on that night — that night —"

Tyson helped him out with another "Yes?" Just as flatly spoken.

"I brought you in a watch."

"A watch?"

"Yes, don't you remember? Don't you remember me telling you? I was driving back from town and I stopped here in the street to post a letter I'd forgotten, and as I was running down the steps I slipped and fell. Grazed my hand and bashed my watch. It stopped."

Tyson blinked once or twice. "Oh, yes . . . that night . . . I recall. My door was shut, but you saw my light and knocked!"

"Yes, I asked you to put it right and said I'd be back in a day or two. But what with everything that happened that night and the next few days I forgot all about it."

Tyson turned slowly and took a watch from the shelf behind him. "Then this is yours, is it? I was wondering only yesterday."

"That's it."

"I didn't tickle it. I haven't repaired it. It got up there somehow by mistake." He stood with the watch cupped in his palm.

IT was hard to see why a plain wristlet watch with a leather strap to it should keep the old man standing there so long, head bent, with that hypnotised gaze. The shadowy waltz music throbbed distantly . . . the minute lengthened . . . Denis waited.

Suddenly Tyson's expression was broken up like the surface of water when a wind hits it. His hand with the watch in it dropped to his side. "A quarter to nine," he muttered, looking at Denis, but with eyes that didn't seem to see him. "Stopped at a quarter to nine . . . Then he turned and walked out of the shop into the inner room.

For quite a while Denis stood staring after him with the same words on his lips and the same grouping of images seeming to take shape in his mind.

Shortly before this Grogan had driven into Latham West. He had stopped outside the bakery and gone into the shop. But it hadn't been to buy any of the buns or teacakes piled in the window, nor even one of the appetising floury loaves that Vivian had spoken of.

He inquired of the girl serving and was directed through to the yard. Holiday deliveries had brought the baker back hours late today, and he was only just unharnessing his horse from the cart when Grogan walked out.

The young man was irritable, in no mood to talk, but the C.I.B. is not a capacious cus-

tomor to be brushed off with a take it or leave it, and it was fifteen minutes before the inspector came back and stepped out into the street.

As he stood for a minute, he caught sight of Denis on the opposite pavement and he crossed the road to speak to him. "How are you, Mr. Paget?"

"Fine. You look very cheerful. You look as though you might have some good news. Or is it bad news?"

"Well, maybe getting that way. I'll leave you to decide whether it's good or bad."



"We don't need a 'cyclopedia. I'm big enough to sit at table without one."

They chatted for a few minutes about nothing in particular. Casually, Grogan asked: "You stopping on in that little waggon of yours over the holidays?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm just about as happy down there, I guess, as I would be anywhere else."

"I dare say you are. A sight more so, I'd say. You got a picked little spot, with the creek and all, and near your friends and that. I wouldn't mind having a holiday in a caravan myself."

"Why don't you?"

"Oh, wouldn't be any good to me. I'm a married man, and my wife likes to get away to some place with people to talk to and a game of cards and a bit of dancing at night." He was glancing about him, an eye for the traffic, an eye for the pedestrians, and, fleetingly, for Tyson's window and his seat at the bench, empty now. "Besides," he added, "I reckon you might have to learn how to live in one of those contraptions. It wouldn't do if you were one of those people that liked spreading yourself out."

"True. You've got to cut down to essentials and live like a soldier. Wash up your pannikin and roll up your bedding. It'd drive me mad to have any mess and muddle in such a confined space."

Grogan murmured assent, looked at him, nodded slowly once or twice. Then he said: "You going back there now?"

"Yes, I'm about through."

"Hop in, I'll give you a lift."

They went over to the police car and got in. The inspector, as Denis had observed, seemed in the best of spirits. They turned into the road that led to Burnside, passed the cyclone gate of Hennesseys' orchard on one side, passed Fewster's place with its broken-down palings and its half hedge, half thicket of creepers on the other. When the car reached the opening that led down to the clearing it stopped, and Denis got out.

Grogan got out, too. But he didn't walk on the few paces to Burnside. Instead, with no explanation, as Denis stepped off the road into the track, Grogan followed; followed him down the steep path to the clearing.

Vivian let the gate fall shut behind her and trudged wearily

up the path. The last of the burning day was charged with the dry scents of lavender and rosemary and myrtle that beat up in waves around her. She felt exhausted and depressed. Her head was aching, and nothing that she looked at or thought of seemed to hold a prospect of any pleasure for her any more.

She put her key in the lock and opened the door. From the house, shut up all the afternoon, coolness came forward to meet her, a chilliness that was strange after the heat on the other side of the door.

The first thing she saw was the note propped against the telephone. She took it up and read:

"Sorry, Vivian, that things didn't work out well. I felt you'd be happier to have the house to yourself. Better luck next time we meet. Thanks for your hospitality. Sheila."

Vivian read it twice, crumpled it, and dropped it on the table. She stood staring bleakly at the wall.

Heaven knew, Sheila was right! She was happier, a thousand times, to have the house to herself, but walking home she had hoped that the unpleasantness between them would blow over, and had resolved to do all she could to make it do so. Now, to have to announce that Sheila had fled back to town because of this hateful squabble—Sheila would say, this attack on her—was the last straw. Denis would be glad, Angus hurt.

Vivian's already low spirits sank lower as she went on down to the kitchen.

There, it struck her that perhaps part of her depression was plain hunger. A midday snack alone had been all she had eaten since breakfast. A cup of tea first was what she wanted. She put on the kettle and made it, opened the back door, and stood in the doorway drinking it.

Sitting at the kitchen table she ate cold chicken and the remains of an iced lemon pudding. She was just finishing her meal when Colonel Fewster came round the house and appeared at the back door.

He was carrying a plate covered with a napkin, and he stepped inside and put it down on the table. A trifling gift for the festive season, he told her, a duckling. He'd killed it himself this morning and Mrs. Siskin had dressed it. A small bird, just enough for the two of them.

Vivian said: "Alas, my guest has left me," and knowing that the colonel would be sure to hear of it soon—and that it would be a tastier dish for him than any duckling!—she gave him a brief account of the trouble between her and Sheila.

He stood listening, nodding gravely, wondering, no doubt she thought dryly, how the story could be improved on and embellished, and where it should first be retailed.

He said: "Bad luck. Not a little thing. Pretty, too. However, I dare say that you and fellow of yours'll come along and help you out with the bird."

"I'm quite sure he will! Have you had dinner, Colonel Fewster?"

"Yes, yes, I ate some time ago."

"Well, you'll have a glass of port with me. Angus' wine, I know it's good."

She got out the bottle and glasses, and, sipping port and chatting in desultory fashion, they sat at the table sideways in their chairs, gazing out into radiance in the garden.

When he got up to go, Vivian said: "I'll ring up Mrs. Siskin."

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*Film
Parade*

• These tall, dark young men typify the current "look" in Hollywood's new romantic actors.

JAMES DARREN



THIS 23-year-old Columbia contract player with the intense dark eyes is one of the screen's busiest young actors. Spanish dancer Jose Greco, to whom Jimmy was assistant stage manager, advised him to change his name from Ercolani to Darren.

His first film was "The Brothers Rico," followed by "Operation Mad Ball" and "Gunman's Walk." He will be seen next in "Gidget," in which he sings for the first time, then in "Let No Man Write My Epigraph."

BUCK CLASS

A BACHELOR, a former commercial fisherman, sailor, off-Broadway actor, swimming champion, 6ft. 1in. Buck Class will be seen next in "The Man Who Understood Women." His real name is Maurice Class, and when not before the cameras he studies movie direction and production at the University of California.

His pictures to date are "Sing, Boy, Sing," "South Pacific," "Ten North Frederick," and "In Love and War."



STUART WHITMAN



HUSKY and bushy of brow, Stuart Whitman literally bulldozed his way into films. While waiting to get his early acting breaks he worked as a grading contractor, using a bulldozer he had bought secondhand. "Thanks to it," he says, "I've never worked as an extra or accepted a role I didn't believe in."

A former star football player

of Hollywood High, Whitman took on boxing during the three years he spent with the Army Engineers. Out of 32 fights he won all but one. A re-set nose and scars near his left eye are permanent reminders of the time he didn't win.

After leaving the Army he spent more than two years at drama school, then went into a tent show and later television. His two most recent films, "These Thousand Hills" and "The Sound and the Fury," are now in Australian release.

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"High Adventure" is aptly named

● "High Adventure," Channel 9's new Sunday night 6.30 programme, looks as if it will skyrocket quickly to the high audience ratings that "Disneyland" enjoyed.

"HIGH ADVENTURE" is replacing "Disneyland" for the next 13 weeks.

"Disneyland" is off the air in America, too, for 13 weeks—the summer vacation when all the major TV shows close down to give themselves, and their audience, a rest.

With most American shows there is sufficient additional material to make up programmes for the unbroken 52-week programme that Australians prefer, but this is not so with "Disneyland."

"High Adventure" is the brain-child of Lowell Thomas, famous American commentator, explorer, and globe-trotter.

He came to Australia two years ago briefly on his way to New Guinea, where he made the exciting film to be seen next Sunday night, June 14, at 6.30.

The film shows the adventures of Thomas and his camera crew in New Guinea when, with the co-operation of the New Guinea Administration, they went up the Sepik River to uncontrolled territory among head-hunters and cannibals.

I am looking forward to the one about Danger Island (Puka Puka), which Thomas and his cameramen visited recently with a party of International Geophysical Year scientists for the eclipse of the sun.

Danger Island, which is in the Samoan group, was the only place in the world where the eclipse was total. The party, travelled in a strange craft, specially designed for launching camera-equipped rockets to photograph the eclipse.

The rockets were blasted to a height of 150 miles from the ship, and their launching is a real suspense piece. No one actually knew if the launching of the first rocket in the series would detonate all the others or what would happen.

The film shows the whole thing, and should be wonderful watching.

CHANNEL 7's third live drama, "Tragedy in a Temporary Town," was a tragedy all right. The station seems to have taken over a package deal of human misery for their live plays.

Their first play was "Johnny Belinda," the story of an assault on a deaf mute, the second was the tragedy of the unwanted aged, and the third the tragedy of the innocent victim of a lynch mob hot for a killing.

Adapted for television, the play was notably unrealistic, its star, Michael Pate, disappointing.

But the greatest tragedy of the night to me was that this well-produced live play—a brave and expensive experi-



"WHIRLYBIRDS" (Channel 9, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.), the adventures of airborne heroes Ken Tobey and Craig Hill, is one of TV's most popular shows. Above: "P.T." (Craig Hill) talks things over with Whirlybirds' vivacious secretary, Nancy Hale.

ment for a commercial channel—was such miserable viewing. A bit of high tragedy is all right, but three times running is enough to set a viewing habit and make most people, relaxing at the weekend, fugitives from Channel 7's future live plays.

TELEVISION PARADE
By
NAN MUSGROVE

A BOUQUET to Channel 7's Western "The Rifleman" (Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.), which I rate as second only to "Gunsmoke" in excellence.

Lucas McCain, the rifleman, is played by big, raw-looking Chuck Connors, who shares the starring role with his son Mark, a delightful character played by 12-year-old Johnny Crawford.

Lucas is a western rancher—neither sheriff nor marshal—with a lawman's mind. He is widowed, and he and Mark keep house together.

The relationship between Lucas and his son is an object lesson in father-son relationships. Lucas treats Mark like an adult who is still learning wisdom, and Mark obviously loves and respects his father as a friend as well as a father.

But what intrigues me about them is that in some queer way they look womanless. They are neat and tidy, and their home is clean and orderly, but any woman who watched "The Rifleman" would know in-

stantly that they come from a house without a woman. It adds a very human note to the series.

EMMY awards have been making the headlines in TV news lately. I've been asked by numbers of people why the awards are called this. An Emmy gets its name from an early TV camera, the Image Orthicon, shortened affectionately by technicians to "Emmy."

But Emmy was not always thought of with affection. In fact, jealousy and rancor are more often associated with poor Emmy's past history, although today she is beginning to get a lustre and standing in the entertainment world. But some of the early high-spots in Emmy's life had no lustre at all. There was the time, for instance, when somebody decided to give an Emmy to the best commercial TV campaign.

The Ford company won the award hands down, but the sponsor of the Emmy telecast happened to be a rival motor firm and the award was never announced over the air. In fact, it was never offered again.

In America, until lately, when the TV academy awards were streamlined, Emmy awards were chancy things, because, as one critic said, there were 8000 eligible shows and no matter how hard the organisers tried they always seemed to end up with Lassie competing with Mike Hammer.

But things are different now. Emmys, reorganised, are awards of standing.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 17, 1959

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CHILD STARS BACK AS TEENAGERS



TEENAGE former child stars Warren Berlinger and Brandon DeWilde make a comeback in "Blue Denim." Talking on the set are, from left, Marsha Hunt, Berlinger, Nina Shipman, Macdonald Carey, and DeWilde.

*** GUNMAN'S WALK

Western, with Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, Kathy Grant, James Darren. State, Sydney.

UNTIL one like this comes along it is easy to forget just how good a good Western can be.

Heflin is a successful pioneer rancher who fails to realise that the days of the fast gun are over. Attempting to bring up his sons in the traditions of the early West, he turns one into a father-hating killer (Hunter) and the other into a gentle pacifist (Darren).

The relationship between Heflin and Hunter, with its confused undertones, is especially well handled in the telling early stages, with their hint of violence to come.

Though inexperienced, Darren could well develop what it takes to attract a strong, youthful following; Hunter, never too impressive as an actor, meets the demands of a fascinating role well enough.

The young wife of Bing Crosby, Kathy Grant, is no more than adequate in an undemanding part.

Honors are shared by Heflin, the camera, director Phil Karlson, and screenplay writer Frank Nugent.

In a word . . . CLASS.

*** COMPULSION

Psychological drama, with Orson Welles, Bradford Dillman, Dean Stockwell, Diane Varsi. Century, Sydney.

A STRONG, sober, and interesting film has been made from Meyer Levin's book based on the Leopold-Loeb case of 1924.

These two young men, each aged 18, both academically brilliant sons of wealthy Chicago families and both law students at the University of Chicago, killed a younger boy to demonstrate their superiority to society.

Following a plea of guilty by famous defending lawyer Clarence Darrow, each was sentenced to life imprisonment.

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

*** Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

Film Parade

Welles gives an immensely powerful performance as the great criminal lawyer.

As the two teenage killers, Dillman and Stockwell are both excellent — especially Dillman, who displays a far wider emotional range than past performances have suggested.

The film marks an auspicious debut as producer by 23-year-old Richard Zanuck. It fumbles only one big moment — the attempted attack by Stockwell on Diane Varsi, playing a sympathetic college girl.

In a word . . . ABSORBING.

★ THE ANGRY HILLS

Resistance drama, with Robert Mitchum, Elisabeth Mueller, Stanley Baker, Gia Scala. St. James, Sydney.

ITS beautiful Greek hill-village settings are the main attraction of this cloak-and-dagger adventure in occupied Greece.

A list of Greek Underground leaders, highly valuable to the local Gestapo, comes into the possession of hard-boiled American war correspondent Mitchum.

As a result, he becomes the centre of a search that moves from Athens to the hill villages, a pro-Allied nunnery, and back to Athens.

The women with whom he becomes involved are a patriotic villager (played rather effectively by a pre-Hollywood Gia Scala) and a mysterious Underground worker with Nazi affiliations (Elisabeth Mueller).

Good character work comes from Marius Goring (the Nazi commander), Stanley Baker (the Gestapo chief), Donald Wolfelt (a Greek patriot doctor), and Peter Illing (a loyal village elder).

The basic plot is a good one,

and with better dialogue, a clearer definition of character (Mitchum's doesn't come through at all), and more general care the whole thing could have been highly enjoyable.

In a word . . . MUDDLED.

★ THE BLACK ORCHID

Drama, with Anthony Quinn, Sophia Loren, Prince Edward, Sydney.

QUITE clearly this was meant to be a deeply warm and human study of two New York Italians, whose chance of happiness together is jeopardised by family involvements.

For some reason—and this is not altogether attributable to any deficiencies of Loren—the film as a whole fails to arouse the sympathies it might.

As the widower father of an over-possessive grown-up daughter, Quinn gives another of his likeable, expansive performances.

Playing the gangster's widow whom Quinn would marry, Loren seems to have no middle mood between spiffy hauteur and a new-found capacity for laughter.

Newcomer Ina Balin, as the widower's jealous daughter, introduces a simple sincerity and a beautiful, serene Italian face.

In a word . . . LACKING.

PRETTY pre-Army date of Elvis Presley, Cathy Casey, is starring in Sammy Davis, Jr.'s production "Rock-a-ROLL KILLER."

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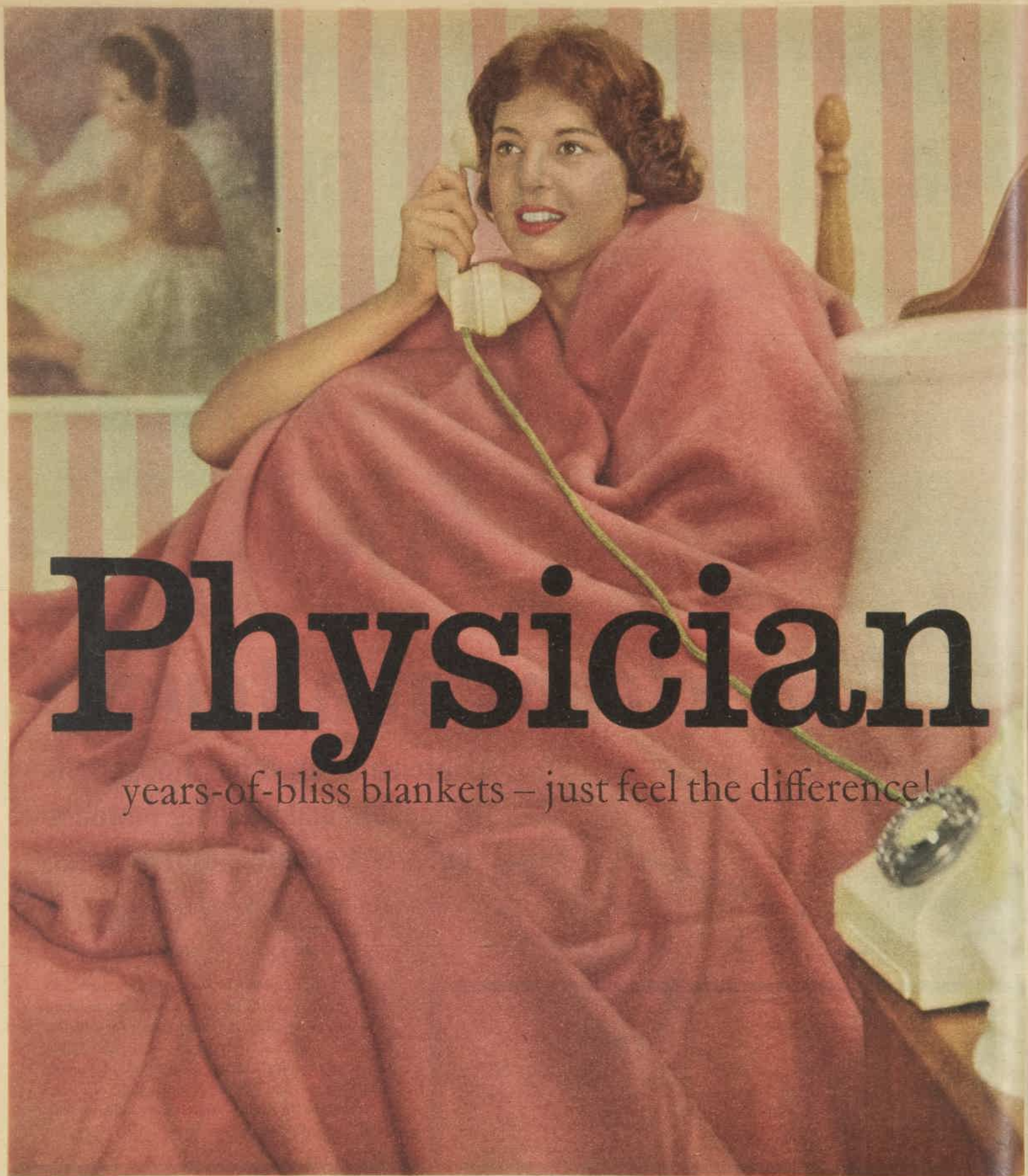


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"How will I ever explain this to my husband!"



"It's only gone 12 miles."



"I was polishing it one day and I said to myself, 'Well, why not?' ..."



"I'll be able to fix your car as soon as I learn to read Italian."



"Thank you so much — I'll only be a minute."



"... And as the new cars get longer, I merely pull the garage out further."

right away and thank her for her part in the duck."

"You won't get her, she's gone off to her sister's."

"Has she? For Christmas? Leaving you all alone?"

"Yes." A puzzled look came over Fewster's face. "I don't know—the hot weather, I expect—but she's been none of her sweetest lately, and today she announced she was running off to spend a couple of days with her sister. I said, 'Do!' I'm always quite happy batching. Sometimes a bit happier, you know what I mean?"

"I do. There's something very soothing about a house to oneself. A lot to be said for the maid and the cat and the parrot."

Still of this mind when he had gone, Vivian prepared for an evening alone. Denis was going up to town to a Christmas Eve party with his family and might not be back till tomorrow morning. He had wanted her to go with him, but she was in no mood for parties. She washed up her dinner things and put the duck into the refrigerator. Doing this, she thought that glad as she was to be relieved of a guest as uncongenial to her as Sheila she could have given a lot for the relief to have come about by other means. She must have been truly not herself to show plainly what she felt in the caravan. She must have been a little crazy to feel that sudden gust of fear that Sheila's action would throw suspicion on Denis, highlighting him as the last person to see Rowena alive. So ridiculous! Innocent people weren't accused of crimes on such slender grounds. Sheila bursting into headquarters like that with her story—the police would have seen it for what it was: a rash attempt to prevent suspicion falling on Angus. Or on herself. Denis had seen Rowena—oh, yes, yes!

She threw off her clothes, crossed to the bathroom, had a shower, and put on a suit of lounging pyjamas. Back in her bedroom, she brushed her hair and sat a long time at the dressing-table, smoothing a piece of cotton-wool with cleansing lotion over and over her face—chin and cheeks and

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 48

Sheila would have stressed, but Angus hadn't even known she was there!

Standing motionless, her hand still on the handle of the refrigerator door, Vivian tried to recall just how quickly last night, and how convincingly, Angus had stepped in to confirm Sheila's story of their night here together. She had doubted it then, she doubted it still. Had she any reason to do so, except that the story had fallen so pat from the lips of the little schemer, Sheila! If Angus had told it first, spontaneously, there would be no doubt in her mind.

Still puzzling over all this, Vivian left the kitchen and went along to the study. She took up the book she had been reading and went upstairs. Burnside was ruined for her. The months that she had thought to pass here so pleasantly before her mother and father came back now appeared hateful in prospect. They could never be lived here.

In her bedroom, she glanced around, feeling for the first time that its solid Victorian furnishings were more oppressive than comfortable. She found herself heartily disliking the striped wallpaper and the dark blue-and-rose carpet—more flowers—and the heavy chests and wardrobe too big for the room; and the curtains that dwarfed the windows and narrowed the view of red road and orange trees and distant hills and green-blue evening sky.

She threw off her clothes, crossed to the bathroom, had a shower, and put on a suit of lounging pyjamas. Back in her bedroom, she brushed her hair and sat a long time at the dressing-table, smoothing a piece of cotton-wool with cleansing lotion over and over her face—chin and cheeks and

forehead—her attention gone away into a long labyrinthine train of thought.

Her back was to the door, a sound made her turn . . .

Mrs. Siskin was standing just inside, with the door shut behind her.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
● To string beads or to thread a needle more easily, rub the end of the thread with soap. Twist it and let it dry.
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Down in the clearing Denis found that he and the inspector were not alone. Another police car was there before them, and a squad of men had climbed out of it.

Seeing all this activity Denis stopped short. "What's all this?"

Grogan's bulky figure at his elbow seemed to keep him walking, walking over the slippery short grass to the caravan and the men beside it taking off their coats.

Grogan said: "Well, Mr. Paget, if you've got anything standing about loose inside there today—anything like a milk bottle—I advise you to anchor it. We're going to move you on a bit."

A policeman put his shoulder to the caravan and rolled it back six feet.

Six feet. They started to dig.

Quentin's grave was shallow but adequate. The earth from it must have been shovelled into the creek. Above it the grass had been replaced and strewn with twigs and leaves that lay thick around on the creek bank.

The wheels of the caravan straddled it neatly.

On the night of his disappearance, when the detectives had flashed their torches just there, there was nothing to show that the ground had been turned or stirred. There was nothing to show that this grave, cleverly camouflaged, prepared for the earlier victim, had been there, so near, so opportunely. It must have been the work of only a few minutes, those few minutes while Vivian was running for help, to roll back the caravan, put the body in the grave, and leave all as before.

Angus was sent for, and like a seed carried on the wind the news spread. Spread to Carl and Toni sipping beer at the pub, to Colonel Fewster sipping whisky on his verandah, to Petty at the store, to Tyson in his back room; to butcher and baker and candlestick maker . . . In ones and twos, grave-faced and silent, they trickled down the hillside to see the body of Quentin taken out and laid on the grass.

The sight of Mrs. Siskin standing there in the bedroom, looking so flamboyantly alive in her green-and-orange-flowered dress, with the strings and strings of amber beads round her neck, kept Vivian for a moment sitting gaping, half turned on the stool, the wad of cotton-wool pressed to her cheek. The inappositeness of Mrs. Siskin—just there, just then—appearing it seemed out of nowhere, was like one of those ghost stories people tell: you look up and there is the apparition, as silent as death and yet so convincingly substantial.

Vivian threw down the cotton-wool and rose. "Mrs. Sis-

kin!" she said, her tone expressing all the astonishment she felt, and not a little of her confusion.

Mrs. Siskin gave a short laugh. "My word, you gave quite a jump. Sorry if I startled you."

"Just for a moment."

"I did tap."

"Did you? I didn't hear you."

"And rang—downstairs—but you didn't answer."

"I suppose I was so lost in thought I—or perhaps I had the shower on when you rang."

"That's right, I expect you did. So I just walked round and in the kitchen and came up. Hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all, very glad to see you." This was hardly true. It was quite all right to see Mrs. Siskin, but had she really tapped or rung? In this still house it would have been difficult not to hear her.

VIVIAN turned back to the table, smoothed a powder puff over her face, and dabbed on some lipstick. "I was going to ring you," she said to Mrs. Siskin's image in the glass.

"Were you? What for?"

"Why, to thank you for that lovely duck."

"Oh, that was nothing."

"But Colonel Fewster said you'd gone to your sister's."

Mrs. Siskin put up a hand and settled the beads at her neck. "Yes," she said. Her tone was ambiguous.

Odd, Vivian thought. The colonel had plainly said "gone" to her sister. But Mrs. Siskin's yes didn't give any indication of whether he had been mistaken, or whether she was going later, or not going at all.

"I dropped in to wish you a merry Christmas," she said, coming a few steps further into the room.

"Thank you very much. The same to you. Though it's hard to picture anyone having a merry Christmas this year, isn't it? I mean, in our particular little circle."

"Yes," Mrs. Siskin said again in that same neutral tone.

"I should think you'd be glad to get away for a few days. I wish I were going away from here. Anywhere would do me."

"You've only just arrived."

"I know. But after what's happened in this house—"

"Oh, you mustn't let that get on your nerves. You can bet your life something nasty's happened in every house."

"Not murder."

"I shouldn't wonder. Or worse." There was a coolness in her tone.

"No consolation! Shall we go downstairs and have a drink? Tea or something?"

"Why? What's wrong with this? It's nice up here. I always say it's the nicest, best-built house in the district, though it's only small. Nicely furnished, too. What a comfy ottoman!"

She sat down on it, took possession of its plump curves with her own, spread her flouncy skirts, crossed her legs. Handsome legs, with neatly turned ankles, though the thighs were heavy. Her wrists, too, looked strong for all their suppleness.

Vivian felt wan and inadequate in the face of the other's hardy assurance.

Mrs. Siskin said: "Mind if I smoke?" and opened her bag and took out cigarettes.

"No—no, have one of mine."

She went across and held out a packet.

"Thanks." Mrs. Siskin took one and bent her head to the flame that Vivian held. The densely dyed hair glistened richly as it glowed from the sky.

Sitting back and looking full

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Continuing . . .

THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 55

into Vivian's face, she said: "Do you think they'll ever find out who did this murder?"

Vivian's eyes lifted quickly from her own cigarette end. "No, I don't—at least, they may. I suppose it sometimes takes a long time."

"And sometimes never, eh?"

"Of course . . . sometimes never."

"I wonder if they're on to anybody yet."

"I suppose they've got theories, if no very strong evidence."

"Evidence," Mrs. Siskin repeated. "Yes, that's what they're after." She settled the beads again. "They were fiddling around our place, asking about a big blue honey tin, the other day."

With Mrs. Siskin's eyes so steadily on her, Vivian felt her color suddenly rise. She turned and picked up the bedside table and crossed up an ashtray, brought it back and put it down beside Mrs. Siskin, casually.

"A blue honey tin?" she murmured as though more concerned with her guest being supplied with plenty of cigarettes and ashtrays than with what that guest was saying.

"Yes, with kero in it, they said. They didn't only ask, either. Went rooting around in the sheds at the back looking for it."

"Really? . . . You never know what they're going to do or say next, do you?" Vivian heard herself say in a voice that seemed to waver.

"I was wondering, if you knew why, what this tin could have to do with the murder?"

L

ifting her head, Vivian blew a plume of smoke. It rushed on her that this was the "merry Christmas" Mrs. Siskin had come to discuss! It was this she had marched up here, unasked, to talk and probe about.

And didn't she know the answer to her own question! Behind those glowing red-brown eyes wasn't there a shrewd idea that her, Vivian's, visit round the back the other day hadn't been to look at newly hatched ducklings but had had the same object as the police's later visit.

Dare she say no to Mrs. Siskin's question? Lie, perhaps quite patently? Why was she suddenly afraid to say yes? . . .

She said: "I'm afraid I don't know, Mrs. Siskin."

"You haven't got any idea?" The eyes were still on her steadily. "Heard any gossip of anything about it?"

A shake of the head was all Vivian's answer. Standing there, she felt like an insect pierced through by a pin, the pin of Mrs. Siskin's thrusting glance. Mrs. Siskin, so much in command of the situation, the quiet house and the purposeful talk leading—where?

She forced herself to sit down, not on the ottoman beside the overowering figure but perched on the end of the bed, with an arm thrown round the post and a tousled leg tucked oh so casually under her.

Mrs. Siskin was sitting stiffly upright. The well-corseted figure was permitted no weakness. She said slowly: "I wonder if they're trying to tie up that tin with the fire last year?"

"The fire?"

"Yes, you know. Kerosene. 'Somebody laying for Rowena Latham as early as that and trying to burn her in the house there.'"

"Surely not. Wasn't it more or less proved that Rowena or Mark threw a lighted match or cigarette down in the kitchen?"

"That's right, that was always

known. Tight, as they probably were. And with better things to think about than where they dropped their butts." She lifted her cigarette and took a deep pull. The long ash that was drooping on it fell into her lap. She gathered up her skirts and got up.

Vivian said: "Don't worry," and got up, too.

Mrs. Siskin went to the fireplace and shook the ash on to the hearth.

Vivian thought, break up this detestable atmosphere, get her downstairs and off the subject. The room was hot and smoke-filled, the hotter, it seemed, for Mrs. Siskin's crowding presence.

Crossing to the door, Vivian turned the handle.

As though the cool china knob with its pattern of gold fern had been red hot, her hand dropped from it and she moved away.

The door was locked! Mrs. Siskin had locked them in! . . .

Mrs. Siskin, back turned, was still standing at the hearth, brushing the ash off her skirt.

Calling up every ounce of control, Vivian strolled over to the dressing-table, lifted up an old scent-bottle . . . picked the glass stopper . . . put it back. A sickly smell of rose attar came out to her. Or was this feeling of near-nausea just because her heart was thumping so sickeningly?

She put it down again on the table. Miss Laura Latham's scent-bottle. Had anything like this ever happened before in this room? To Miss Laura? How would she have behaved if it had? Fainted? Screamed?

Well, she herself wasn't going to do either.

Anyhow, perhaps Mrs. Siskin was just playing some silly hoax or other. Perhaps there weren't any grounds for panic.

Yes, there were. Grounds and plenty! What could it mean, to lock a door, take out the key, and slip it into your bag? And then start to probe, to find out what your prisoner knew and whether she had informed against you! If all that wasn't sinister, what was?

When she had first appeared, apparition-like inside the room, with her back to the door, the small sound must have been the key turning softly in the lock, being withdrawn, delicately, purposefully. You might turn a key almost accidentally, in an absent-minded moment, but to take it out of the lock—

Vivian bent to the glass, ran a comb through her hair, watched Mrs. Siskin turn from the fireplace and lean an elbow on the mantelpiece, awaiting, it seemed, without hurry, the next move.

"What about that drink?" Vivian said. "Don't you feel rather like a long cool gin sling?"

"Not specially. Thanks a lot. I don't feel like drinking to-night."

"Just as you like." She heard a fatal note of propitiation creeping into her own voice. She hadn't, she just hadn't the courage to force the issue by saying, "Well, I'd like a drink, come along downstairs."

Instead, making a show of looking at her watch, only a show because the figures were dancing before her eyes, she said: "We'll wait for Denis then, he should be here any minute."

"He told me a different story. I met him in Petty's this after-

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Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 56

soon, late, and he happened to mention he was running down to town this evening. Taking some toys to his brother's kid-
"Yes . . . yes. I know he meant to, but he—he rang up just before you came in. He changed his mind, he's coming here."

A small smile appeared on Mrs. Siskin's darkly painted mouth. "Did he really?"

Vivian thought, she doesn't believe me. She knows as well as I do that Denis is half way to Sydney by now, that there's no one anywhere near. She doesn't believe my denial about the tin, either. This woman standing there is seething—

something with rage against me! Because she thinks I've given the police the clue to lead them to what she's done. Try at least—at least now—to wipe out the impression that anything I've told them was directed against her. That's all I can do.

She said quickly: "Mrs. Siskin, I'm afraid I—I didn't come quite clean with you just now."

"Didn't you?" How chilling her tone was! "I didn't think you had."

"No. I saw that tin near the bridge over the creek the other morning. I smelt it had kerosene in it, and I remembered I'd seen it on the back verandah of the cottage that night just before it was burnt down, and—yes, I did tell the police about it. But I hadn't the faintest idea who it belonged to, and nor have they, I'm sure, any more than you have. You see?"

If Mrs. Siskin saw she gave a sign. Not a muscle of her finely fleshed face or body moved.

"I did go looking for it," Vivian hurried on. "That was before I told them. But I didn't only look in your place. I looked in the Hennesseys' and at Pine Hill. I wanted to be able to assure the police when they told them about it that it didn't belong to anyone I knew, and I'm sure they don't suspect anyone in particular—I mean, of course—you can see, can't you? I suppose I wouldn't ever have mentioned it to them if I known who the tin belonged to."

Breathlessly, her own voice seemed to be going on and on. A note of fear was rising in it. She didn't Mrs. Siskin say anything. Does she know I know she's locked up in?

Vivian heard herself murmur automatically: "I didn't know who belonged to."

Mrs. Siskin came away from

the hearth and took up her stance in the middle of the room. "Have you decided now?"

"No, no, no!" Vivian cried, involuntarily retreating a step. The other's words and tone ripped away the front that she had been struggling to maintain, to keep erected between herself and Mrs. Siskin, the front that hid her knowledge of the locked door and her own blind fear.



"My wife has been having bad luck with biscuits lately."

Panic rushed to her lips in a babble of words: "I never thought it was yours, or said that I thought so to anyone, anyone, or tried to do you any harm, or wished any harm to you for a moment. So you've got no cause to harm me, to come up here and third-degree me and — and whatever you mean to do. You can't do it, you can't do it! Unlock this door, unlock this door!" She rushed over and shook and wrenched at the handle.

It was then, as she stood there, that a thought—no, an awareness—that had been trying to get through to her for the last few minutes, broke into her consciousness.

The smell of fire! Fire! Yes, the house was on fire! She smelt it, heard the crackle of it below. She thought, she's set a fire going! All this time it's been coming closer, and now she'll strike me down and slip away herself, leaving me to burn in the empty house!

They weren't thoughts that were pouring through Vivian's head, but the stampede of fear that seizes you when the last moment of peril is upon you.

"Fire!" she was crying. "Fire! Unlock it! Let me out!" shaking the door with all her strength.

Then she rushed to the win-

dow, threw it wider, leant out. Already thick smoke was billowing up.

She screamed, screamed. But Mrs. Siskin shouldered her aside. It was Mrs. Siskin's solid form that now filled the window. Mrs. Siskin's panic screams that rent the air.

Denis it was who first saw the smoke.

They were still standing about in the clearing, waiting, watching, wordless spectators of the unhurried police procedure of the exhumation.

He murmured to Angus: "That's a fire up there."

Angus looked up. "Some fool's lighted a bonfire."

But Denis went on looking, shielding his eyes with his hand from the red sunset in the west.

Suddenly he exclaimed: "Bonfire be damned! That's Burnside!" and started to run. Angus followed him, and Carl. At the word "fire" others joined the race up the track to the road.

Fire has an attraction for fire. By the same law that draws love to love and hate to hate, flame rushes to meet and join with flame. So the four fires, kindled in the downstairs rooms of the old cottage, had quickly met and mounted, united, step by step up the stairway. As the rescuers ran into the garden the house confronting them was like a giant lantern, filled to bursting with an orange glow that outdid the flaming sunset. The frantic cries from Vivian's room rose above the roar and crackle of the burning building.

Through the front and back doors, battered in — both were found to be locked — it was speedily seen that there was no hope of rescue by the stairs, and it was Carl who came running with the ladder and propped it against the bedroom window.

Wrapped in blankets snatched from the bed, Mrs. Siskin and Vivian, more dead than alive with terror, were half carried, half dragged down to safety.

The brigade, telephoned for, was away on duty elsewhere, and, as on that night a year ago, the fire had taken too firm a hold to be quenched by garden hoses and sorties with wet sacks. By the fierce heat and menace of it, back through the garden they were driven, to stand helpless in the road and watch the fury gain and conquer floor and wall and roof.

Burnside, with its prim rooms

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Runnin' noses here again



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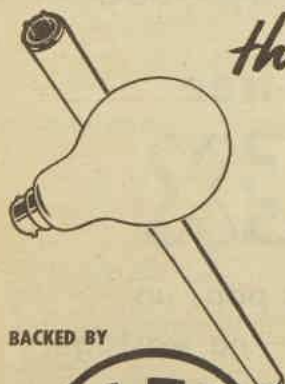


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Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

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and period pieces, its ninety years of sedate living and few notorious days of catastrophe, was coming to an end all in one brief hour of a summer evening.

It was a spectacle from whose magnificent incandescence nobody could move away. People stood about, shuddering at each new crash from the burning house. Fewster said, ambling up to Angus: "Of course, old man, you're insured?" It sounded somehow indecent, like asking at an expensive funeral. "Can you afford all this?" Angus muttered something in reply. Old Tyson, his face like a mummy, prepared to leave. "Good night, Mr. Latham . . . I'm very sorry." Sorry for what? For the past? For the fire? They shook hands.

At last Angus took Vivian's arm. "Let's go. The car's up the road here, let's go."

"That's right, Angus, no use waiting," Colonel Fewster went to lead Mrs. Siskin away.

MR. SISKIN backed, gave one wild, lost look around, but made no move to go with him.

Instead, Grogan stepped between them. His hand was on Fewster's shoulder. He said: "Half a minute, Colonel. There's one or two things we want to ask you to explain."

Fewster pulled up short, turned to shake off the inspector's hand, glared round at him, began to protest, to bluster. But on the moment, his face seemed to sag, and his lids drooped over eyes too taken by surprise to hide the flame of guilt, the flame of murder.

It was midnight. Vivian and Mrs. Siskin had been taken up to Pine Hill to be agreeably made much of by Mrs. Latham. Now Vivian and Denis were seeing off the inspector.

Grogan was saying: "You see, the only person who claimed to see that snake was the colonel. Arriving with the baker. Now you remember I told you the deceased had flour on her cheek: those big floury loaves the baker carried. The sultana by her body in the attic: the baker again, with those buns he'd had

in the back of the cart. The paint on her skirt, collected at a quarter to eleven when he arrived with the baker. See?"

"Now, there's no surer way, as well you know, of keeping people glued to a spot than to sing out, 'Look, a snake,' poking away with sticks and that, and then standing around swapping yarns about the snake they saw last week."

Vivian nodded. "Yes, that's what it was like exactly. We all clustered round trying to see where it had got to."

"Well, while he had you all occupied that way, Fewster had all the time he needed to nip round to the front, lift her body out of the baker's cart and carry it up to the attic, lock her in and slip down by the ladder."

Denis murmured: "You mean he brought her to Burnside in the baker's cart?"

"That's right, Mr. Paget. He's a bold criminal and no two ways about it. Mind, not that he ever had that idea in his head when he killed her. You see, it was this way:

"It was a premeditated crime. He planned to kill her as she was coming from the train, and that's what he did. But one thing had gone wrong and he had to improvise. The night before, he'd dug that grave in the clearing and lightly covered it with leaves and stuff, but during the night you come along with your caravan and park right over it, straddle it with your wheels.

"He doesn't know you're there till he's waylaid her next morning and killed her. He thought to carry the body down and put it in that grave as safe as could be. Instead, he gets to the top of the rise and looks down, and there's your caravan, and you, no doubt, in it."

"I was," Denis agreed. "I was cooking breakfast."

"Yes, well, he must've been in a real fix till he sees the baker coming along and hits on this bold idea. The baker tells me that he always went into the colonel's place—the last place on his round—and had a cup of tea in the kitchen with Mrs. Siskin. On that particular morning, Fewster was hanging round the gate when

he arrived. The baker, as usual, leaves his old horse cropping the grass; the cart with the two doors at the back is empty now.

"Well, after a few minutes Fewster follows him into the kitchen and suggests taking some cakes up to Miss Wyatt. He tells the baker she might happen to want a loaf, the last loaf in his basket. He takes the plate of cakes and they stroll up the road together, changing away, the old horse ambles along after them, like he does."

"But his motive, his motive?" Vivian asked. "What harm had poor Rowena ever done to him?"

"Not much up to then, Mrs. Wyatt, but I reckon she must've threatened to do him considerable harm if he went on keeping alive that old scandal about her and Mark Tyson. The way I see it—because we got to fill in some of the gaps by reading backwards—while she was no country she did a lot of hard thinking, and when she arrived down and took that flat in Sydney she must've contacted him, rung or written him, and told him that remembering the threatening letter he'd written her she had a pretty shrewd idea he'd started that fire a year ago, and that arson that resulted in a death was a very serious crime. He did some hard thinking himself then, and decided to do away with her."

"A year ago, when she prevented him getting Burnside, he didn't hate her with any murder in his heart, but he hated her plenty. I find he was at the pub the night of the fire and saw Mark Tyson set off for the cottage. He left soon after and could've seen her car coming through the village at a quarter to nine. Well, it was pretty well known they met there, and he was safe in thinking she was on her way to meet him then. So home he goes for his keruene tin and back he comes and sets the fire going."

"Who calls Mr. Latham to the scene? The dairyman's son, sent running by Fewster. And why Mr. Latham? So he could be a spectator among the people that gathered when the pair ran out of the burning house 'in their night attire' as the papers would put it. It was his way of taking revenge on

To page 59

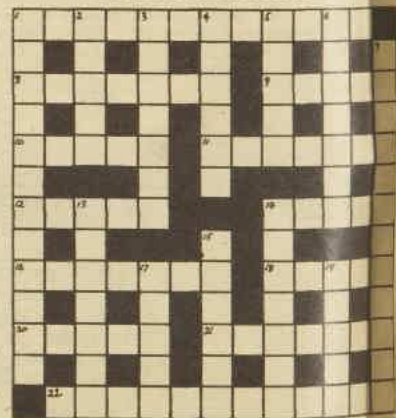
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Shelley hailed the skylark as this (6, 6).
8. Conquered Mussolini surrounded by scarlet (7).
9. I distribute the cards with a standard of perfection (5).
10. This race once conquered England (5).
11. Arrangement of troops in the form of steps (7).
12. Singularly (5).
14. This pup may give you help and some still be left over (5).
16. Thousand in disturbed rest in this important church (7).
18. Man-like mechanism made famous by Capek (5).
20. Sways in dances forming eights (5).
21. Agitation of the mind and mine, too (7).
22. If it's day, then it is the 4th of July (12).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. If the building these actors attack had wings they could play Don Quixote (4-8).
2. Pointer for color-blind examiners (5).
3. Make stale a hired horse (7).
4. This is abrupt (6).
5. People of a European nation who can make a stew (5).
6. Cold floating sheet (7).
7. Pence, not pile, give absolute power (12).
13. Nudge on an underground prison (7).
14. A general of the Chinese Civil War or William II of Germany (3-4).
15. Siftings of coke, a gentle wind, or a gadfly (6).
17. The sensation produced by certain organs in the mouth (5).
19. This man must have brain though not in order (5).

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 58

her. But he couldn't know that young Tyson was alone in there, drunk and insensible, and her, I reckon, nowhere near to be shamed or otherwise."

Denis said: "You're right there. She didn't go there that night at all. I can confirm that now."

And he told them of the incident of his watch, left with old Tyson at a quarter to nine, after which he himself had gone straight to the caravan and Rowena had joined him there five minutes later. "But about Quentin?" he queried.

Vivian answered this:

"That's not difficult to guess. The morning I noticed that honey tin by the creek, he must've seen it, too, may have seen the colonel with it. You remember Quentin came up to Pine Hill just behind us. And now I remember that on the night of the fire he could have been right on my heels, walking past the cottage from the village, and have seen it then as I did, because he came in looking for Toni and told me that that was where he had been."

What Colonel Fewster was doing down there the other morning with the kerosene I don't know. . . . He was always messing around down the hill there at the back of his property . . . burning fire-breaks . . . that sort of thing."

"I see. Fewster must somehow have seen Quentin's reaction to the tin, you mean, and taken it right home and destroyed it?"

"Yes. And in the evening the poor boy met him, I suppose, and tackled him about it and . . ."

"And that was that!" Grogan said grimly. "With a nice empty grave so temptingly near and you out, Mr. Paget, he only had to roll the caravan back six feet. That night when we were hunting for the boy I looked in the caravan and there was a milk bottle on its side on the table and milk spilt."

"I didn't think anything at the time, though automatically I set the bottle right—being a fairly tidy man myself—but today when I heard what an extra tidy man you were I suddenly thought, you didn't go out and leave a bottle of milk upset. Somebody had moved the caravan after you'd left."

Denis said: "Viv, you and Mrs. Siskin were lucky to get out of Burnside alive. He must've gone completely crackers, and was ready to kill everybody in Latham West before he went down himself. Like a gunman that runs amok and shoots everything."

Grogan gave a nod. "You said it, Mr. Paget. When we questioned everyone about that tin, Fewster said as quick as lightning, no, he'd never had such a thing, and Mrs. Siskin heard him say it. She says it set her mind working and she began to be afraid he'd gone batty and was responsible for both these killings, three, you might say. She got windy and told him she was going away for the holidays. But she slipped up to Burnside to try and find out what you knew. Miss Wyatt, if you'd had the same idea about the colonel."

"She didn't want to actually show her hand or give him away in case she was wrong. He suspected her of guessing what she had guessed and saw her go into Burnside. So out comes the kerosene again. He thought everyone was far afield, Mr. Paget in town, the Hennesseys at the pub. But for us all being down there at the caravan he'd have had a couple more victims."

"Some psychologists say," Denis mused, "that the man who burns places, the firebug, has a latent homicidal impulse. The color of fire, in his unconscious, symbolises blood."

"Yes, well, it's all very sad," Grogan said cheerfully. "This lovely property . . . and Mr. Latham . . . very sad for him."

But Vivian was thinking, not so sad, perhaps, as it might have been. For she had sensed tonight a change in Angus' manner to Sheila, a coldness in his glance and voice. Sheila's treachery to Denis this afternoon, all her behaviour of the past few days, had opened Angus' eyes. Something told her that the marriage would never take place.

When the sound of the car had died away down the drive and the silence of the night had seeped back around them, Vivian turned, leant her head against Denis, murmured: "Darling, is that offer of a honeymoon in the caravan still open?"

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"So Love Returns" tells of the strange girl Kathleen, who came to be a guardian angel for two little children whose mother had died. No one knows where Kathleen came from. The children, Trisha and Chris, tell their father, Lenny, she came from the sea, she has fins and swims like a fish.

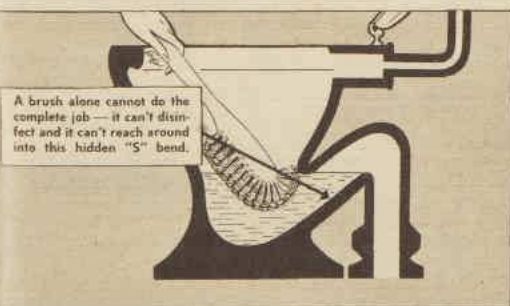
Half-believing, half-doubting, Lenny accepts Kathleen as one of the family and is as happy with her as the children are. But he and Kathleen fall in love and from her he learns that his love for his dead wife is not lost, that love is eternal.

Robert Nathan has woven a rich fabric of fantasy into his unforgettably beautiful love story, so don't miss the first instalment next week.

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AS I READ the STARS By EVE HILLIARD For week beginning June 15



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck through a blunder.

★ This week may be a comedy of errors, muddled, misunderstandings, which, curiously enough, work out to everybody's satisfaction. A mistake in a message may develop into a better arrangement; what was intended as sharp criticism could end up as praise for your quick wit. Rely on nothing, but be prepared for anything.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21—MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in being practical.

★ The girl who keeps her feet late. You wait for the friend of a friend to organize something. Just step out under your own steam and get going. You may be no genius, but you're certainly average with talent you have never used. Whether this means contacting people or making your first frock or hat, see if you, too, can't hit the target.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in new ventures.

★ You have come to the end of a cycle, especially in personal relationships. There is the temptation to cling to what's familiar while dabbling in the new and exciting. This can apply to various organizations, associations, friendships, even to a beloved who has played a part in your life. It is dangerous to juggle with human beings.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22—JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a little push.

★ Events hang fire, delays irritate. You wait for the friend of a friend to organize something. Just step out under your own steam and get going. You may be no genius, but you're certainly average with talent you have never used. Whether this means contacting people or making your first frock or hat, see if you, too, can't hit the target.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23—AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in popularity.

★ As the social whirl moves ever faster, many a wallflower may envy you, whether you are young or middle-aged. Whether you're the debutante or the useful committee member, popularity is your portion. The opposite sex is likely to seek you out, looking for a friend who is young, advice if you are older. You'll be one of the inner circle.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in taking command.

★ If you're a homemaker, minor business in the household, relationship on the part of a member of the family may add to your work. There may be a showdown and you'll find yourself obliged to lay down the law, put people in their places and see they stay there. If a parent, this may involve rules for teenagers and friends.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in study.

★ If you live in town and can attend a class for the purpose of developing a hobby you can spend happy hours with congenial people and, besides you, Arts and crafts belong to the winter. If you're a would-be potter, weaver, block printer, or dreamer, the hours will fly. If you live too far away for classes, books will help.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in hard work.

★ If you want to meet that good-looking stranger again, hunt out the people who know him and invite them to your home—of course, the invitation includes the object of your interest. If you plan to tackle the marriage partner on a debatable question, give him a good dinner first. If trying to improve your house, try to save expense.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a partnership.

★ In company with one other person you should be more fortunate than alone. If indulging in a speculative flutter, choose someone who appears to be lucky. If entering a competition, work together; your chances are thus doubled. Should this be a romantic partnership between the sexes, remember outings grow into regular dates, then love.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in having fun.

★ You've been steady, conscientious, with the same old round. Suddenly you can't stand it any longer. You decide to meet a friend in town, go to lunch or a matinee, do a bit of window-shopping or bump off to an exhibition or demonstration which interests you. If the family resents a couple of scratch meals, it might do them good to help.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck through young people.

★ If a teenager, you and your friends decide to take on an exciting adventure in which you share. If a parent, a child may win a prize or a distinction, or have the opportunity to shine before the public. If a social worker, you help to organize a party, club, or activity for youth. If a teacher, you prepare some special event for the children.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, silver.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Luck beside the fire.

★ There's the book you intended to read weeks ago, but you never seem to have time. There's the jumper with only a few inches left to complete it; why not take it in hand? Persuade a neighbor to spend the evening with you, especially if you have a mutual hobby. Invite your beloved to listen to some new records and serve a casual supper.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

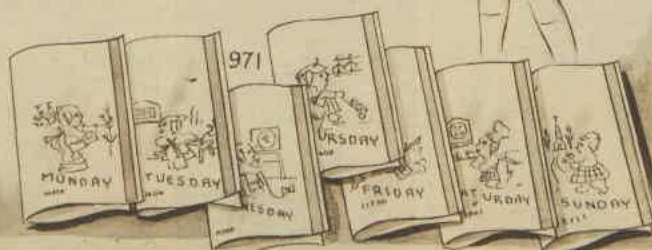
No. 965.—GIRL'S SKIRT AND JACKET
Pretty gathered skirt and matching jacket for a small girl is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. Color choice includes American Beauty, pillarbox-red, turquoise, dark brown, and royal blue. Sizes: 6-10 years 51/3; 11-12 years 56/3; 13-14 years 59/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

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Skirt-and-blouse set for a small girl is obtainable cut out ready to make in checked, fleecy-backed cotton. Color choice includes red and white, blue and white. Sizes: 4-6 years 31/3; 7-8 years 33/3; 9-10 years 35/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

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JACKY'S DiARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 3 1/2

Only then she changed her mind & made us clean the whole house instead of just the springs under the bed.



Yesterday Daddy & Me put on old clothes to help Mommy do her Spring Cleaning.



1st she made me throw out ALL of my old Toys from when I was a Little Kid. Which was about 3 Months Ago.



P.S. But at leasid she gave them to the Poor People in the Charity Home to play with, so I didn't feel so Bad.



Pretty soon Daddy started into beat up Mommy's Persian Rug with a big Fly-Swatter. Lots of Dust fell out of it, but not a single Persian.



So then I washed them on the in-Side to suprise Him. And Boy he Sure was.



So then I helped Mommy change the clothes on the sofa. Which is the best Part About Spring Cleaning cause some times you find lots of Money Underwear People sit.



ADD VICE When Rich People Visit your House, make sure & give them the most comfible chair to sit in. That way more Money will fall out of they're pockets. Your Friend, JACKY

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD



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Your kidneys are not working properly, uric acids and poisons are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that will not leave. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLINE in MEN-THOLS helps cleanse your blood of poisons and soothes and assists tired, overworked kidneys to normal healthy functioning. If you suffer kidney and or weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, neuralgias or hot flushes, start MENTHOLS treatment to-day. MENTHOLS, with diet chart, are 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

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Wrinkles form in the older weather because the skin contracts, making it hard for the little ducts to feed and protect the surface skin. Those of you with dry skins should take a little extra care at this time of the year. Smooth oil of lanolin over the face and neck daily, before you make-up and again before retiring. This hygroscopic (moisture attracting) oil will give the complexion a youthful bloom and is the finest protection against wrinkle dryness.

Margaret Merril.



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Mandrake the Magician

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers

WEEKLY

June 17, 1959

**Ski
holiday**

... pages 8, 9

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LETTERS

Rockers should be original

I AM a young teenager, all for rock-n-roll, but if song-writers will insist on rock-n-roll, why don't they create new songs instead of ruining old ones? While listening to the radio this morning I heard "South of the Border" sung in such a manner it was not recognisable. This tune thoroughly destroyed my liking of the original song.—*Jan Rice, 8 Darling St., Bourke, N.S.W.*

God-fearing lot

IT was a pleasant surprise and an eye-opener for most, when all those rock-n-roll fans and Elvis Presley admirers set out in full strength to attend the meetings during the Billy Graham campaign. They were serious and sincere and proved to us that at heart they are a sound and God-fearing lot.—*"Surprised Mother," Adelaide.*

Equal at 15

WHY do people always say 15 is too young to go steady? When an Italian princess of that age got married, everybody seemed to think it was glamorous and correct and the church gave its blessing. But the same people look down their noses when 15-year-olds hold hands in the pictures. Is 15 old enough for Italian princesses but too young for Australians? I thought we were supposed to be equalitarians in this country.—*S.B., Mosman, N.S.W.*

Wasted years

A WORD of warning to prospective teachers: your position could very likely be the same as mine. I spent two years training to be a primary teacher, but am forced to teach kindergarten children. This is two years wasted, as the work I did at college is useless to me now. Also it is not fair to the children as I don't know how to teach them properly. Still want to take up teaching? No wonder teachers are short! —*"Fed Up Already," Cammeray, N.S.W.*

American tyranny

THE modern Australian teenager has modelled himself on the typical American teenager. When will the Australian teen-population cease to ape their American counterparts and identify themselves as typical Australian teenagers? The Americans dictate the fashions for teenage casual wear, hit music and hero-worship, and

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

American slang is considered "the most." The injustice of this American tyranny is surely shown by the recent release on record of "Waltzing Matilda," sung and written by Jimmy Rogers. It is unimportant that this American singer cannot distinguish between "billibog" and "billabong," and this poor imitation of Australia's national song has already reached the hit-parades. At seventeen I would like to see less of the American element in all our doings. —*Miss P. Holkin, 179 Mitchell St., North Ward, Townsville.*

High price of skin

IF I could be granted one wish it would be to have a flawless complexion. I really envy those girls with "peaches-and-cream skins." Do they realise they are born with a ready-made dowry? The cost of cosmetics is nothing to be scoffed at. I for one will have to resort to such drastic measures as letting nature take its own course—wrinkles, lines, etc.—*R.W., Toongabbie, N.S.W.*

The good old way

WE teenagers feel that our parents do not spend enough time with us. They take little or no interest in our hobbies, are nearly always too busy

to listen to our sorrows, and have no desire to put aside their own problems to help us solve ours. Years ago everything was centred on the home, but today that's "old-fashioned." Let's make an all-out drive to establish the old relationship and show our parents that we teenagers would like to spend more time with them.—*R.S., Redfern, N.S.W.*

Prepare to vote

HOW many young Australians realise how important it is to have a basic knowledge of economics and politics? When we turn 21 we will have the right to vote. In our hands will rest the power of deciding who is to govern our country. It would be a very good idea if economics and politics were taught more widely in our schools.—*C.P., Lismore, N.S.W.*

Why black ban?

WHY do we teenagers plead in vain when it comes to wearing black? Always the answer is, "But you're too young." Many of us would look very nice in a neat black outfit with a touch of color. Must we wait until we are old and grey?—"Waiting," *Richmond, Melbourne.*

Mum's the word

MUM is always complaining about us kids calling out "Mum" all the time. Every time something is wanted it is "Mum, where is this?", "Mum, where is that?" Once Mum was having a rest, and my brother yelled out from the



VENETIA STEVENSON . . . "Not too glamorous."

TAB HUNTER told your reporter Carol Tatterfield (*Teenagers' Weekly*, 10/6/59) that he was "seeing a lot of a girl called Venetia Stevenson back home. But she's not too glamorous. Just interesting." What does Mr. Hunter want? Miss Stevenson, at 20, is known in America as "The most photogenic girl in the world." The enclosed photograph of her, taken by Californian Don Ornitz ("the most published photographer of glamorous women in America") has been published all over the world. Since her divorce from film star Russ Tamblyn in 1957 she has become one of the most eligible girls in Hollywood. No glamor, Tab! She sure MUST be interesting.—*P.M., Cremorne, Sydney.*

verandah, "Mum, where are you?" Mum's reply: "Here. What do you want?" "Nothing," answered my brother, "I just wondered where you were." —*Miss Julie MacDonald, Pemberton, W.A.*

Refused to go

I SHALL never forget going to a funeral when I was eight. A school-friend died, and all her classmates went to the funeral. I have vowed never to go to another after seeing the reaction of the dead girl's mother and father as the little coffin was lowered into the ground.

It was the most heartbreaking scene I have ever witnessed. Whenever I think of that girl I remember the funeral.

My grandfather died recently, and my relatives were shocked because I didn't go to his funeral. They said I should have gone to show my respect. I don't care what they think. I showed my respect to him when he was alive.

I want always to remember and love him as he was when he was alive. —*"Respectful," (Name supplied.)*

Fares unfair

SURELY it's time the age for charging adult fares to children should be raised from 14 to 16 years. With many more children attending secondary schools, it is our parents on whom the financial burden falls and it leaves them two avenues to restrict outings to a minimum, or to cut their own pleasures. —*Bruce Smith, 30 The Crescent, North Mackay, Qld.*



Brickbats

What do you most dislike about members of the opposite sex? For each brickbat published we will pay £1/1/-.

HIS

● I don't think girls should be "clever." I mean too smart. Some of the boys say that clever girls make them feel inferior and dumb, as though they are no longer the boss — just a stooge. But I feel differently about it.

I feel that the girl is just showing off. I start to get furious with the girl, because she is not really making the best of herself and everyone else is either scared of her or just plain dislikes her.

I like a girl to be clever at her job, and I think all the boys admire a bit of imagination or stickability in both girls and boys.

But somehow you like girls not to talk about their achievements or to "talk shop."

And especially I don't like them to try to be smart—or smarter—when they are talking about men's interests or work. That just shows unintelligence.—*Tom E., Rose Bay, N.S.W.*



HERS

● Boys just won't grow up and I get sick to death of the "anything - you - can-do-I-can-do-better" act that they put on in front of girls.

Sometimes—or most times—it's about cars or drinks. When we all go out in a crowd the boys all try to race each other in cars, and just generally play "chicken."

I pretend that I'm enjoying it all but really I'm quite terrified, and I know most of the other girls are, too. We are scared that if we grouch at the boys they will think we're spoil-sports and won't take us out.

And it is the same with drinking. All the boys try to have just "one more" beer than the others, and then they think they are quite sober when they drive us home from parties. We know they are not, but there is no other way of getting home.—*Sue A., Wagga, N.S.W.*

★ TEST YOUR FASHION KNOW-HOW ★

What you wear is a matter of choice — your choice . . .

. . . but sometimes teenagers make mistakes in fashion. This is only from lack of experience, and it's soothing to remember that time will remedy that. See how you rate in this quiz, "What'll I Wear To . . ."



1. A barbecue party, outdoors, 7 p.m. till midnight:

- (a) Heather - mixture tweed sheath dress, brown cuban-heeled courts, big gold earrings.
- (b) Dark caramel-colored corduroy velvet slacks, turquoise bulky wool sweater, black leather flatties, turquoise headband.
- (c) Blue jeans, white sloppy-joe, canvas sneakers.

2. Dinner at home (for the first time) with your boyfriend's family:

- (a) Tapered black velvet pants, off-the-shoulder lime sweater, black suede flatties, six charm bracelets.
- (b) Grey flannel suit, red rose pinned to left lapel, red shoes, grey gloves and handbag.
- (c) Hyacinth wool princess-line dress, cream accessories, pearls.

3. A 6.30 p.m. wedding and reception afterwards at a city hotel:

- (a) White organdie debutante dress, pale green stole, green veil to mask your hair.
- (b) Short, shell-pink silk taffeta evening dress, deeper pink satin shoes and bag, pink rose on your head.
- (c) Forest-green wool dress with matching jacket, cream accessories, cream velvet bow "top-knot."

4. A Saturday all-day picnic organised by the Church younger set:

- (a) Caramel corduroy velvet slacks, turquoise wool sweater, black flatties.
- (b) Tweed slim-skirted dress, flatties, red cardigan and matching headband.
- (c) Grey pleated wool skirt, watermelon - pink twinset and/or sweater, flatties, long grey socks.

5. An informal dance at the local hall:

- (a) Pink figured wool dress (full skirt, camisole top), black suede courts, pearl earrings.
- (b) Dark blue velvet Bermuda shorts, long white socks and flatties, white long-sleeved blouse.
- (c) Yellow organdie full-skirted dress with five petticoats, yellow satin shoes and bag, circlet of daisies on your hair.

6. Saturday night movies in town:

- (a) Grey pleated skirt, pink twinset, topcoat, black cuban-heeled courts.
- (b) Brown tweed tailored suit with blouse, cuban-heeled shoes, green headband.
- (c) Green wool dress with matching jacket, cream accessories.

7. Your first Old Girls' Dance held by your former school:

- (a) Black velvet strapless dress, rhinestone earrings, mother's fur stole.
- (b) White organdie dress, pale

green stole and matching handbag.

- (c) Short dark green lace sheath dress, matching satin shoes and bag.

8. Lunch in the city with a girl-friend and her mother:

- (a) Pink figured wool camisole-topped dress, black suede courts.
- (b) Brown tweed suit (loose jacket, slim skirt), pretty blouse, cuban-heeled shoes, green headband.

- (c) Grey skirt, pink twinset, topcoat, high-heeled black courts, matching handbag.

9. A casual record evening at a friend's house:

- (a) Navy wool dress with a white collar and white bowtie, navy accessories, pearls.
- (b) Blue velvet Bermuda shorts, white blouse, long socks, and flatties.
- (c) Red quilted velvet skirt, beige sweater, flatties.

10. A call on the personnel officer of a big company, applying for your first job:

- (a) Green wool dress with matching jacket, green velvet bow on your hair, black accessories.
- (b) Navy wool dress with white collar, matching navy pillbox hat, bag, and shoes, white gloves.
- (c) Grey pleated skirt, pink sweater, topcoat, flatties.

★ AND FIND YOUR RATING HERE ★

HERE are the solutions. Take five points for each correct answer:

1. (a) No. Too dressy. (b) Yes. It's a party, but it's casual. (c) No. Too sloppy.
2. (a) No. Totally unsuitable. (b) No. Too severe. (c) Yes. Be feminine.
3. (a) No. It's incorrect to wear either white or black to a wedding. (b) Yes. Very pretty, too. (c) No. A wedding after 6 p.m. is formal.
4. (a) No. NOT velvet for a picnic. (b) No. A dress isn't casual enough. (c) Yes. And the long socks will protect your legs from brambles.
5. (a) Yes. An informal dance doesn't call for a "dress-up-to-kill" look. (b) NO. (c) No. Much too elaborate.
6. (a) No. Too casual. (b) No. Too business-like for Saturday night. (c) Yes. Go for the pretty-pretty idea.
7. (a) No. You aren't a vamp — yet. (b) Yes. Look young, feminine, and pretty. (c) No. Too sophisticated.
8. (a) No. Too bare for lunch in town. (b) Yes. Don't try to wear something "different." (c) No. Too casual.
9. (a) No. Too prim for a party. (b) No. You'll probably be sitting on the floor and that's not the time to

- wear shorts. (c) Yes. Casual and pretty, too.
- 10. (a) No. Too dressed up. (b) Yes. Pretty but efficient. (c) No. Too casual.

Your score:

- 50 points: Excellent. Go to the top of the class.
- 45 points: Good.
- 40 points: Promising.
- 35 points: Not bad, but TRY.
- 30 points: There's always hope.
- 25 points (and below): Terrible. Read all the fashion magazines you can.



Teenage marriage

- If you are thinking of marrying another teenager—before you are out of your teens—think well before you take the plunge.

Last year in New South Wales there were 28,554 marriages, of which one in 23 was of teenage boys and girls. Of the 3217 divorces, one in 24 was of a couple who had married in their teens.

THESE figures suggest that the chances of married happiness are about even for teenagers and adults—but figures are not a true guide. For young people the hazards are undoubtedly greater.

First, you're going to miss a lot of fun—the fun of finding out what makes other people tick. People normally do this in their late teens and early twenties, in their normal period of spinsterhood and bachelorhood.

Once you fall in love seriously and marry, your sense of discrimination about others is lost—because love is indeed blind. And if still a teenager, you have to be very well adjusted to get along in a marriage without lots of friends your own age.

Many teenagers marry because of their intense curiosity about sex. Sex seems a short cut to adulthood—like driving the family car—and, like a car, it is dangerous until you learn how to control it.

Marriage counsellors agree that maturity is the key factor in any marriage. True, many people never reach social maturity, no matter how long they live—but the older you are the more chance you have of a good maturity rating.

A mature person is one who is well adjusted, stable, responsible, unselfish, and able to face up to the difficulties of life.

To find the facts about teenage marriage we asked reporter Patricia O'Connell to interview young people who had been through the mill of teenage marriage.

The two stories she has written are interesting, informative, and, we feel, contain a moral or two.



ON THEIR WEDDING DAY nearly seven years ago, Yvonne and Arthur Warner looked forward happily to a future they knew wouldn't be without difficulties.

This is one of the happiest

- Some teenage marriages are the happiest of all—but I didn't really believe this until I met Yvonne and Arthur Warner and their two children—Grant, aged 20 months, and Karen, six weeks.

YVONNE is a pretty, dark-haired lass. Arthur, looking older than his 26 years, is one of the few men who wear wedding rings.

They married seven years ago when Arthur was just 19—and those seven years haven't been easy.

Nor can they look forward to a carefree future. It will be

sixteen and a-half years before they finish paying off their home.

Their home is a simple brick bungalow in a newly developed section of Lane Cove.



AT HOME seven years later, still happy: Yvonne, Arthur, Grant, and baby Karen.

I asked them if they had ever regretted marrying when they were both so young. "Oh, no!" they replied, smiling at each other.

They met one weekend at the beach, then went out together for four years before they got married.

Arthur lived with his family at Gordon and Yvonne lived a few stations up the line at Hornsby.

They went out every Wednesday and Saturday and phoned each other every day.

Two years later they became engaged, but their parents asked them to wait a while before they married—so they waited another two years before going to the altar.

Yvonne was earning £9 a week as a stenographer and Arthur, a confectioner by trade, was working as a salesman and making £15 a week.

With in-laws

After the wedding they moved in with Arthur's family, paying £6 a week board and paying off their car, sewing-machine, and vacuum-cleaner, and saving about £6 a week.

But this didn't work out. Yvonne said: "I'm very fond of my in-laws, but we just didn't have any privacy and seemed to be always arguing."

So after six months they

bought a caravan and set up house in it in the backyard at Gordon.

The caravan cost £800, so they had to pay that off, and suddenly their savings dwindled to about 30/- a week.

Twelve months later the family's house at Gordon was sold.

Roof broken

So Arthur and Yvonne and their caravan moved into the backyard of Yvonne's god-mother's place at Paddington.

"It was dreadful living under such cramped conditions," she said.

"Some of the local kids climbed on to the roof of the caravan and broke it. We had rain dripping through and all the walls were waterlogged."

They did have a bit of luck, though—Yvonne got a better job and her salary jumped from £9 to £15 a week—so they could save a little more between them.

Three and a-half years after the wedding they moved again—into the backyard of their just-finished home at Lane Cove.

Now they own all the furniture—it is bright and modern—except for the refrigerator and television set, which they're still paying off.

And the house, which was financed by a 20-year loan,

These two had everything except maturity

● This is the story of a teenage marriage which didn't last — a marriage between two attractive people whose parents approved, who had no money worries, who had everything in their favor.

AND why didn't it last? Because they lacked the most important thing of all, maturity.

Laura and Bill first met when she was 14 and he was a teenage cadet officer in the Merchant Navy.

"I was still at school and Bill often came round home with my older brother Tony," Laura told me.

"I was used to being treated as the little kid-sister by my brothers, and I thought it was wonderful when Bill treated me — well, like a girl.

"He was older, more glamorous, more courteous than all my schoolboy boy-friends — especially in his uniform."

When Bill went overseas on

his ship he wrote the family — always sending his regards to Laura.

When she was 17 and just out of school he arrived back in Sydney and started taking her out — to much more glamorous and expensive places than she visited with all the local boys.

"I had a wonderful time going out with lots of young boys to parties and dances," she said. "I never gave a thought to settling down and getting married."

Bill began to get serious and proposed about three months later, and Laura started to think about weddings and a little home of their own.

"He was the first boy I'd ever fallen in love with," she told me.

"I was carried away by all the glamor — and I was the first girl from my school class to get engaged."

Laura's parents were delighted when Laura and Bill decided to get married — they'd known and liked him for years.

And she had lots of fun getting a trousseau together and buying furniture for the new house Bill had bought.

They had a happy family wedding when she was just 18.

All was perfect

"We moved into our brand-new house and Bill got an even better job and was away only about one week in three," she said.

"So we had more time together than most young marrieds.

"I gave up my job as we didn't need the extra money — besides, I loved cooking and doing the housework. Everything was perfect.

"It was even better a year later when our baby was born. I was just 19.

"Then, another year later, I seemed to get a bit bored and restless at home. All my old school friends were making glamorous careers and planning trips overseas, and I felt I was turning into a cabbage.

"Tony brought his new girl-friend, Anne, round to meet Bill and me. She was glamorous, gay, and lots of fun, and beside her I felt like a dowdy little housewife.

"Anne used to organise baby-sitters for us, so the four of us could go out together to parties and dances — I loved going out, but Bill loathed it and liked to stay at home."



EVERY teenage girl should ask herself, "Is it a marriage I want — or a wedding?"

Anne asked them down to her parents' house for the weekend, but Bill couldn't be bothered going. So Laura went alone.

"I had a marvellous time," she said. "There were about a dozen people, all my age.

"A few weeks later one of the boys wrote to me, and when I showed Bill the letter he became furiously jealous and accused me of being unfaithful to him.

"It was ridiculous. I loved Bill and there was absolutely nothing between me and this young boy. But after that Bill

became intensely jealous, and I couldn't even speak to a man.

"Bill's jealousy provoked bickering and unpleasant scenes between us. And when he started hitting me we realised that we just couldn't go on."

So Bill moved out and left Laura and the baby in the house. They started divorce proceedings when she was 22 and got the divorce four years later.

"The baby and I moved in with my parents," she said. "I got a job and started going out

again — doing all the things I should have been doing when I was 19 or 20.

"I realised that the only thing that had wrecked our marriage was our own immaturity. We just couldn't face the everyday responsibilities of marriage."

Now, ten years later, Laura has married again. This time she hasn't a brand-new home, and her husband gets only a smallish pay cheque.

"But," she says, "I'm older and wiser, and this time I know it's going to work."

of all

which they are paying off at £8 a week.

They're unable to save any money as Arthur's total income each week is only £20.

Besides his job as a fork-lift driver at a local factory, he works Friday and Saturday nights as a waiter in a hotel, and does casual jobs round the district at weekends.

Until recently he sometimes had six casual jobs at once. No wonder he looks older than 26.

They've had two holidays in seven years — a week each time — one at Port Stephens and the other at Bermagui.

Yvonne makes all her own and the children's clothes.

Glad they waited

Arthur told me: "We wanted to have children soon after we were married, but we had to realise that we couldn't have them and a house, too."

"If we'd had children while we were living in the caravan we'd be there still. It was hard, but we know now that it was better to wait."

When the children are older and going to school nearby, Yvonne hopes to find a part-time job so they'll have a slightly larger pay-packet each week — and will be able to save again.

And what do they want most in the future?

"Oh, we don't want anything special. Just to own our own home and be like everybody else," they said.

TEST YOURSELF FOR MARRIAGE

1. Have I finished my education?
2. Am I trained to earn a living for myself and a child or two?
3. Have I held a job long enough to know what it means?
4. Have I ever handled complete family finances enough to test my skill?
5. Am I (or was I) happy at school, aware of its value to me?
6. Have I a good relationship with my family?
7. Have I gone out with many boys?
8. Have I known different kinds of boys . . . studious ones, athletic ones, rich ones, poor ones?
9. Do I know enough about sex? How children are conceived and born? The nature of pregnancy?
10. Do I know how to take care of a baby?
11. Do I know what I want from life?
12. Am I as interesting as I could be . . . interested in books, music, science, or art?
13. Have I ever given voluntary service to the community?
14. Do I want a date, a boy-friend . . . or a husband?
15. Am I ready to stop dancing and start cooking and sewing?
16. Do I want children?
17. Will marriage help the boy I want to marry?
18. Am I willing to wait for marriage, for a good reason?
19. Have I known the boy I want to marry for a long time?
20. Do we agree on the important facts of life, religion, family goals, what is sad, what is funny, what is right, what is wrong?

This is a test that no young teen can really pass, no mid-teen can pass really well, and no older teen can pass as well as she will in another year!

OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

Hairstyles on her subconscious

By Carol Tattersfield

● Each night Lorraine Green, a Sydney teenager, sets her hair in pin curls—and sometimes wakes to find that her hair is not in curlers at all.



SUCCESSFUL hair - setting comes with the final combing and placing, Lorraine says.

SHE sometimes discovers that her hair is set in a different style from the one she went to bed with.

For, as some people normally walk in their sleep, Lorraine sets hair. She has hairstyles on her subconscious mind.

Lorraine was born with poker-straight hair, and she hated it.

But, unlike most of us, Lorraine DID something about her straight hair. As a tiny tot she learned to curl it herself. At the age of seven she was almost a professional — she used to make sausage curls for the doll belonging to the girl next door.

£15 a week

So it's not really hard to guess what Lorraine's choice of career was when she left school at the age of 15.

Now, at 19, she's a fourth-year apprentice in a Continental salon in the middle of Sydney, and at the end of the year — well, she's modestly doubtful about it — she will pass her "licence" and become a fully fledged professional commanding at least £15 a week — or, if she sets up her own business, she may call her own tune of charges.



SETTING HER OWN HAIR each night, Lorraine likes to think about new hairstyles. Sometimes she rearranges the pins in her sleep — and solves the hair problem of a difficult client while dreaming. Lorraine's ambition is to get experience overseas.

She knows she has been lucky — lucky in knowing quite positively what she has wanted to do for a career.

She admits, too, she has been lucky with her parents' fond-eyed approval — even when she has come home with pink or green hair.

"Mum's just terrified that I'll go bald," she said merrily. "Do you know, I think I must have had it every color under the sun — gold streaks, pink streaks, green streaks — the lot. Color is my obsession."

At our interview Lorraine had dark brown hair, which is her natural color, but it had to be dyed back from ashen-silver.

She has now signed a guarantee at work that she will let it

keep its natural color for one whole year.

Lorraine's mother always wanted to be a hairdresser, but in those days the training was too expensive. Something like £100 for a short course.

So when Lorraine had just started — the pay was only about £4 a week then — her mother was the first to urge her to stick the long newly shorn locks of her sister, Barbara, to the breadboard. Perfect to practise winding a perm on!

The younger Barbara and her mother have lent their curly heads for practice, too, over the years.

Perhaps Lorraine's father's contribution to her career has been even greater. He let her tint his greying hairs for an experiment!

"Only once, though," Lorraine laughed. "He never lived it down with the men."

Her father has his own painting business, and as well as encouraging her he has helped a lot financially.

"At first it was terrible, and I even had to rely on him for fares," she said, "but each year I got a rise — to £6 in second year, £8 in third year, and now that I'm earning £10 I can pay £2 a week board to Mum."

Father's word

Mr. Green's main stipulation for Lorraine's career was that it must be glamorous, and now she sometimes laughs wryly at the idea.

She can see nothing glamorous in never knowing when she will finish work; and in having to start work at 8 a.m. on Saturdays, and getting home for lunch at 2 in the afternoon.

And most unglamorous was her effort at washing hair during her first year.

She turned off the tap, but somehow she had her "clock-wises and anti-clock-wises" mixed. The hose sputtered up, and several clients, peacefully reading glossy magazines under the dryers, were soaked.

Lorraine just ran away and cried while everyone else cleaned up the mess.

And there's not much glamor, she says, in having to be extra careful with her hair while swimming or playing sport.

"On several Monday mornings my boss has sent me home to make my hair presentable," she said.

Psychology, too

What do boys say about all this chameleon effect of Lorraine's hairstyles and color?

"It's just a joke," Lorraine grinned.

Sometimes, she said, if boys were too flippant she would put on the "I don't care" act, even if it meant she was stranded.

Not much chance of that now, because she has a "steady" in John Cook, a young Sydney boy.

While using her technical knowledge on each head of hair, Lorraine exercises her pretty shrewd grasp of psychology.

In fact, psychology was one of the subjects she took at the twice-weekly classes at the Technical College for her first three years of apprenticeship.

She said she usually had to guess what sort of hairdo a new client would want, and then compromise between the desired "look" and the style which would suit the woman better.

"Everyone has some idea of how they would like their hair set," she told me, "even though they say, 'You do it. I don't know what I want.'"



LORRAINE GREEN spends most week nights relaxing at home with her family. Here, Lorraine's younger sister Barbara strums a guitar to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Green, and Lorraine's "steady," John Cook. Lorraine goes out one night a week.

LISTEN HERE

WITH

BERNARD FLETCHER

● **FOR MOVIE FANS** who are really greedy and want 50 tunes on one disc, watch for organist Wilbur Kentwell's "Echoes Of Hollywood." This new one (330SX.7579) is the fourth in the series, a run-through of hits from Warner Brothers films since the days when talkies were young.

● **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ.**—Les Brown and His Band of Renown purvey some upper-bracket music on a disc called "Concert Modern" (T.959). They take off with an abridged version of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," and then go on a Gershwin kick with the overture to "Porgy and Bess," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "An American in Paris." And they also include Richard Rodgers' always-exciting "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."

● **CHEAP NIGHTCLUBBING.**—How do they entertain the patrons at those plushy nightclubs and hotels in places like Las Vegas? Trumpeter Louis Prima and vocalist wife Keely Smith supply the answer in "Las Vegas Prima Style" on T.1010. This gay couple are toprankers in the club-pub circuit, and know how to dress up such oldies as "Honeysuckle Rose," "Embraceable You," "Tiger Rag," and eight others.



FRANK IFIELD, 21-year-old "Western" singer, whose recording of "Guardian Angel" reached No. 1 on the New Zealand hit parades after his recent tour of the North Island. Frank has been singing for his tucker since he was 15. His "Campfire Favorites" on Channel 9, TCN, was the first weekly "Western" programme by a local artist on Australian television.

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

TWO young Americans, Peggy Seeger and Guy Carawan, specialised in this type of music during their last years in college, and with the assistance of Alan Lomax, a world-famous authority, have produced a fascinating LP.

It is called "America At Play" (OCLP.1174), a collection of 18 songs from the Appalachian Mountains in southern U.S., just as they were sung there by early settlers of British descent.

The disc is full of surprises. For instance, one song called "The Derby Ram" was associated with rites of pagan England! Part of it evolved into the music used at jazzy New Orleans negro funerals, which was, in turn, made known to the world as Jelly Roll Morton's classic "Oh, Didn't He Ramble."

Other songs trace the origin of the hoe-down and the spiritual. Neither is far removed from Oklahoma-style square dances and blues.

Peggy and Guy have natural,

untrained voices which help the authenticity of their work.

They accompany themselves on banjo, guitar, and the recorder. The banjo is the genuine long-necked variety invented by the negroes and later used in minstrel shows last century.

Their collection introduces, among others, "Paper of Pins," "Dance, Boatman, Dance," "The Mountaineer's Courtship," "Skip To My Lou," and "Pretty Saro."

Anyone at all interested in the "yesterday" of today's popular songs should hear this. The excellent album notes by Peter

Kennedy and Alan Lomax are absorbing entertainment in themselves.

The Kingston Trio, who fashioned the folk song "Tom Dooley" into a popular hit, give their individual treatment to a number of standards, calypsos, and folk items on their new LP (T.1107).

The album's title, "... from the Hungry i," had me intrigued. What, I asked, is a "Hungry i"? It turns out to be a San Francisco club, opened seven years ago to provide cheap food and good entertainment for hard-up writers, musicians, and artists,

and it got its name because it catered for these "Hungry intellectuals."

Although a fashionable rendezvous today, it maintains a bohemian atmosphere, but the prices have risen sharply. No wonder, when acts like the Kingston Trio appear there!

These lads, Dave Guard (banjo), Bob Shane (banjo), and Nick Reynolds (bongos and conga drums), are big-time performers.

Their folksy offerings are glossed with some sophistication, admittedly, but here the end justifies the means, and this album is full of good things.

It was recorded "live" at the "Hungry i" and includes "Wimoweh" (a Zulu chant), "Zombie Jamboree" (calypso), "Gue, Gue" (a bewitching old French song), "Dorie" (gipsy flavor), "Shady Grove" and "Lonesome Traveller" (from the Appalachians), and that wonderful old religion-based jazz march "When the Saints Go Marching In."

Surprise track is the Trio's version of "They Call the Wind Maria," now enjoying a new lease of life because it was penned by the composers of "My Fair Lady."

● The popularity of folk-song adaptations in recent months has turned the spotlight more to the genuine article. People want to hear the originals.

Souvenir of pianist

PIANIST Rudolph Firkusny, who has just finished his Australian tour, has left us a fine souvenir in "Chopin by Firkusny" on P.8428. This is a generous helping of Chopin's better known pieces tastefully served by the Czech-American artist.

It's the sort of record I'd investigate if I were starting a record library and wanted some Chopin but wasn't too sure just how to kick off.

Two of the tracks you'll already know well—the C sharp minor Waltz and the Grande Valse Brillante—because both melodies have been incorporated into "Les Sylphides" ballet music.

To the Polonaise in C minor Firkusny imparts a thrilling "darkness," reminding us that it was written during Chopin's sombre winter in Majorca with George Sand, but my pick of the seven tracks is the Nocturne in D flat major, in which Firkusny is at his mellifluous best—sweetly sounding, and smoothly flowing.

Included in this satisfying recital are also Nocturne in E flat (you'll know that one after the first three bars), Scherzo in B flat minor, and Barcarolle in F sharp major.

COLOR PIN-UP

● **Paul Newman**—our star pin-up on page 16 this week—doesn't appreciate would-be flatterers who tell him that his almost-perfect profile is just like Marlon Brando's.

"I DON'T like being compared to anyone," says blue-eyed, almost six-foot-Paul, who is doing very nicely in films on his own account. So far we've seen him in "Long, Hot Summer," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "Until They Sail," and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Latest on the list is "The Young Philadelphians."

Paul is married to actress Joanne Woodward. They are a whacky and strictly nonconformist pair who think Hollywood is "pompous and silly," and can't wait to get to New York between pictures.



TOURING in the Australian Main Range is strictly for the experts. This area in the Main Range is called Little Austria, because of its resemblance to the Austrian snowfields.



● Can't you just see you on the icy surface, swaying and, all around you

OF course, you'll fall in a heap at the bottom of the hill the first 20 times you try—but this is one sport that amateurs enjoy just as much as the experts.

And, who knows, you might be a future Olympic champion. Perhaps.

The season officially opens in New South Wales early in July, and with plenty of good snowfalls it will last until November. Lots of people even ski in the New Year—on drift snow.

Plans for a ski-ing holiday must be made long range, as most bookings open in February or March for the following July.

Even with the enormous increase in the number of huts and lodges, most ski resorts are already booked out for the season, with long waiting-lists.

But some booking offices have a few vacancies.

If you do get a booking, or if you're already going, here are some tips:

● Begin limbering-up exercises at least a month beforehand. Very important this, especially if you've never skied before.

You'll be using all the muscles you never knew you had, and you must be fit and supple. If you're not, the first few days of your holiday will be marred by aching muscles and stiff joints—you'll probably even creak when you move.

Mrs. Margaret Anton, of Ski Sports Centre, Edgecliff, Sydney, is organising classes in pre-exercises on Thursday evenings at White City.

If you can't make these, Dick Gilkes, of the Snowline Ski Centre, 114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, puts out a ski guide illustrating all the basic exercises—plus lots of useful information for beginners (and experts, too).

WELCOMING LIGHTS shine out from the Ranges Village, one of the few snowfield resorts

HOLIDAY ON SKIS IS FUN FOR ALL

Ski-ing is no longer the sport of kings. For £25 (more if you want to, or less if you have to) you can have a week in the snow — and lots of fun.



THE CHALET at Kosciusko. This quartet are running down the slope to have a snowball fight at the bottom.

Self swinging down the slopes, skis crunching
rag past gum-trees bedded in a white carpet,
you, mountains covered with snow?

Pat O'Connell, staff reporter
ictures by Douglass Baglin

OUR COVER

their colorful ski clothes, Swiss ski-ing
instructor Jean Achoura and June
they are all set for a practice run on
snow slopes at Perisher. June is now
ing in London as a model. Laurence
Guay took the picture.

you get to the snow—perhaps you're
for the first time off a movie screen—well,
nices (beginners) have great fun pottering
the flat for the first few hours, but you
do more than that.

ontrol in classes—almost every resort has in-
who'll give lessons in classes, prices ranging
out 6/-, or privately from about £1, an

morning, before setting out for the slopes,
ollect your skis and boots from the drying-
and wax and polish them. Waxes can be
at all ski centres and cost about 3/-.

pend every available minute out on the
and come in ravenously hungry. It's a
dea to pop a block of chocolate into one
pockets for a nibble every now and again.
ot forget a handkerchief.

ll need skis, stocks and boots, proofed pants
et, mittens, sun-goggles, and thick socks.
test.

Most beginners hire skis, stocks, and boots for
their first trip. You can get the lot from any ski
centre in Sydney for about £3/10/- to £5 for the
week, plus deposit.

But it is easier to collect all this equipment when
you arrive in the snow, rather than manhandle it
on and off trains. But do make sure to order it
well ahead. Sometimes supplies run out in the ski
resorts and you may be left with very poor quality
gear.

Wind and water proof ski pants are a must—
otherwise you'll be sopping wet in next to no time.
Prices range from about £7 upward at any
department store or ski centre.

If you're working on a very limited budget,
have a pair of woollen slacks proofed by a reputable
dry-cleaner for about 10/-.

You'll need a wind and water proof jacket,
preferably with a hood, as protection against the
winds which spring up each afternoon.

Prices of ski parkas (jackets) range from about
£7 upward.

But you could always borrow big brother's wind-
jacket for nothing.

Take four pairs of socks—two pairs in thick, un-
scoured wool, and two pairs in fine wool (nylon
makes the others slip). Wear a pair of each with
your ski-boots. If you can fit any more, your
boots are too big.

The other socks will be hanging up in the
drying-room on alternate days. And do make sure
there are no holes in your socks—or you'll have
blisters.

Thick wool socks cost about £1 a pair.

You'll need a pair of mittens, much warmer than
gloves, and in unscoured wool they're waterproof.

If you're going to use a hand-tow, you'll need

● To page 10



CHAIR-LIFT at Thredbo is a mile long and takes skiers in comfort
up the side of Crackenback Peak (1500 feet) in 12 minutes.

in Thredbo
by car.

A SUNTAN ABOVE THE SNOWLINE

• From page 9

leather mitts, too. Prices of wool mitts range from about 15/-, leather from about £1/15/- upward.

And get a pair of sun-goggles as protection against glare. Sun-goggles are worn by some skiers, but they can be very dangerous if you have a fall. Goggles cost from 7/6 to £1/5/-.

You'll want a peaked cap for protection from the sun if your skin is at all likely to burn—plus a big bottle of sun-proof lotion, to be used liberally.

• Most novices make the mistake of wearing far too much clothing, but if you're not a real iceberg take some long woollen underwear to wear under your ski-pants.

Also pack nylon underwear, warm pyjamas, bed-socks, and a hot-water bag—the central heating often flags in the early hours of the morning.

You'll need at least three long-sleeved shirts, in drip-dry cotton (nobody in the snow has ever heard of an iron), fine wool, or silk.

A very good buy is a cotton-interlock jumper (it will dry almost overnight and needs no ironing) to wear under your shirt.

• Ski in a shirt and sweater, and perhaps your parka. If the weather really warms up you'll probably dispense with your sweater, but tie it round your waist—you could easily catch a chill on the way home to the lodge.

You won't wear your ski-boots inside. With skis and stocks, they'll be left in the drying-room overnight—so don't forget to pack a pair of slippers or flaties. And, perhaps for the evening, a pair of slipper-socks (a leather sole with a long woollen sock attached), very jazzy.

Take at least two or three sweaters, including one very pretty one for evenings—all the girls change out of their ski togs into velvet or jersey pants and their dressed-up sweaters and shirts.

Of course, you'll take a few more glamor clothes if you're staying in a big-time luxury hotel.

Even there, don't bother to pack any skirts—they really do look rather over-dressed in the snow country.

Don't worry, you'll be warm enough with the central heating and a blazing fire.

• At night everybody sits around the fire, singing songs, playing cards, listening to records (perhaps), and talking, talking, talking.

If you're a real glamor-puss,

Page 10 — Teenagers' Weekly

perhaps you'd better not go skiing. You won't enjoy yourself just standing gracefully on a slope looking like a film-star waiting for the cameras to roll.

But you can't worry about your hair and make-up when you're hurtling upside down into a snowdrift or having a snow-ball battle. And you won't want to spend hours each night pinning your hair up in curlers.

If you look absolutely hideous with straight hair, have a light "permanent" a few weeks before you go—otherwise, just tie back your hair with a gay ribbon or scarf. Don't worry. The boys will like you just the way you are.

Now the ski-ing boom is really on, there are huts and lodges springing up all over the snow country. These are mainly built by ski clubs and are reserved for members and friends.

But there are many places where non-members can stay:

Where to stay

(Accommodation details give the number of beds available, the weekly tariff—unless otherwise stated—and the booking agent.)

• **MOUNT KOSCIUSKO:** Excellent base for main-ranging to nearby peaks and one of the most popular ski-ing areas, so book early. Two rope-tows and ski school.

The Chalet—100, £21, Tourist Bureau; Lake Albina Lodge, two miles below summit of Kosciusko, only access by ski two miles from Guthega—12, £9 (provide, cook own meals), Ski Sports. (Not recommended for beginners); Illawong Lodge, at Guthega—8, £9 (provide, cook own food), Ski Sports.

• **PERISHER:** Usually very good until October, three rope-tows and new T-bar tow give access to good downhill runs. Twelve club lodges in area, plus:

Ski or she?

YOU'RE right when you say ski-ing with a hard "k", and not "she-ing." The latter is the European pronunciation (ski is a Norwegian word) and is very old hat in Australia.

The word ski-ing is said to have come from the sound of skis passing over snow—"ssshh." Simple, isn't it?

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

Do you know how to eat the following dishes?

Oysters: Spear with fork provided, then dip in sauce. If you like lemon on oysters, extract the juice by gently twisting your fork in the lemon quarter—don't squeeze with your fingers or you'll squirt someone in the eye.

Asparagus: Eat this with your fingers. Dip the tips in the sauce provided—it's quite permissible to leave the tougher end. Never chew these ends before discarding them.

Chicken in the Basket: This is served in a small wicker basket. The chicken is cooked in easily manageable pieces, which are broken with the fingers. Of course, your hands will be greasy after this, so use the finger-bowl and hand-towel provided. Don't drink the water in the finger-bowl!

Sun Deck Hotel—40 (two-bunk rooms with showers), £21, Magazine House; **Perisher Ski-tow Lodge**—16, £14/14/-, Snowline Ski Centre; **C.S.I.R.O. Ski Lodge**—10, £5/10/- (guests provide, cook own food), Paul Reader and Snowline Ski Centre.

• **WILSON'S VALLEY:** Coominda Motel, seven miles from snowline—44 (in 4-bed units with carports), £1/15/- a night, Tourist Bureau.

• **KIANDRA:** One of the most popular centres for beginners, with lots of gentle slopes plus longer, trickier runs for experts; season from July to September; regular bus service from Cooma Station.

The Chalet—36, from £13/13/-, Tourist Bureau; **Kiandra Pioneer Ski Club**—30 (in two-bunk rooms), £14/14/-, Paul Reader; **Youth Hostel**—22 (Youth Hostels Association members only), £11, Youth Hostels Association.

• **THREDBO:** Recently developed village of lodges, huts, and chalets, about 70 miles from Cooma on new, all-weather Alpine Way; usually good snow seven months of year. Most huts and lodges provide all amenities (hot water, central heating, cooking facilities); food available at village store.

Thredbo Alpine Club—16, £8, Paul Reader; **Golden Eagle Ski Club**—12, £10 (includes breakfast, guests provide, cook other meals), Paul Reader; **Crackenback Ski Club**—10, £14 (guests cook own meals), Paul Reader; **Candlelight Lodge**—15, £21, Paul Reader; **Sacha's Lodge**—15, £21, Paul Reader; **Sitzmark Lodge**—8, £1/10/- a night, Paul Reader; **Thredbo Youth Hostel**—16, £6 (guests provide, cook own meals), Youth Hostels Association; **Roslyn Lodge**—22, £14/14/-, Ski Sports.

Two Thredbo lodges can be hired on weekly basis through Paul Reader: **Ashton's Lodge**—seven to 11, £1/10/- a night each. (Guests take own linen and blankets, cook meals.) **Snowman's Ski Lodge**—10,

£1/10/- a night (guests cook own meals).

Addresses of booking agents

N.S.W. Govt. Tourist Bureau, Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney.

Ski Sports, 83 New South Head Road, Edgecliff, Sydney.

Snowline Ski Centre, 114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Paul Reader, Boulevard Arcade, King Street, Sydney.

Magazine House, 142 Clarence Street, Sydney.

Youth Hostels Assn., 492 George Street, Sydney.

How to get there

KOSCIUSKO, PERISHER, AND GUTHEGA: Train from Sydney leaves Central Station Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday at 8.45 p.m. Arrives Cooma about 7.30 a.m. to connect with bus leaving station 8.15 a.m. Return fares Sydney-Cooma, £6/6/9; first-class return (sleeper £1 extra). Second-class return, £4/6/9. Plane services to Cooma (each day except Sunday) connect with buses for snowfields. Planes leave Mascot 7 a.m., arrive Cooma 8.15 a.m. Fare, £5/8/- each way.

Skiers for Perisher and Kosciusko leave Cooma Station in bus 8.15 a.m. Fare, £1 each way. According to weather conditions they go to Smiggin Holes or Old Hotel Site, transfer to snowmobile. Snowmobile fare varies from 15/- to £2 each way, according to distance.

Skiers for Thredbo catch Friday night train to Cooma, connect with bus. Fare, £1 each way.

The Victorian snowfields

Victorian snowfields also are very popular with New South Wales skiers, as the season there extends from June to mid-November and there are good facilities at each resort.

Bookings can be made at the Victorian Tourist Bureau, Martin Place, Sydney, unless otherwise stated.

• **DONNA BUANG AND MARYSVILLE:** Less than 60 miles from Melbourne. Ideal for weekend practice runs. No overnight accommodation on snowfield. Season very limited.

• **MOUNT BUFFALO:** 190 miles from Melbourne. One of most popular ski resorts in Australia. Skiers ballot five months in advance for bookings. Chalet—from £21.

• **MOUNT BULLER:** 130 miles from Melbourne. Village accommodates hundreds of skiers. 1959 National Ski Championships will be held here. 55 club lodges in area, also **Kooroora Chalet**, from £17/17/-.

New South Wales skiers going to Mount Buller advised to travel via Hume Highway to Benalla and Mansfield. Old chalet site (about nine miles from snowfield) has park for several hundred cars. During bad weather cars can be left below snowline at sawmill settlement, skiers travel in by bus.

• **FALLS CREEK:** 70 miles from Albury. Reached by sealed Kiewa Highway to Mount Beauty. From snowline, tractor-drawn sledges run to snowfield after connecting with road-coaches and ski-buses, which connect with trains from Sydney. Take 7.30 p.m. train from Sydney on Friday, then ski-bus from Albury about 7.15 a.m. Saturday. First-class return on train, Sydney-Albury, £8/14/3; second-class, £6/0/6. Coach fare from Albury, £1/10/- each way.

Twenty club lodges in Falls Creek area. For non-members—**Grand Coeur Chalet**—from £18/18/-. Bookings: H. Hyman, Bogong, Victoria.

Snow Crystal Inn—£19/19/-.

Diana Ski Club Lodge—Bookings: Kevin Shoebridge, Box 8, Mount Beauty, Victoria.

Arundel and Winterhaven Lodges—From £18/18/-.

Additional information on Falls Creek available from Dick Gilkes, Snowline Ski Centre, 114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

• **MOUNT HOTHAM:** Rather inaccessible, not recommended for beginners. Six club lodges in area plus: **Drift Chalet**—£18/18/-. **Hotham Heights Hotel**—from £16/16/-.

Skiers going to Hotham leave Sydney Saturday, 8.20 p.m., arrive Wangaratta 9.17 a.m. Sunday. First-class return, £9/11/-; second-class, £6/18/10. Bus fare, Wangaratta to snowline, £4 return. Skiers walk in two and a half to five miles, depending on snow conditions; travel in ski clothes, with minimum luggage and own skis.

So — there you have it. And we hope you have a wonderful holiday.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 17, 1959



Make the most of your eyes

By
Carolyn Earle

Most young girls in their mid-teens yearn to use eye-glamor aids, and it's just the right age to get used to this tricky beauty routine. Here's how to do it — AND still keep mother fairly happy.



DAYTIME MAKE-UP for the young should look as if you aren't wearing eye-fixings at all.

THICK, clearly shaped eyebrows are youthful and pretty. If that describes yours, hands off! But sometimes the stragglers spread all over the place, spoil the whole eye outline, and just have to be removed.

To make the clean-up operation painless, soak a gauze pad in a half-and-half mixture of witch hazel and warm water, and hold over the area for a minute before plucking the strays to the natural shape of the brow.

Any girl who is lucky enough to own long, thick eyelashes need only tip the ends of the lashes with a spot of cream or oil on a dry brush to give them gloss and glamor.

When the time comes for a lashier or cover-girl touch, a soft brown eye-pencil dipped in cream to soften the lead will do the trick. Here's how to pencil the lids:

Stretch the upper lid sideways with the index finger. Starting at the inner corner of the eyelid, close to the back of the lashes, draw a fine line to the outer corner of the eye.

Unless you want your eyes to look made-up, go easy on the pencil.



DRESS-UP version of eye make-up is more ambitious, takes time. Deepen pencil lines on the lids and add mascara to the lashes.

THE look is still young, but the eyes appear larger, more emphasised.

Now's the time to use a bit more pencil behind the eyelashes, and to curve the line into a long sweep.

Choose pencil to match your brows and lashes, or one to darken them slightly.

Mascara is harder to handle than pencil, but all will be well if you pick up only a little mascara on a clean, damp brush moistened with eye lotion or water and apply it with a steady hand.

If you can manage it, use a hand mirror to hold before your face, then look down and brush up against the lashes to their full length. When mascara is dry, press back to set in a curl, then separate the hairs with a dry brush.

If you are blond or red-haired, darken your brows with a brown color; if you are brunette, use black. Care must be taken not to touch the skin with pencil, for these marks on the skin catch attention at once.

FOR A VERY SPECIAL OCCASION add eyeshadow, a fine line to define lower lashes, and an uplift at the outer corners of the eyes.

VIVIDLY colored eyeshadow, worn in a way that makes the eyes look larger, brighter, and more beautiful, is a glamor fashion that most girls want to copy.

This color is applied to the eyelids, evenly and smoothly, from behind the upper lash line right up to the eyebrows. It is extended and thinned outwards towards the temples.

Then an extra band of shadow — about a quarter-inch in width — is placed along the upper lash roots and allowed to diminish in width at outer corners of eyes.

To ensure a smooth edge, this color is best applied with a small brush.

Remember you've got to practise hard to be a whizz at applying eye glamor to show off your pretty eyes.

Leading models use eye-liner on their lower as well as the upper eyelids, and the effect is exotic when the lower line is carried out to a curving, winged end that joins the upper wing beyond the natural eye line.

Here's your answer

By
Louise
Hunter

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



STAY as sweet as you are is a man's cry to the girl of his heart. He means, of course, sweet in nature, but when her perfume matches her character he's gone, far out.

Perfume is the chanciest stuff to play with—a dab behind the ears can turn you from a woodsy sprite into an intense sophisticate. Learn your type and heighten it with the right stuff; don't turn your man crazy, mixed up, as he tries to work out by your perfume which you is the real you.

Main girl types are the dreamy romantic, the practical, the sophisticate, the vivacious, the outdoor, the unaffected, and the intense type. Ask your most candid friend what type you are before you buy your first perfume.

If you're a romantic, stick to the single, floral-type perfume in which only one flower fragrance is used.

Practical girls, vivacious ones, outdoor, and unaffected girls should choose from the fruity blends, floral bouquets, aromatic blends, spice bouquets. Intense and sophisticated girls should relax and be very, very careful—some perfumes can be ageing, give the wrong impression.

Where do you put perfume? The behind-the-ear routine I mentioned is terribly old hat, really. Beneath the chin, at the hairline, inside the wrist, and, if you're going to dance, on the very end of your nose—before you put your make-up on.

Be kind to a friend

"LATELY my girl-friend has started copying everything I do. I started singing a few months ago, and now she says she is going to learn singing, too, and it's the same with other things. I would like to know why she copies everything I do. I am 13 and sometimes I feel I would like something to myself."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

She copies you because she admires you and wants to be exactly like you—the greatest compliment she can pay you. It's quite maddening for you, but it's sad, too, because your poor friend can't be just like you and she wants to be so badly. Be kind to her; you'll be glad eventually.

Mum's a tease

"MY mother often puts me in very embarrassing positions when she addresses my present boy-friend by my former boy-friend's name. Could you please advise me on how to stop this? I have already asked my mother about it, but she seems to think it is very funny. I am only in my early teens and have just recently started going out with boys. My friend just ignores it, but I can sense that he feels very uncomfortable."

"Embarrassed Teen," Qld.

Your mother is only teasing you, and I'm afraid that you've made it worse by speaking to her about it. I think the only thing to do is to ignore it or explain to your boy-friend in front of your mother. Say to him something like this: "Mum's an awful tease; she pretends I've got so many boys she can't remember your name."

Strictly between you and me, I think it's a shame she teases you this way. She wouldn't have liked it when she was your age.

Get busy now

"MY problem is flabbiness. I am 5ft. 8½in. tall, with 35-26-33½ measurements. Is that good? Could you give me some exercises for a double chin, a big, wobbly seat, and thick thighs, please? Is it right for a boy to kiss a girl at 16?"

"Flabby," N.S.W.

Your measurements sound as if you should be in good shape, but measurements don't mean a thing if you don't carry yourself well. If you stand up to your full 5ft. 8½in. tall and stand with your shoulders square, your chin up, and your tail tucked under, you're well on the way to being a beautifully shaped young woman.

But those thick thighs, double chin, and wobbly seat don't sound as if your deportment is in the same class as your measurements. You'd better get busy. At 16 you should be able to get rid of your double chin by just holding your head properly, but if you can't, try the QX trick. Say QX hard, with exaggeration, until you can feel the muscles in your neck and round your jawbone move. Six times each night for a few weeks should fix you.

As for those thighs and seat, that's a much harder, longer story. It will take months of daily exercise. For your seat,

stand facing your bathroom wall with your feet a yard back from the wall and hang on to the towel-rail with your elbows out like wings. Lean forward, pressing against the rail hard and pulling your seat in and under.

For slimmer, firmer thighs and buttocks, lie on your back with your arms folded under your head, your knees bent at right angles, and your feet and ankles resting on a chair. The chair must be standing with its back to a wall so that it can't possibly move. Keeping your shoulders and upper back on the floor, press on the chair with the feet and, while in this position, lift your hips and thighs until your body from the knees to the throat is in a straight, sloping line. Then relax and go back to the starting position.

Another good exercise to streamline front and inner thighs and firm your bottom is to lie on the floor, arms at side, with your body stretched as long as possible. Then raise your right and left legs alternately until they are at right angles to your body.

Still another: Stand holding with one hand a verandah or towel rail or a table—anything, so long as it is secure. With the other hand on your hip, go up on your tiptoes and raise the outside leg to the side, to the front, and to the back. Then turn, face the other way, and do exactly the same.

Do all these exercises eight times each faithfully, honestly every night or morning for two months and then check the results. You'll be amazed.

No one can make rules about kissing. It depends upon the circumstances, the place, and the kind of kiss. But kisses between 16-year-olds are not wrong. They are generally the shy beginnings of romance. Sometimes they are rather hit-and-miss affairs, but they are very sweet.

See your doctor

"I AM an outdoor girl and spend most of my time playing tennis, etc., in the sun. But I suffer from thousands of little moles on my back and legs and arms, and I am wondering if I am out in the sun too often. I am very self-conscious, and this problem is worrying me to death. What can you suggest?"

"Desperate," Vic.

I suggest you stop worrying and see your family doctor. He is the only person who can tell you if you are spending too much time in the sun.

They know best

"I AM a girl of 16 and quite unhappy about my parents' idea of social life. I am allowed to go to a church social every fortnight or so, but even then my mother drives me to the dance and escorts me home. I have lived in this area all my life, and so I know most of the boys my own age. When someone asks me to let him escort me home, even if my mother and I both know him well, she just says, "No," without any reason. I am quite old enough to be trusted. My father won't even allow me to have boys ring me up for a short talk. Please try to help me solve my problems and help make my parents realise I am growing up."

"Henrietta," Vic.

I think your mother is quite right when she takes you to and escorts you home from dances. Thoughtful parents do this, and eventually you will be pleased that they did.

Your parents realise fully that you are growing up. I don't think they are lacking in trust at all. Parents—old and all as they seem—can remember back to their 16-year-old days—to the social problems and situations they faced because of lack of parental discipline.

All your parents are trying to do is allow you to have a good time without worry. Remember that the next time your mother stays up and has to forge off in the cold to escort you home from a dance. There's no fun in it for her. I'm quite sure she'll allow you to be brought home by boys you both know when she feels you can deal with the social problems this involves.

I think the telephone situation sounds bad, but I wonder whose fault it is! I think the thing to do is try to keep the conversations short, especially so if boys ring you at a time when you think either of your parents may want to use the phone.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



Match a dress ...

● There comes a time in every girl's life when she has to consider the question of a hat.

... with this chic and easy-to-make

HAT



By Dawn James

This question is necessary because at least one hat is a positive must in a fashion-conscious female's wardrobe.

OUR pushed-back pill-box is one answer to the problem. And it has three things in its favor:

1. It's chic.
2. It's young.
3. It's pretty.

IT IS ALSO VERY EASY TO MAKE

You'll need $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. of 36in. fabric for the hat, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. hair canvas for interlining, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. lightweight material for lining. Other requirements: 1 yd. narrow velvet ribbon, a couple of hatpins.

(It's a good idea to buy an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. of material when you're making a dress—and then have the hat to match.)

The two diagrams are your pattern guides.

The 8in. circle is the crown of the pill-box. Cut one circle each

from hat material, interlining, and lining.

The strip (see diagram) is $24\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. The depth varies in the three fabrics. For the interlining it is $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. This is the depth of the hat.

For the hat material it is $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, allowing for a turn-under hem. For the lining it is 2in. deep.

Cut two pieces of interlining to give the hat added "body," but treat them as ONE piece.

There is a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. seam allowance on all pattern pieces.

Sew up the short edges of the strip on the hat material, the interlining, and the lining.

Pin the interlining strip (which is now a circle) to the hat's crown. Ease it into place and then machine. Press seam edges down—away from the crown—so the seam is flat and neat.

Sew strip to crown of hat material in the same way. Then sew lining pieces together.

With right side outside, cover interlining with hat material. Turn under the hem allowance ($1\frac{1}{2}$ in.) on the hat material and catch into place on the interlining. Sew this by hand.

Insert the lining, right side INSIDE. Turn under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at hem and

sew in place neatly by hand... the interlining is now completely hidden.

Sew the ribbon in place—by hand—in the centre of the strip.

The seam on the strip is the centre-back of the pill-box, so the ribbon join will be opposite it, at centre-front.

Tie a small bow with the remainder of ribbon, and sew in place to cover the ribbon join.

